Cambridge Review

November
1933

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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The Reviewer

AGAIN the High and Latin School extends a hearty welcome to an entering class, the class of 1937.

You have become a part of the school body. You are finding a life quite different from that of your earlier school days. To many the change is simply another step in school life.

We hope you will soon come to think of it as meaning much more than that.

The High and Latin School is nearly a hundred years old, years of fine ideals and high achievement.

It aims to encourage a spirit of real coöperation between pupil and teacher, a feeling that we are all engaged in a common undertaking.

That undertaking is the making of an increasingly fine citizenship — a citizenship that will face its problems with intelligence, with courage, and with charity. In entering the school, you share its many privileges, but you also assume your part of its responsibilities. It is your school. It can help you in proportion as you help it. Treasure its good name, be proud of its fine traditions, and carry on, so that you may pass them on to those that follow you.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND.

THE ARMISTICE DAY PAGEANT

ARMISTICE DAY was commemorated at C. H. L. S. by an assembly in the hall during a C period on November 10th.

We were fortunate in having with us at this time Mr. Daniel J. Crowley, a past commander of the Cambridge Legion Post, and alumnus of Cambridge High School, class of 1915. Mr. Crowley gave us a very earnest talk on the aims and policy of the American Legion.

After Mr. Crowley's address, we were entertained by a pageant representing the veterans of all America's wars. It was opened by the posting of the colors. Then, at a word of command, a Colonial, a "boy of '61", a soldier of San Juan Hill, and lastly a Doughboy of the A. E. F., Springfield on shoulder, strode in, saluted the flag, and took his place.

With this group of heroes for a background, Lawrence Mullen recited a poem of hope for a peaceful future. Next, when the applause had quieted down, Philip Barron, a well-known member of the school debating team, dressed in a snappy legion uniform, delivered a serious and feeling address on the significance of Armistice Day.

Among those who took part in the program are: Martin Evers and Andrew MacAllister, color guards; Thomas Colter, the Colonial; Douglas Cather, Civil War soldier; Saul Fram, Spanish American War veteran; and Leon Katzer, a Doughboy.

Our orchestra, choir, and buglers provided the excellent music.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

THE Senior election results this fall have been most interesting. We have a young lady for our president, Eleanor Holmgren. She is a good student and a fine Cantab. Eleanor has the honor of being the first girl to head a senior class of C. H. L. S.

A tie for the presidential office was an unprecedented occurence, but the special election showed an appreciable difference between the candidates. The other class officers are: Leila Larson, vice-president; Marie McGloin, secretary; and Joseph Fleming, treasurer. The Senior Drama committee is Frances Collins, Martha McCarthy, Barbara Sheridan and Alice Tibbetts. The Reception Committee is Frank Barry, Eleanor Coen, John Crowley, Tom Dunlevy and Fred Lynch.

A CALL FOR MATERIAL

YOU have heard the REVIEW solicitors tell you that this is your magazine, and most of you seemed to agree with them. Why don't you show that you think it is your magazine by giving us your ideas and opinions in some form of writing. This applies to everybody, whether freshmen or seniors. We want all forms of material, but we should especially like to have some good short stories. These are fairly difficult to produce, but are the most popular form of American literature. We also want poetry. If by subscribing to the REVIEW, you showed school spirit, please show your interest in your magazine now, by writing something for it.

R. T. C.

A NOTE OF THANKS

TO those who have in any way contributed to the success of the Review, we extend our thanks. The following deserve special attention as they have obtained twenty or more subscriptions: Georgia Greene, Joseph Manley, Myles Sterne, Arthur Sugarman and Alice Tibbetts.

Many others have secured twelve or more. We appreciate the interest and coöperation of every one who worked in the drive — and of every student who has subscribed. We are grateful to Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bramhall, to all the teachers, and to our advertisers. Let us show our gratitude to our advertisers by buying from them whenever we can.

SENIOR ASSEMBLY

ON November 9th, the regular weekly gathering of the seniors in the hall was most successful, thanks to the efforts of Frank Hynes, chairman of room 76, and certain of the pupils who presented the one act play of Percival Wilde entitled "The Unseen Host".

The scene was laid in an improvised American hospital in Paris during the World War. The stage setting showed quite a bit of ingenuity on the part of Hyne's helpers. The play itself concerned the confession of a dying French soldier who described a host of ghostly archers who appeared at Mons and saved the day for the Allies. The cast consisted of the following: a surgeon, played by Robert Rankin; a visitor to the hospital, played by Harold Bowers; an orderly whose part was enacted by Raymond Wells, and the two stretcher bearers, Henry Rogers and Charles Josephson.

The whole play was powerfully emotional and the acting was excellent.

HISTORICAL PROGRAM
Room 10

ON Tuesday, October 11, the programs for Pulaski Day and Columbus Day were combined.

Edward De Mont, class chairman, gave the pupils a very interesting talk on these two "Makers of History".

MARGUERITE HAMILTON, '36, *Reporter.*

DEBATING NOTES

THIS fall finds the Debating Club with the most promising outlook in years. There is an abundance of fine material headed by the veterans, Harry Johnson and Phil Barron, the outstanding rebuttalists of last year. The school can expect some real results from this year's team.

Try-outs have been held, which resulted in the picking of three teams. A new innovation is the functioning of two classes both meeting at the same time, thus enabling some inter-class debates.

The following schools are to debate with C. H. L. S.: Roxbury Memorial, Lynn Classical, Somerville, and Brookline. Probably all of them will hear some fine Cantab oratory, although no definite schedule has been aranged as yet.

On the afternoon of Nov. 10, the club met with Mr. Paul Vogell, a freshman from M.I.T., and of The National Forensive League, as their guest speaker. Mr. Vogell explained the aims and advantages of the League, and hoped the Club would join it. This matter is being considered at the present time.

K. B. NOTES

WITH the new year, we start a new chapter in the history of the K. B. Club; under the excellent supervision of Miss McElroy and Miss Murray, our advisers, we anticipate a successful and enjoyable winter.

The officers for the year are:

Georgia Green ..... *President*
Rita Jordan ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

The other members of the club include — post graduates: Anne Moran, Annette Field, Ann De Courcey, Helen Dugan, Dorothy Haverty, Anne Roche, and Esther Wexler; seniors: Ira Cassime, Cecil Leighton, Marie McGloin, Harriet Varrell, Dorothy Leonard, Hilda Wunsch, Frances Collins, Eleanor Holmgren, and Martha McCarthy; juniors: Julia Piers, Mary Reall, Corinne Crowley, Virginia Hoagland, and Lindsey Britt.

With the traditional candle-light service, we admitted our new members on October 27, at Annette Field's home.

The big event of the season, the K. B. dancing party, will take place on the evening of Friday, December 1. We all look forward to it, and hope to make large proceeds which will be used for our summer welfare work.

Our program is a full one, for we intend to make this year an outstanding one in the records of the K. B. Club.

RITA JORDAN, '34.

HAVE YOUR REVIEWS BOUND

MANY of us will like to have our Reviews bound in book form so that they may have a more permanent value. Murray Brothers, at Ellsworth Park will do this for 75 cents for the numbers of one year — or $1.25 for two years. Some may even like to have the copies for the four years in C. H. L. S. all bound in one book. Joseph Manley in Room 38 will take orders for Mr. Murray.

AUTUMN

I DO not know whether it is peculiar to me alone, but I have an intense feeling about one season of the year. Autumn affects me as does no other season. I cannot explain exactly why this is so, but the probable reason, now that I stop to consider it, is that nearly all my most joyous times have come in the dying season of the year. In the past my father, two brothers and I, were accustomed to spend at least three weeks in hunting together late in the fall. It was during this time that I experienced the keenest appreciation of all those fine things which make life out of mere existence. I do not mean by this that I was unhappy at home, or that any of us were for that matter, but life there was made up of many things whereas our hunting trips were times of closest association and fellowship.

We would start from the farm just at the break of a clear, cold morning when the sun was still "underneath the dawning hills", and, accompanied by the tuneful barking of our dogs, drive the buckboard through the frosted fields to the swampy forest beyond. Then, when we had reached the edge of the ground we planned to hunt over, we unhitched the horses and set them to graze while we waited for the growing day. Slowly the sun would rise, etching with tentative fingers the strange, thin outlines of the alder stalks.

When, at last, the maturing sun had slipped from the crimson grasp of the farther hills, we would set our dogs, "en vidette", and, moving slowly, begin the sport of the day. All the morning we would walk through the swamp land, shattering the quiet with the sharp crack of our guns whenever the dogs started some great golden cock from among the clustered hummocks of sere swamp grass. I remember very vividly the stingingly acrid plume of powder smoke that marked our every shot and hung for hours in long blue wisps among the leafless swamp growths.

At noon we made our way with one accord to the clearly defined edge of the swamp where the stark, defoliated alders gave place to voluptuously colored maples and oaks. Then we sat upon the bank of some small stream that ran, clustered with all the deep hued spoil of the surrounding forest, into the swamp below. We would eat slowly, savoring the beauty about us and talking very little. We saved our talk for evenings around the farm house fire place.

After several hours of rest we would start out again, walking through the thicket above the swamp-land, ostensibly hunting woodcock but really reveling in the multi-colored paradise that hung above our heads and shuffled beneath our feet. None of us was ever very successful with woodcock for they are the swiftest of game birds and our eyes were too confused by the beauty around us to aid our markmanship.

When the sun hung pendant just above the smoky hills we made our way back to the buckboard, and the tired dogs trotting with lolling tongues beneath the wagon, jogged on in the gathering gloom to the farm house. We all enjoyed, in unadulterated sweetness, the heady tang that came from the laden orchards about us.

All of this comes back to me now with the earliest hint of Autumn, when the leaf fires billow their nostalgically scented smoke through city back yards far from all those calm, sweet country woods and quiet days when

. . . Old Autumn in the misty morn
Stood shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn. . . .
(*Thomas Hood*).

WILLIAM CHARLES EICHMANN.

A ROADSIDE TREE

It was only a glance
As I rushed by!
It was only a flash
Of ecstasy!

Yet no lovelier sight
Could I behold
Than thin shimmering leaves
Of reddish gold!

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

IN A CAFETERIA

WHY a person should dine in a cafeteria is rather inexplicable. Nevertheless people do dine in them at odd moments. Of course a loyal Cantabrigian in search of nourishment goes perhaps to the Harvard Square Georgian, which is a worthy place, correctly decked with Veritas seals and tile plaques of fair Harvard's gates. Despite its stiff name the Georgian is really a cheerful place, well permeated by a subdued hum of talk, dishes, smiles, and people busy being themselves. I notice that people in cafeterias are occupied primarily with themselves or with each other, for I shamelessly confess to having deliberately watched them more than once.

The other night sheltered by a coffee cup, my presence excused by the presence of a friend, I watched a few persons being completely natural. There were three students who strode in masterfully. The leader, a tall unselfconscious chap, was puffing so furiously on a cigarette that he looked like a walking smoke-stack. In his wake trailed the other two "studes", diminutive fellows by comparison. Taken together the group gave the immediate impression of being tug-boats veiled in their own smoke, chugging up the harbor to dock just as fast as they could. In this case the dock was the food-bar, if one may coin a phrase to designate briefly that familiar glassed-in place where is found an assortment of foodstuffs at the rear of the cafeteria.

At the wall table on the other side of the room, a placid Oriental kept himself quiet company and calmly surveyed the world, for the price of a cup of coffee. What measurements he recorded I don't know. Eastern standards are so different from those of the West, particularly in the matter of going places and doing things in a hurry. Nearer at hand, we were sitting at the last corner table on the right, four young women were laughing together over steaming cups and pots of orange marmalade. Quite likely they were bridge partners, back to jolly normality after a very satisfactory disposal of the corpus dilecti.

We noted a young man, apparently twenty-five or twenty-six, who was carrying two bottles and two club sandwiches to the table beyond ours where a smiling young woman awaited him. What was she smiling about, the young man in the rôle of waiter, or the appearance of 3.2?

The camaraderie of this Americanized coffee-house, the Pickwick — young man — young woman — sandwich combination, was very mellowing. But with a last glance at this combination, a quick look about the rapidly filling tables, and a smile at a young man comfortably absorbing milk and a newspaper simultaneously, we left and joined the rest of mankind en route from here to there.

DOROTHY MAHLER, '33.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

THE scene is any home about 7:30 p. m. School books are stacked upon a table.

Jim (querulously): "I'll never be able to finish this homework tonight. Why do teachers give us so much? I wish the summer vacation were here." (School had begun only two months ago.) He sighs, draws the books closer, and begins a most distasteful task.

"Omnes Gallia est in tres — Now let me see. All Gaul is — — Dad! Tell her to stop banging that piano. Why does she always have to become musical when I'm studying? It's strange she never thinks of it during the day. Can't I ever get a little peace?" He subsides, muttering dire prophecies concerning what he will do when she has homework. After much squirming and granting, the "Omnes Gallia" is continued.

Then this, for the benefit of brother David, who, as yet, has not been initiated into the strategems of Caesar's Gallic Wars and is, therefore, to be looked upon as an inferior, "Whew! Believe me, this is no joke. Just wait until you have to learn it." An alarming thought occurs to him, and having decided that one dose of Caesar is enough, he adds, "And you needn't expect me to help you. I'll have too much of my own." One shouldn't reveal too many of one's faults to a younger brother, and — well that excuse sounded as plausible as any.

Silence for a few minutes, then, with an exasperated grimace, "Oh! I can't understand this. Who cares how Gaul is divided. Then, in a more conciliatory tone, "Any way, I probably won't have to recite tomorrow." The Latin textbook slams decisively and a history takes its place.

"'In 1918, the Germans' — Oh Dad, I saw one of those foreign cars today, a German Mercedes or something. You ought to have — " A pointed remark from the father, concerning the need of concentrating on one subject when studying, cuts short the description, and the perusal of the history is resumed.

Time drags slowly by. David remarks on the relative strength of the local football teams. The temptation is too great. From Jim, "They don't have a real ball carrier on the team. And their punter — Humph! (This very contemptuously) He kicks as though he were paralyzed. Why even I could —" here an account of his own ath-

letic prowess is rudely interrupted by a more menacing injunction about completing homework, and recognizing danger in his father's warning, he plunges into the intricacies of an algebraic solution.

There are no more breaks until sister Jean, of piano-pounding propensities, asks why she must cease her musical efforts to give him peace, and then he be allowed to whistle and drum on the table. Attempts to explain that these stimulants are necessary prove futile, and, being decidedly in the minority, he stops drumming, and the whistling through the clenched teeth is no longer audible. What do girls know about studying anyway? Thus disgusted by this seeming injustice he again turns his attention to the mathematics.

" 'The square on the hyp- the hy-pot-enuse' What senseless names they have in algebra! Why can't they use plain English? I wonder who invented them in the first place." A few moments pause then, "Ma, what time is it? The Baron is on the radio at nine." From a now thoroughly exasperated father, comes the explosive ultimatum to the effect that there is to be no listening to any program until all homework is finished.

More 'squares on the hypotenuse,' a glance at the clock and finally at the book. To himself: "I ought to study this, yet . . . come to think of it, I can get into school early tomorrow morning and I'll have plenty of time then." The die being cast, and with the complacent smile of one who has accomplished a good night's work and who now deserves a little relaxation, he switches on to — — "Vas you dere, Tcharlie?"

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

TO WINTER

When I went forth in crisp, frost-bitten air,
And saw the frightened leaves come trembling down,
To change their bright hued coats to wither'd brown —
And felt the icy fangs which soon would tear
The petals of those flow'rlets which might dare
To linger on 'neath Nature's fatal frown,
I thought of all the joys that cold would drown,
Of summer's brevity, and winter's care!
Then vision came before my eyes to show
That winter has its place in Nature's scheme,
That cold was not conceived in vengeful mood
Of Nature, nor is winter mankind's foe!
While honey-dripping summer can but dream,
Winter gives us strength and fortitude!

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

OF CLOCKS

IN every city-wide election of "public servants," those running for the school committee always pledge their untiring efforts for the betterment of the pupils' welfare by the purchase of new school books and other necessary equipment. None of the candidates seems to recall his school-days well enough to know that the most important school-room accessory is the clock. In September, when the "dear radiant faces" look around the strange rooms, what is the object of their search? Why, it is the location of the clock. Next to the teacher, the clock is most important.

The gentleman, who invented the clock, didn't realize what he was doing. He may be said to have contributed more to business than any other man. Everything material has come under his power; yet he has contributed much to literature too. Before this time a hero did something when the sputtering taper burned to a certain mark. Since then Scrooge has become conscious of a deep melancholy sound from the throat of a venerable timepiece, and the Norwegian has told us of Nils, who was rescuer to clocks of all descriptions.

Certain clocks have gained international prominence. In France there is one that weighs tons. It is built into a structure which bridges a picturesque old street in a little village. London's Big Ben is the world's Big Ben. Harvard students have softly cursed the clock of Memorial Hall for generations. President Conant has, however, in the interests of science and language, silenced the seven a. m. call.

This is a clock-made world. The days of leisurely business are over. Successful business men no longer take snuff and give reminiscences to hopeful young men, as Mr. Deane did. The word today is, "Five minutes for an interview". Even O. Henry lamented the state of affairs, and longed for a world without clocks.

Every invention has been perfected by several men, we are told. There are two types of everything: the original and the French. The latest development of the clock is one without hands, — it is to be hoped that the classroom will be untainted by this joyless innovation. To watch the progress of the big hand is the chief joy of school-life. When we wondered where the placard advertising the "Review" should be placed, that wise individual, John Kelly said, "Under the clock."

HARRY M. JOHNSON, '35.

WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AMBASSADOR HOLDTHEBAG LIGHTS A TORCH

IN this twenty-second century it is meet that we review the memorable event which transformed civilization, namely, Ambassador Holdthebag's visit to Pecunia. You will pardon me, I trust, for calling up such ancient history, — besides, back in 1933, when it was made, the people thought themselves rather clever.

Going back even further than 1933, we find that relations between the countries of Magnanimia and Pecunia were rather strained. The Magnanimians were enjoying life, although most of them were much poorer than the average Pecunian. Over a long period of years the Pecunians had perfected a system whereby they could "do" the Magnanimians (to use the slang of that remote day) and smile at them too. The Magnanimians, being such, were not so keenly interested in monetary matters as were the Pecunians, but rather were a little more spiritual in their aims. These good people could so hardly comprehend the attitude of the Pecunians that for a long time they remained inactive. However, when they realized what base people the Pecunians were, they determind to rid themselves of them, and thus they occasioned the visit of which I spoke at first.

How the Magnanimians happened to choose Mr. Holdthebag as their envoy to Pecunia is a story which I do not easily pass over, I assure you. (To tell the strict truth, I do not exactly know, but I suspect that it was on account of his name). The important point is that they did choose him, and so I will hasten to an account of his disembarkation from the little ship "William" at the main Pecunian port, Plentia.

He was handsomely received. President Bigbug of Pecunia, followed by a company of officials, met the little ambassador at the dock and conducted him to the hotel in which ambassadors of good-will were customarily entertained. It was a magnificent building — in fact in those days the only hotel comparable to it was the "Warwick". This we have ascertained from advertisements in the copies of the "New Yorker" which were recently uncovered by Professor Brainstorm.

Having been taken to the suite of honor ("the better to do you, my dear"), Ambassador Holdthebag began to dress for the dinner, which he was to share with the President, in a little private dining room. He understood that it would be a rather simple affair, and he was glad to have it so.

He found his anticipations to be ill-founded, however, for the dinner was astonishing. From the birds' nest soup to the dessert, the dishes were wonderful. Aroma after aroma, plate after plate, sauce after sauce, course after course, wonder after wonder, were served, and everything was tempered by the delicate bouquet of the finest claret in the world, that from the Château Lafite in Médoc, Bordeaux, France.

Suave President Bigbug, well tailored, well fed, and well paid, led the conversation while the Ambassador, a short, kindly-faced old gentleman, tastefully, but not meticulously dressed, was becoming more and more bewildered.

At this stage Mr. Truckler, the alert manager of the "Old Gold Camel", came into the room and handed the Ambassador the bill for the dinner.

"A custom of our country," hastily explained President Bigbug. "We say here: 'He who pays appreciates' ".

"An unusual custom . . . yes, unusual — but not surprising", murmured the good Ambassador. "I must beg to be excused. I'll attend to this later", and the Magnanimian calmly prepared to withdraw to his apartment.

"Yes, of course", answered President Bigbug suavely, "and remember, I am ever at your service."

In his rooms the Ambassador sat down to study his bill. After a long list of items in French the sum was given — $314.02. Below that, in print, was this inscription:—

THE OLD GOLD CAMEL HOTEL
Managed by Truckler.
Owned by President Bigbug.

That, in brief, is the story of the reception of Ambassador Holdthebag of Magnanimia by President Bigbug of Pecunia. Here is the sequel.

The Ambassador rang for a bell-hop, and commanded him to beg the President's presence in the Ambassador's suite.

When the President appeared, the Magnanimian was prepared with a gesture. His mind being larger than his purse, and the matter of the bill being an excellent introduction to official duties, he greeted Bigbug with clear-cut shortness.

"Well, President Bigbug, our debts balance".

"What do you mean, Ambassador Holdthebag?"

"I mean that your $314.02 — the dinner exactly balances the amount of good-will which Magnanimia entertains for Pecunia. Read that." He had lingered meaningly on "two cents."

Here I print the wonderful document which the Ambassador handed to the President:—

November 20, 1933.

"Inasmuch as the base business of Pecunia is plied deliberately to harass Magnanimia; and

"Inasmuch as the base business of Pecunia is degrading and deluding to the youth of Magnanimia; and

"Inasmuch as a great people is morally obliged to discourage baseness,

"We, the people of Magnanimia, do declare war on the people of Pecunia; until such time as the enemy do become loyal Magnanimians or do submit to extinction, the strife shall continue."

HARRY MORTON JOHNSON, '35.

BEACON HILL

ALTHOUGH surrounded by a modern, restlessly progressive city, Beacon Hill remains a place apart, unchanged by the passage of time and the pace of the city around it. Its residents have changed greatly, yet it retains much of its charm and dignified hospitality, and probably it will always be a symbol of culture and beauty.

Today, its quiet is unbroken, except for occasional bursts of music as the strolling hurdy-gurdy man turns out rasping sounds, strangely out of place and blatant. The discouraged musician, who faces only empty windows and a heavy mocking silence for his reward, moves on and the discordant tunes are heard further up the street. Now and then a car, rattling over the cobblestones, leaves only echoes and gusts of wind behind. Once more the stifling silence settles over everything until the whole street seems to be sunk in a never ceasing lethargy.

Even the light, except at sunset is dim, save only where the sun shines over the housetops, casting angular patches of gold on the street. Although this radiance remains unchanged, it seems to be the same light that has bathed the hill these many years. When the rays of the declining sun strike over the river, and make it a stream of molten gold, the glorious colors of the sunset are reflected in the sky, and the hill is at its best. Mellowed by the golden sunlight, the beauty of these old, old houses is brought to mind and Beacon Hill is once more resplendent in the beauty that it once possessed.

Even though these old houses now stand beside fruit stores and grocery stands, even though many have given away to newer, more modern buildings, to me Beacon Hill will always mean Romance; and the clear pealing of a bell, at sunset, from a small chapel in Louisberg Square will always remind me of a glory that was once here, and which for generations has held the rest of the city in awe. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, '34.

A PLEA FOR NOVEMBER

Oh, April is a lovely month,
A month of sun and tears;
And May, it is a happy month
When really spring appears!
November is a chilly time;
It's cold and bare, 'tis true,
But Nature's call is just the same
Though there are blossoms few!

Oh, don't the trees look lovely now
All bare against the sky?
And aren't the sharp winds joyous, though
They make the dead trees cry?
The snowstorms — aren't they beautiful
When drifts are swirling low?
And isn't it like fairyland
When sunsets gleam on snow?

Oh, gentle spring and summer rich
Are glorious times, 'tis true,
But so are all the barren months
When leaves and flowers are through!

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

A CLEAR CASE OF TRUANCY

THOMAS BERESFORD WINTON, JR., sat uneasily on the edge of his chair in the office of the principal of the Norton Junior High School. He squirmed and fidgeted while his nervous fingers twisted his cap, and to all appearances he was very much distressed. He and the other occupant of the room, the truant officer, were waiting for the principal, Mr. Robert Carlton, but the manner of the truant officer, Mr. Burt, was exceedingly different from Tommy's. That pompous gentleman lolled with ease against the desk while his cold eyes were fixed on Tommy. Suddenly he shuffled to his feet and sauntered casually over to the window where he commenced to stare moodily out. Freed from his captor's disturbing stare, Tommy sank into a deep lethargy and reviewed that memorable morning, which seemed centuries ago, as a drowning person relives his life just before sinking. The troubles had begun, he thought bitterly, the day before yesterday when the other boys had talked in glowing phrases of the gangster picture entitled "Scarface" which was, as a special feature, to have its first run at the local theatre on Thursday morning only. Tommy's heart sank, and his yearning to see the movie grew stronger when he heard this, for school and movie matinees do not coincide and this was the secret of the truant's plight!

He had tried in vain to think of some way in which he could behold this thrilling spectacle.

He had the money. Oh, why couldn't they have had it on a Saturday? Then, slowly but surely, the poisonous thought of truancy seeped into his tormented mind and his desire triumphed over his conscience. All his plans, though made in haste, had gone well. He had set off as usual for school with his "gang" and then feeling very queerly all the while had stepped into a store "to buy something", cautioning his pals not to bother to wait for him.

Luck had been with him all the morning, and at one o'clock he had made his way from the theatre in a dazed state of ecstasy without the faintest premonition of his danger. As he walked in the crowd of adults he was barely conscious of living, when suddenly a firm hand grasped him by the collar and a masculine voice exclaimed, "Aha! playing truant, eh?" Tommy looked weakly up into the face of the truant officer, and after that he was not aware of anything until he found himself in the office.

He awakened with a start as Mr. Carlton walked in. After a brief nod to the officer he glared at the quavering Tommy. He said very loudly, "Er - ahem! So you're a truant, eh? Know what we do to truants? If you don't, you'll soon find out!"

He then addressed himself to Mr. Burt, "What's the story about this boy?"

Mr. Burt straightened his tie and proceeded to explain all about Tommy. He said sharply, "But he won't say right out that he is a truant — in fact he won't even speak to defend himself!"

When he had finished his recital Mr. Carlton leaned over his desk and said with great decision, "A clear case of truancy! Young man, what would you say if I told you I had a witness against you?" said Mr. Burt.

Tommy gulped hard. He had a very special reason for not talking. If he did, he might say something which would involve him in more trouble and he was bad enough off as it was. Through his mind flashed stories of the "third degree" and his vocal powers failed him again.

"If you should ask me, sir," said the officer, "I think he's shielding someone."

Tommy's face blanched at these last words and the officer spoke triumphantly while his victim quailed before the onslaught.

"Come now, speak up for yourself and tell us your story — It'll be a lot better for you," said the principal.

"Probably some habitual offender of the worst type who enticed him," Mr. Burt said.

Mr. Carlton spoke again, "It is not only the truancy, Winton, but you know my feelings toward that type of picture."

The incensed truant officer glowered at Tommy and demanded to know whom he was shielding. Tommy cowered in his chair as the principal murmured, "Such a demoralizing picture!"

Suddenly Tommy stood up and the men came to attention. He addressed himself to the principal and spoke. "I had a reason for not telling, sir, and you're going to tell on me now!"

"What are you talking about my telling on you?" sputtered the principal.

Tommy turned to Mr. Burt who looked puzzled and said, "Isn't he your witness?"

"Why," Mr. Burt said, "I have no witness, that was only a way to catch you. What do you mean by asking if Mr. Carlton is my witness?"

Tommy's pent up emotions burst forth and he said savagely, "This is what I meant. There was only one person in that theatre who knew me and could be a witness against me and that was," he uttered breathlessly, "the man who sat in front of me through the movie, and who enjoyed himself so much that I could hardly see over his head as he moved from side to side in excitement. That man was Mr. Carlton!"

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

EVER since Time forgotten, men have sailed the seas, although our present means of conveyance differ greatly from those of the earliest days. For, since some primitive man first ventured forth, after having discovered that staying afloat on water is possible, the sea has been one of the most common means of transportation.

Who has not been inspired by the placid serenity of the ocean? Whose heart has not responded to the call of the wind, sharpened by the pungent odors of salt water? Who has not been struck by a sharp sense of sadness, when walking along the beach with the fog and wind in his face? The dull, monotonous thud of the breakers close by, and the occasional moanings of the fog blended with the desolate cry of a ship far out to sea, seem like a lost child. There is perhaps no one who has not, at some time, felt a nostalgia for the sea.

Into our harbors come many ships. The great passenger liners, mighty monarchs of the sea, glide in without sound, unruffled by the turbulent ocean. They condescend to the smaller boats, which scurry to move out of their wide paths, as they are guided by the puffing tugboats, so small they are hardly discernible beside the huge ship. Anchored further out, her hold empty so that her red hull shows above the water, lies the freighter. Ugly and seaworthy, it is one of the

most romantic of all boats. Soon she will be reloaded, and will start on a tedious journey to some mysterious foreign port. Then, plugging across the harbor, coming audaciously near to the larger boats, is the tugboat. Blunt and dirty, yet one of the most powerful craft afloat, it serves as a guide for other vessels. Moving across the water is still another boat, the fishing smack. Manned by swarthy men, its nets hanging over the sides, gleaming in the sunlight, it goes forth to scour the deep and to bring back its load.

So one sets out to sea today. Without glamour and with much more safety we cross the oceans. Someday, airplanes may take the place of ships altogether for commercial purposes, yet always the sea will offer to us the nucleus of many of our dreams.

DOROTHY DOUGLAS, '34.

JOYS OF PROCRASTINATION

I AM a firm believer in the old adage, "Never do today what you can do tomorrow." This principle is not derived, as might be imagined, from sheer laziness. I have carefully balanced the advantages of both sides, and have decided that putting things off brings greater joy than doing them promptly.

To begin with, "Forbidden fruit tastes sweetest." If I am reading a thrilling novel, or watching a romantic movie, I get twice as much joy out of it, if I know that, strictly speaking, I should be plodding through twenty lines of Cicero. This knowledge adds a certain zest, which I would not otherwise enjoy.

Moreover, doing things at the last minute keeps me busy and shuts out all possibility of ennui. Packing one's bag at the latest possible moment, and just catching the train by a quarter of a second, has a certain joy and excitement, which must be experienced to be understood. There is just enough of an element of doubt about getting the train to prevent one's interest from lagging. Last minute actions are the spice of life. One who plans and carefully prepares for everything he does, never knows the joy of procrastination.

Even if the work never does get done — for procrastination does sometimes lead to such consequences — there are still advantages. If it is a case of a French translation for school, one gets a splendid opportunity to exercise one's ingenuity. It is really excellent brain work to translate impromptu.

Even though, after all these stages, I never do accomplish my work, and suffer unhappy consequences, I always feel that the rich pleasures derived from procrastination more than compensate for any discomforts it may cause.

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF MUSIC

SINCE the time of the ancients, the charm of music has pervaded the world. It is a bond joining north and south, east and west. You may travel to the ends of the earth, leave civilization far behind, burrow deep into the hinterland, and everywhere you will find music. It may seem to be only the endless, rhythmic throbbing of a drum, yet to those who understand, it may tell a sad song of death, or a wild tale of joy.

Who can escape the feeling that God is present, when the Hallelujah chorus of Handel's "Messiah" is sung? The custom of rising and standing until the last "Hallelujah" has died away originated when the great oratorio was sung in London, and the king, electrified by the wonderful music, rose, and stood with bowed head until the end.

Music is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all the arts. The music of "Die Walküre" tells more eloquently than mere words ever could, the dramatic story of Brunnhilde. As she is descending the cliff her battle cry stirs the very depths of the soul. No artist could ever portray the beautiful, poignant story painted by Beethoven in his "Moonlight Sonata". The first notes are soft and sweet as the moonlight seems to come from behind the clouds and flood the room. The tempo becomes more rapid as sprites and fairies seem to dance. Then the notes become fraught with an ineffable sadness, which fills one with wonder.

Leave for a moment the great masters; forget the beautiful, overwhelming, and delightful music that we have heard. Think of the less inspiring music. That also has its uses and its good points. How many times has a favorite march changed a tumultuous rabble into a parade of orderly marchers? How often has the popular feeling of a crowd been swayed by some popular tune?

The charm of music is everywhere evident. The wild fiery music of Russia evokes even the most torpid soul to a new susceptibility of the throbbing, beating life that is all around. As Russia inflames us, so Italy lulls the spirit with her soft, dulcet songs of spring and romance. And so it goes, from laughter to tears, from joy to sorrow, music ever leads us a merry chase.

BARBARA DONOVAN.

Review=ing Books

MAD PUPPETSTOWN

By Mary J. Farrell

Publishers — Farrar & Rinehart, 1932

THOUGH romantic Ireland may be buried deep, as the Irish poet William Butler Yeats averred, yet there is life in the body. A heartening sign of this life is this author's full-flavored tale of Irish life. In the big house at Puppetstown the accumulations of centuries of aristocratic culture crowd the charming ramshackle rooms. Nevertheless, those who live there now, for all their culture, follow the ancient traditions of wild-Irish life. Miss Farrell's objective, I think, is to instil a longing in the Irish hearts for the old memories of Erin, and to save the pristine Irish culture.

The whole plot radiates from Easter, the heroine who portrays the healthy, mischievous Irish lass. Easter and her companions in Puppetstown prove that romanticism and tradition are ever with us. Then, a great contrast is brought out by the outbreak of the World War, which smashes to bits the serenity of Ireland.

If one can be influenced by Hillaire Belloc's essay, "On the Mowing of a Field", he will undoubtedly be swayed by the power and moral force of "Mad Puppetstown".

BRITISH AGENT

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart

Publishers — G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1933

BRITISH AGENT is a candid autobiography composed of a fascinating account of early adventure in Malaya, and of Lockhart's rise and fall as a British diplomat in Moscow, which was then, in 1911, the storm-centre of Europe.

The story is a great, intensive, psychological drama that shows that Lockhart was governed entirely by his strongest momentary impulse. About this weakness the basis of the entire plot is laid. The impulse is clearly and devastatingly brought forth by Lockhart's sudden determination to go to Malaya, his moral nemesis.

It seems that the one ambition of Lockhart throughout the entire autobiography is to arouse a deep sort of religious sympathy for him and his inexcusable follies.

However, the complications woven about a very concrete plot, intrigue, first hand information about Russian customs and people, create a great desire for more books of this kind.

The title is not especially appropriate for an autobiography. We should notice, however, that Lockhart is steadily and surely building up the characters and the colorful atmosphere that surrounded him. Consequently, the Malayan incidents must not be too severely criticised. Then, too, we must consider the length of the book in which Lockhart tells a great deal of himself.

All in all, this personal story of the brilliant young diplomat looms far above the usual offerings of tepid diplomatic memoirs. One may say with conviction few diplomats have written with greater literary skill.

HAVEN'S END

By John P. Marquand

Publishers — G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1933

HERE is a chronicle of the Swales, which is at the same time a chronicle of Haven's End, that mellow New England town of mild aspect and of gentle people.

Mr. Marquand's wonderful collection of the accounts of the struggling forces of the proud, disdainful Swales and the common, laborious Scarlets is unparalleled. From his delineation of the first Swale, we instantly become aware of that harsh discipline, and that severity in manner and life, that continued on through the ages. Too, in the description of the first Scarlet we get acquainted with their ruddy, rough appearance and good-natured ignorance.

The entire record of Haven's End should appeal to many types of readers. Here, there are characters who make one feel sad, sympathetic, buoyant, and on one occasion terribly angry. What young, adventurous youth would not eagerly devour the chapter in which a cold-blooded pirate stalks in his old hunting ground, or in which Dan Swale, to prove his bravery, actually pulled a lion's tail? What romantic young lady would not literally applaud the story of the love affairs of Patience Swale who married a cool, calculating devil?

Nothing intricate happens in this clear-cut and vivid history. However, I should not accuse Mr. Marquand of not "sticking to his story," as in the case of his occasional references to subjects that seem not to belong in the account, because he handles those allusions skillfully.

For those who wish to be entertained by an animated, forcible, and sprightly chronicle of the rise of the haughty, respected line of Swales and the development of a small, picturesque town, no better recommendation can be given than J. P. Marquand's "Haven's End".

ALMA! Fellow students, we begin another year with the idea of entertaining and startling you each and every one. Those not accommodated please see me immediately. . . . Well, look who's here! . . . Frank Coleman is back again . . . and so is Tony Chmelewski. . . . No, Tony, I think Chet Dzingielewski's handle is longer. . . . Football fans, has Frank Montgomery told you the story about the barber-school halfback who was penalized for clipping? . . . Freshmen are accepting donations for the purchase of a new lid for Jack Gately, senior ex. . . . Speaking of hats and the like, Robert Church and Joe Lincoln, are the barbers paying you to practice on? . . . Those whiffles! . . . Alice Ryan, is it the players or the game that makes you such a football enthusiast? . . . After all, "You Have to be a Football Hero to Get Along with the Beautiful Girls". . . . Just the other day our football star, Tony Gallucio, bragged of the fact that he is a five letter man. . . . Is Joe Fleming shrinking or are we getting taller? . . . O.K., Vahan Avakian, we'll call you Jackie for short. . . .

Ann Moran knows all about the ethics of dentistry. . . . While playing the piano the other day, Gladys Palser was asked to play silently. She replied, "I don't know it. How does it go?" . . . These women! . . . Charlie Roth attends a funeral every Monday morning. . . . Will Tom Mansfield, president of the Monday morning club, make his monthly report on the good shows in town? . . . Annette Field is always taking things for granted. . . . It's a bad habit. . . . If Myer Bromfield invites you to his house to play cards, bring your own cards. . . . Joe Welch has at last succeeded in finishing at the same time as the rest of the orchestra. . . . Quite marvelous, don't you think? . . . Of course you know that the crooning heard so regularly emanating from that beautiful golden ballroom of C. H. L. S. (in the hall) is the music of Al Kasey (Abe Kazis to you). . . . Is everybody happy? . . . And say, lest I forget, my freshman Friday, will you have my florist send a smilax to Kent Bartlett for his regularity in waiting outside of Room 77 at 1:45 each day. . . . Two gardenias to Mary Mavrides for excelling in the cafeteria. . . . A red clover to Eleanor Robbins for the "keyholish" way she draws. . . . A tuberose to Arnold S. Hurvitz for speed and efficiency in changing flat tires. . . . A white lily to Frank Duddy for the way he parts his teeth. . . . A goldenrod to Harry M. Johnson for his ability to breathe in thin air. . . . A monk's head to Gertrude Gurin for her French soliloquies. . . . P. G.'s, would I be asking too much if I inquired, "WHO'S afraid of the big bad wolf?!!" . . . Why is Saul Weinstein trying to enter Tech when he already has a B. S. degree? . . . Joe Fallon is looking for a partner to help him manufacture hydrogen-sulphide bombs. . . . This piece of architecture, (you know, the column) wishes to announce a new addition to the faculty of our Physics Department, Stanley Hildreth. . . . Marty Evers and Bud Worden claim that they never hide themselves in closets, but Andy MacAlaster has a different story to tell. . . . Dorothy Leonard, will you let these senior Gables alone so that they may study? . . . Bob Toomey is finding it hard to keep his mind on his work. . . . Frank Harney is burning up the grass at the Charles River embankment every afternoon. . . . Lenny Grossman has learned in biology that spelling bees do not sting. . . . Rather brilliant, Sonny. . . . A large number of P. G.'s must also be taking courses in biology due to the toads hopping about the hall. . . . John Briggs is offering free goose dinners for Thanksgiving. . . . Yes, there's a catch; bring your own goose. . . . Eleanor Holmgren and Frances Collins have ceased walking home from school since the gentleman in the Pontiac coupe has begun calling for them. . . . Myles Sterne is the man without a telephone number. . . . A few C. H. L. S. Casanovas. . . . Leonard Blum, Jack Harold Andelman, Teddy Janeck, Everiste Shea. . . . Will the Freshmen stop slamming down the windows. . . . I can't concentrate. . . . We have a promising authoress in our midst. . . . Era Cassime is writing the "Sweetest Story Ever Told". . . . I hope it is. . . . Three cheers for Ruth Burns and for Barbara Sheridan, our cheer leaders. . . . Have you heard the C. H. L. S. password Whadyagetonyacard? . . . William Skelly believes that if he runs for janitor he will make a clean sweep. . . . The secret ambition of Helen Flanders is to become a school teacher. . . . Some of the freshmen are

endeavoring to find out what a row of check marks on their report cards signify. . . . Ask the man who owns one! . . . Russell McPhee. . . . Of course you've all seen Frank Hynes, our star football guard, taking his physical exercise in form of a promenade after the first period each day. . . . Where did Al Graham get that Cadillac with the red wheels? . . . No longer is the salutation, Mr. President. Now the seniors say, Madame President. . . . Edith Fay may go west to double for a movie actress this coming season. . . . Good luck, Edith. . . . Don't make Robert Eisenhauer laugh. . . . Just a fair warning. . . . Alfred (Bob) Cohen was seen playing the horses at Rockingham this summer. . . . His pocketbook is evidence. . . . Ahoy mates, Leo Levi, the mariner, rides the waves of Nahant in his skiff. . . . Fred Titus was arrested for smuggling clams into the steam room of a Turkish bath. . . . Rita Jordan, are the young men of C. H. L. S. keeping you busy inquiring for K. B. applications? . . . Chip off the old block. . . . Eleanor Tynan, just like her brother John, keeps up the good work. . . . The P. G.'s have chosen as their theme song the popular number characteristic of the majority, "Lazybones". . . . I'd like to know why Georgia Greene has been so quiet lately. . . . Dave Lichter drives so well he can turn around on a dime and get a nickel change. . . . Peter D. Myers is still trying to find out who's buried in Lincoln's tomb. . . . Lower classmen coming up, Sylvia Kaufman, Francis Coady, Edward Turcotte. . . . Edith Gellis and Loretta Cooper, I'll print more about you next time. . . . Richard Ruggles spent the summer breeding mosquitoes with cleats so after they bite they stand on the spot and scratch. . . . This column has discovered a new means of committing suicide, riding with Barbara Donovan. . . . Fred Lynch is a coming columnist as seen by his deposits in the Review box. . . . Thanks, Fred. . . . Have Christine MacKenzie, the C. H. L. S. nightingale, warble a few numbers for you. . . . Our president, Miss Holmgren, can also sing deelightfully. . . . Frank Barry has at last made the varsity football team — in the position of cheer leader. . . . Have you met the Masked Marvel? No, he's not a wrestler nor a chess-player, just an orchestra leader named John Conley. . . . So Alma friends, till Santa leaves you another Spotlite for Christmas. . . . ALMA.

A PROBLEM

IN the middle of one 12 foot wall of a room that is 12 feet high, 12 feet wide, and 30 feet long, is a spider. In the center of the opposite wall, one foot from the bottom, is a fly. What is the shortest distance the spider can go along the wall to get the fly? There is no trick to the problem.

Try to solve it. The correct solution is known by Isabelle Carrington, Room 41. She will explain it to anyone who wishes to know the answer.

THE C. H. L. S. BAND

UNDER the able leadership of Mr. Joseph Freni, our school now has a band that can be ranked among the best of those from greater Boston high schools. This is quite remarkable when we consider that the band is just entering upon its second year.

Mr. Freni is well pleased with the boys and says that there is a great improvement over last year in every way. In organizing the band last year, he tried to pick boys from the two lower classes so as to avoid all the instruction involved in getting new material necessary to fill graduation vacancies. This is one of the main reasons for its surprising success coupled with the fact that fine talent has been available.

The Review wishes to congratulate the band and Mr. Freni for their achievement and contribution to the school.

EIN BISCHEN DEUTSCH
DER HASE UN DIE SCHILDKROTE

von dem Aesop

(The Hare and the Tortoise)

by Aesop

Eines Tages lachte der Hase űber die Schildkröte wegen der Langsamkeit und Schwerfälligkeit der Lätzteren. Aber er wurde von der Schildkröte aufgefordet einen Wettlauf zu rennen.

Der Hase, der die ganze Sache für einen grossen Spass hielt, gab bereitwillig seine Zustimmung. Sie Wählten den Fuchs zum Scheidsrichter und Einsatzhalter. Die Nebenbuhler rannten an. Natűrlich liess der Hase die Schildkröte bald fern zurűck. Als er auf halbem weg nach dem Ziel gekommen war, fing er an umher zu spielen. Er beknapperte die jungen Futterkraűter und aműsierte sich in verschiedener Weise. Da der Tag warm war, dachte er eben, dass er in einem geschűtzten Ort ein Schläfchen geniessen würde.

Es wäre lauter Unsinn zu denken, dass die Schildkröte während dieses Schläfchen vorbei gehen würde! Zudem könnte er ehe das Ende des Wettlaufs die Andere sehr leicht ereilen, wenn auch sie ihn voranginge.

Unterdes plachte sich die Schildkröte unwankend und ruhelos das Ziel entgegen.

Der Hase schlief zu lange. Er regte sich aus dem Schlaf auf und war erstaunt zu finden, dass sein Nebenbuhler aus den Augen war. Fort rannte er in vollem Lauf, aber als er das Ziel erreichte, endeckte er, dass die Schildkröte schon dort war, und auf die Ankunft des Hasen wartete.

Die Nutzanwendung ist, dass man nicht allzu selbst vertrauend sein sollte.

Ubersetzt von JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

Officer: "You say this man robbed you. Can you distinguish any of your property in this heap?"

Ernest Finstein: "Yes, I know that handkerchief with "F" in the corner."

Officer: "But that is no proof. I have a handkerchief with "F" in the corner."

Finstein: "Yes, sir, I lost two."

The young woman walked boldly up to the elderly woman, whom she had mistaken for the matron of the hospital. "May I see Lieutenant Barker, please?" she asked.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Yes, I'm his sister."

"Well, well! I'm glad to meet you, I'm his mother."

The inspector had come to examine the class in physiology. He tried a little girl with this teaser: "How many bones have you in your body, little lady?"

"Something like nine hundred," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, indeed," said the inspector. "Well, that's a great many more than I have."

"Very likely," said the child, "but I guess you don't have herring for breakfast!"

Real Estate Agent: "Well, what do you think of our little city?"

Joseph Manley: "I'll tell you, brother. This is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

An Austin was speeding 50 miles an hour, and about every 50 feet it would hop up in the air a few feet. A cop finally overtook the midget motor and brought it to a stop.

"What's the big idea of that car jumping that way?" asked the cop.

"Why officer, there's nothing wrong with the car. You see, I've got — hic — the hiccups."

James Robertson: "Got any mail for me?"

Postoffice Clerk: "What's your name?"

Robertson: "You'll find it on the envelope."

"My dear, listen to this," gasped an elderly Englishwoman who was travelling with her husband for the first time in one of our Southern states. "On this bill of fare it says: 'Baked Indian Pudding.' Can such things be possible in a civilized country?"

Myles Stern: "Going to the junior prom?"

Arthur Sugarman: "No, I just had my shoes shined."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No, mam. I am a fizzician."

Charles West: "The phone service is certainly terrible here."

Ed. Young: "Yes, unspeakably bad."

Ronzio: "What makes the leaves turn red in the Fall?"

Kimball: "They are blushing to think how green they have been all Summer."

Warren Trafton: "Pass the dessert, please."

Eddie Clancy: "If you eat another piece of pie, you'll pop!"

Warren: "Pass the dessert, please, and get out of the way."

Joe Manley: "Could you help a starving man?"

Don Regan: "Do you like fish?"

Joe: "Yes, sir."

Don: "Then come back Friday."

Would-be suicide: "Don't rescue me; I want to die."

Jere Boyle: "Well, you'll have to postpone it, I want a Life-Saving Medal.'

A tourist was prowling round an old Scottish churchyard. His eye caught the inscription, "Lord, she was thin."

"I say, sexton, what a strange inscription!"

"That's right, sir. He didn't leave room for the letter 'e'."

Gertrude: "Now that I have my hair bobbed, you can never say again that I look like an old lady."
Sally: "No, but now you look like an old gentleman."

Traffic Officer (sharply): "Didn't you see me signal you?"
Marianne B.: "Yes, but my father told me not to stop on the way."

Mr. Brown was looking for a job. The boss asked him what he could do. He ventured to suggest that he could do almost anything.
"Can you wheel a barrel of smoke?" inquired the boss.
"Yes," said Brown, "I'll wheel it if you fill it for me."

"What on earth is the matter?" said the doctor's friend. "You look awfully mad."
"I should think so, too." was the angry reply. "Here I have been treating a patient for three years for yellow jaundice and I've only just learned that he's Chinese."

Osteopaths deserve to get on in this world. They are always working their fingers to the bone.

Barbara Donovan: "Well, doctor, you sure kept your promise about having me walking again in a month."
Doctor: "Well, I'm glad of that."
Barbara: "Yes, when your bill came, I had to sell my car."

"A nice sort of welcome," said the father visiting his son at boarding school. "I am hardly out of the train when you ask me for money."
"Well, Dad, you have to admit the train was twenty minutes late."

Joseph Johnson: "Can you tell me what kind of illumination they had on Noah's boat?"
Vin. Panunzio: "Arc lights."

There is the sad story of the stellar halfback, son of the absent-minded professor, who carried the left end around the ball.

Eleanor Holmgren: "What are the least expensive calling cards you have?"
Stationery Clerk: "A royal flush, madam!"

Cuneo: "What does LL.D. after a man's name mean?"
Cushing: "I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor."

Kaufman: "Heard you were sick."
Spector: "Yes, I had the chimney disease."
Kaufman: "Chimney disease? What's that?"
Spector: "Flu."

"Mr. Jones sends his compliments, and says would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake."
"Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall be his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

"What is your name?"
"Sam."
"What is the rest of it?"
"Mule."

Wm. Doran: "Father, the palmist who examined my hands said I was very economical in some things."
Father: "Did he say what they were?"
William: "Yes; soap and water."

Nowadays, waves are found on the most level headed persons.

Mrs. Kamins: "And will you please tell me why you come begging at my door again? Why don't you try some place else?"
Tramp: "Lady, my doctor told me when I found the food that agreed with me I should continue on with it."

"Now, Miss, why not have the little boy's silhouette cut."
"I don't think his mother would allow it — he has just had his tonsils out."

Mr. Blum: "I am obliged to punish you and it will pain me."
Leonard: "But father, if you've done nothing wrong, why pain yourself?"

John Kelley: "I just dropped your shoes overboard."
Paul Mahoney: "That's all right, they were my over-shoes."

"What is your favorite book?"
"It has always been my bankbook, but even that is lacking in interest."

Georgia Greene (handing a cartoon to Review editor): "Now this is the picture of a cow eating grass."

"But, daddy, why do you object to my becoming engaged? Is it because of my youth?"
"Yes, he's hopeless."

(*Continued on page 24*)

CAMBRIDGE 0 ST. JAMES 0

Cambridge Latin opened its atumnal activities on the gridiron by battling the scrappy St. James eleven of Haverhill to a scoreless deadlock on the latter's home grounds.

St. James flashed a powerful deceptive attack that forced our boys to play strictly defensive football for the major portion of the fray.

Gomes, Latin sub-end, received an injury probably sufficiently serious to keep him confined to the sidelines for the remainder of the season.

At no time did the Cantabs even threaten to score in a game which saw them gaining but two first downs.

Capt. Maguire featured the rather drab contest with his splendid exhibition of defensive end play.

The absence of Spartachino, Latin's ace ball carrier, undoubtedly hurt our cause.

NEWTON 15 CAMBRIDGE 0

In its initial Suburban League engagement, Cambridge Latin suffered a 15 - 0 defeat at the hands of a smart and alert Newton outfit at Dickenson Field, the Newtonite Stadium.

However, the score hardly indicates Newton's margin of superiority, for Capt. Maguire's boys gave them a stern battle throughout.

Cambridge Latin recovered a Newton fumble deep in their rival's territory early in the first period, but was repulsed. Newton scored eight points later in the same period, by dint of a blocked kick and a recovery of a Latin fumble.

The Cantabs outplayed their formidable opponents during the second and third quarters but were unable to tally, as the passes they tossed failed every time a scoring position was reached.

Another touchdown was registered by Newton, however, in the final session, due to a successful aerial barrage.

Spartachino, the best running back on the field, and "Cowboy" Crawley, our triple threat star, bothered our rivals, but Newton's chief offensive weapons, a neat short flat pass, and Flagg's line smashing, more than offset their fine work. Newton's kicking greatly helped their defensive play.

WOBURN 9 CAMBRIDGE 6

Although outplaying their adversaries in every department, Cambridge Latin went down to a heart-breaking 9 - 6 defeat at Woburn.

A magnificent quick kick by Coates, Woburn's stellar performer, in the first quarter, paved the way for the touchdown by his team. The ball cleared the astounded safety man's head and finally rested mischievously on the goal line! After Crawley had kicked out from his end zone, Coates, on fourth down, snared the victory pass.

In the second period, Crawley, diminutive quarterback, scampered seventy yards through a bewildered Woburn team. A few plays later, he cracked through the line for Cambridge Latin's first score of the season.

Fumbles and a blocked kick checked our boys in the second and third periods, but in the last quarter the Cantabs had their small gathering of loyal rooters in an uproar, when, opening up with a desperate passing attack, they brought themselves deep into enemy territory. However, with only seconds remaining, Quarterback Crawley was forced to gamble on long passes which were batted down.

Latin's offensive game was five first downs better than Woburn's since they gained only four, to our nine.

RINDGE 14 CAMBRIDGE 0

In the annual Columbus Day attraction at Russell Field, Cambridge Latin was crushed by a devastating Rindge gridiron machine 14 - 0.

Scintillating off-tackle smashes and end runs by Matthews, Rindge's sensational halfback, the line plunging of the bulky Watson, and a smart aerial attack that invariably caught the Latin secondary defense napping, featured the winner's whirlwind attack. Our line, although outcharged during the fray by the heavy Rindge forward wall, covered itself with glory by holding their powerful opponents on three separate occasions within its ten yard line.

Watson's interception of the game's first forward commenced a Rindge march that was checked only by a desperate Latin goal line stand. Rindge threatened with another menacing advance, but was halted by their own overeagerness in the shape of offside penalties. After still another prolonged Rindge march, Watson plunged over for the initial score late in the second quarter.

Rindge dominated the play in the third period, and eventually pushed over their final points by virtue of a pass from Micelli to Watson.

For Latin, Capt. Maguire and Tom Dunlevy, veteran linemen, performed in a capable fashion, while Crawley earned the praise of all by pluckily remaining in the game after being badly shaken up in the early stages of the battle.

RINDGE	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Rey, le	re, Maguire
Chandler, lt	rt, O'Brien
Tuckamin, lg	rg, Neudorff
Bernard, c	c, Dunlevy
Manning, (C), rg	lg, Murphy
Lavoie, rt	lt, Sawicki
Smith, re	le, Coady
Byington, qb	qb, Crawley
Micelli, lhb	rhb, Gallucio
Matthews, rhb	lhb, Spartachino
Watson, fb	fb, Nichols

ARLINGTON 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

A powerful Arlington eleven needed the "breaks" to down our aggressive outfit by a single touchdown margin at Arlington.

With Dunlevy and Pitchford shifted to the backfield, the Cantabs presented a revised line-up. Coach Sheehan's judgment was more than vindicated by the immediate improvement in the team's play, due principally to Dunlevy's sensational punting.

The smart Arlington team, with a somewhat intricate and decidedly deceptive attack that emphasized reverses with McLaine and Weidaw carrying, constantly threatened during the first half, but was checked on each occasion by the surprisingly stubborn Cantabs. A magnificent goal line stand featured the Latin defensive display during the half.

In the intermission between halves, the splendid Arlington band, augmented by the cheer leaders, graciously crossed the field and entertained us.

After a few fruitless moments of play in the third quarter, the elusive Crawley broke loose, and was brought down only by a desperate lunge from behind. Dunlevy's punt was subsequently downed deep in enemy area, and, after a few half-hearted stabs at the line, Arlington was forced to kick. Here Dame Fortune deserted our cause, for the ball instead of bouncing into Crawley's eager hands, hopped freakishly away, struck the shoulders of a preoccupied defender, and finally was recovered by an alert member of Arlington High. With McLaine dashing around the ends or plowing off the tackles on Arlington's patented reverse, the ball was worked down to the sixteen yard line. At this point a fifteen yard penalty inflicted on their opponents practically presented them with the score. The fleet McLaine sprinted around the end for the lone touchdown.

On the ensuing kickoff "Cowboy" Crawley was unfortunately removed with a wrenched knee. The remainder of the game witnessed nothing of event as Latin gambled desperately on forwards.

For Arlington Manoli and McLaine gave ample evidence of their outstanding gridiron abilities, while Dunlevy and Crawley starred for the Cantabs. Montgomery, Ronzio, and O'Brien were the bulwarks of the line.

CAMBRIDGE 7 BROOKLINE 6

On the spacious Russell Field confines, Cambridge Latin captured its first gridiron triumph of the season by vanquishing their Suburban League opponents from Brookline by a 7 - 6 score.

The balance of favor drifted from side to side with bewildering rapidity, due to an excess of fumbles and interceptions, and, consequently, a thrilling clash developed.

Latin's score came through a bit of individual brilliance contributed by Spartachino, when he raced thirty yards off tackle for a touchdown after a sustained Cambridge Latin march. Nichols plunged through the weak Brookline line for the necessary two yards and the slender margin of victory.

In the third quarter a blocked kick led to the Brookline score. On the conversion Maguire frustrated the surprise pass by knocking it incomplete.

A Latin fumble recovered deep in our territory by Brookline in the final period provoked a stir from their sections and a chorus of "Hold that line" exhortations from the Latin adherents. However, the "Wealthy Towners" generously fumbled on the two yard line, extricating us from this dangerous situation.

Spartachino finally in proper physical condition, featured with his dynamic off-tackle thrusts. The line from end to end, Coady to Maguire, outcharged its rivals. However, Lowenstein, Brookline's shifty and clever quarterback emerged with the day's most spectacular individual performance.

The Cambridge Latin band, nattily attired in white ducks and red sweaters with conspicuous C's, lent harmony, and the cheer leaders gave color to the traditional battle.

HAVERHILL 13 CAMBRIDGE 6

The State championship contenders from Haverhill were hard pressed to squeeze out a 13 - 6 triumph over our gridiron warriors at Haverhill.

From a spectator's viewpoint, the game was contested between two evenly-matched elevens, with the more experienced and heavier Haverhill outfit finally emerging with the victory, greatly aided by the fortunes of the game.

(*Continued on page 23*)

AS the whistle of the referee announces the beginning of another year of social and athletic activities in the G. A. A., let us spend a few minutes recalling to mind the outstanding events at the end of last year.

At the close of the baseball season the sophisticated sophomores succeeded in winning the silver baseballs, since they were the champions of the school. Although the team, as a whole, was excellent, we all agreed that the leadership of Captain Margaret Murphy brought the team to victory. Of course, we must say a few words about the defeated team consisting of five juniors, who with the aid of a few freshmen put up a hard fight.

The Varsity Baseball team had a very successful season. After a hard fought game with Arlington, the team returned home, victors. Our next game took place a week later, and once again the Cambridge nine defeated the Arlington team. We marched on from one victory to another, for Melrose was the next team we defeated. Are we going to be as good this year?

The Varsity line-up consisted of:

Agnes McCann	*Pitcher*
M. Downes; L. Larsen	*Catcher*
Emily Long	*First Base*
Catherine McDonald	*Second Base*
Margaret Murphy (captain)	*Third Base*
Theresa O'Connell	*Short Stop*
Marjorie O'Dell	*Left Field*
Mary Murray	*Center Field*
Hazel Mansfield	*Right Field*

The tennis tournament for individual play was conducted by Ruth Burns. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Emily Long upon her success. In the finals Emily defeated Josephine Wentzell, who also played an excellent game.

Then came the most delightful event of the entire season, the G. A. A. picnic. The quietness of Kendall Green was broken by hilarity. Shouts, songs, and laughter could be heard in the woods and on the hillside. The class of '36 was so well represented that it far outnumbered the other classes. By sheer numbers, they won the tug of war. A fortunate member of their group succeeded in locating the treasure. In the singing contest, however, which began immediately after lunch, the musically inclined juniors were awarded the banner when the judges heard their song, "Linger a Little Longer at Dear Old Kendall Green". This is the third year that the class of '34 has been awarded a banner for singing. Keep it up, '34. After this, the freshmen and sophomores began the hare and hound chase, while the juniors and seniors amused themselves by playing baseball. There was a tinge of sadness in the air when our officers, who had been successful in making the year an enjoyable one for the members of the G. A. A., relinquished their positions to the newly elected officers.

President	Mary McDonough
Vice-President and Treasurer	Margaret Murphy
Secretary	Lindsey Britt

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Madeline Sullivan	Marie O'Leary
Frances Ritvo	Evelyn Bisson

We feel sure that the year '33 - '34 will stand out as a banner year.

Since the doors of school have opened this autumn, the officers have been busy. The Doubles Tennis tournament is now well under way. Chairman Barbara Sheridan, with her assistant Edith Coady, is endeavoring to fit into busy days the scheduled games.

This year the G. A. A. will add another varsity sport. For the first time in the history of the school, we shall have a tennis team. The first game took place on Jarvis Courts, October 31, when the C. H. L. S. team met the Somerville team. Emily Long and Barbara Fox won the singles.

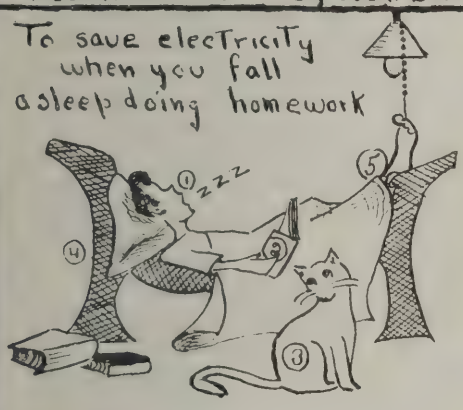
(*Continued on page 22*)

Girls hats are proof that the Depression

is still with us!

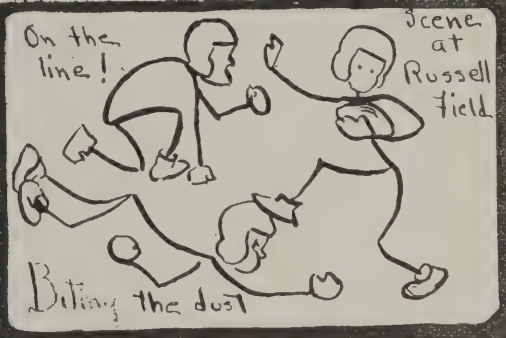
Invention No1. By Oscar Butts Jr.

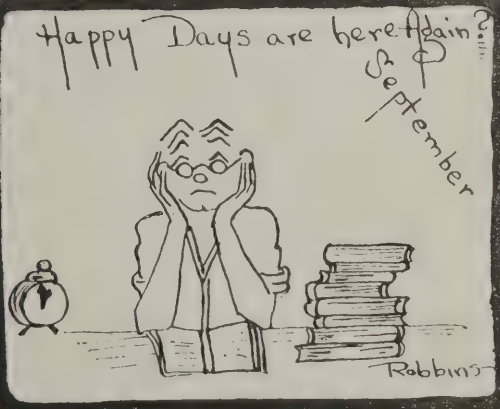
To save electricity when you fall asleep doing homework



Boy ① Falls asleep. Book ② slips To floor, landing on Tail of cat ③, who Jumps over bed ④, hitting boy's foot ⑤, which pulls off light

P.S.— If you Try this experiment be sure not to move your foot again and snap on the light.

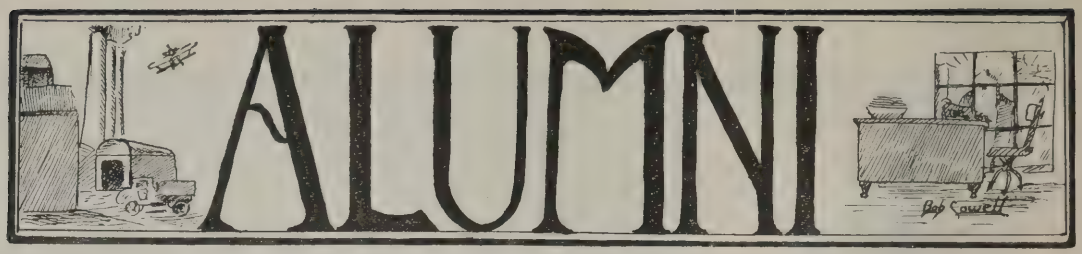




ON TO WAKEFIELD

Thanksgiving

Game



THE following graduates of our school have won scholarships at Radcliffe: Grace McGlinchey, Elinor Rowe, Evelyn Cummings, Mary Pomeroy, Elizabeth Roorbach. It is worthy of note that both Elinor Rowe and Evelyn Cummings have won two scholarships each.

Honors at M. I. T. for the second half of 1932 - 33 were awarded as follows: first honor rank — Vincent John Mooney, Samuel W. Joel; second honor rank — Sidney Spiel, Robert E. Worden, Daniel MacKillop; third honor rank — Jackson H. Cook, Edward E. Christopher, Bernard Whitman.

The following boys in the sophomore, junior, and senior classes have received scholarships at Harvard for excellence in their studies: James I. Berkman, '31; Francis Cahill, '30; Ed Crane, '32; Robert Creel, '30; Lucio Gatto, '30; Manes Spector, '32; Paul Tiffany, '31; and Stanley Wyman, '30.

The following graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School have also received scholarships at Harvard: Paul Barenberg, Daniel Buckley, John Budryk, Alan Darling, Francis Davy, Timothy Galvin, Victor Gatto, Thomas Gunn, William Haley, Hyman Halpern, John Hammond, David Livingstone, William Murphy, Thomas Myles, Francis Potter, Joseph Potter, Francis Procito, Edward Riddle, Charles Thorndike, Lorin Woodman, William Wright, and William Baker.

1933

John Tynan, former editor-in-chief of the "Review", and James Feeley have entered Exeter this fall.

Maurice Callum and Paul Wallins are studying at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Joseph Ricker is a freshman in the University of Alabama.

Jeannette Eyre and Mary Rankin are freshmen in Radcliffe.

Bill McKeever, former athlete, has entered Lawrence Academy.

Ellen Lovett is attending Bryant and Stratton Business College.

Margaret Nye is attending Lowell Normal School.

1932

Joseph Palmer, former editor-in-chief of the "Review", is a freshman at Harvard. He attended Exeter last year.

Helen Cannon and Ann Cleveland are sophomores at Radcliffe.

Cecille Coti is a sophomore at Portia Law School.

Helen Cox, Marjorie Cochrane, Margaret Corcoran, Rita Doneski, and Phyllis O'Hara are attending Burdett's Business College.

Ann Sullivan, former vice-president of the senior class, is employed as a governess in Newark, New Jersey.

Dan Donovan is at New Prep.

Martin Tagerman is a sophomore at Northeastern Law School.

1931

Elizabeth Roorbach, Evelyn Cummings, and Marian Mader, all formerly of the "Review" staff, are juniors at Radcliffe.

Katherine Pray is in her second year at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

John Reardon, former football player in this school, is playing guard on the freshman team at Fordham.

Bob Gregson is in his third year at Northeastern University.

Louise Ritzo is a nurse in the Deaconess hospital.

1930

Joseph Moran is a senior at Boston College.

Stanley Wyman is a junior at Harvard. He has won the varsity swimming letter, having competed successfully against the strong Yale team.

1929

Ada Callum, a graduate of Salem Normal School in '32, received her M.A. degree at Salem Normal College in June, 1933.

Ruth Andelman is a senior at Salem Normal School.

Daniel MacKillop is a senior at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and John MacKillop is a senior at Tufts.

Fred Harlow, especially successful in athletics while at this school, is continuing his success in that line at Fordham University. He is one of the stars in the Ram's backfield. He was injured in the St. Mary - Fordham game on November 10.

1928

Alfred Brigham, who was a star hockey player during each of his four years in Cambridge High and Latin School, died September 20. He was a resident of Belmont for the last two years.

WE are glad to receive such a fine number of Exchanges for our first issue. They came from schools in localities as widely separated as Hebron, Maine, and Golden, Colorado, a fact that shows how universal is the interest in this particular branch of inter-scholastic activity. It is our hope that some day we shall have exchanges with schools representing every state in the Union. This is just a gentle hint to those Exchange editors west of the Mississippi and south of the Mason and Dixon Line who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of the "Cambridge Review".

"The Clarion"
Jamaica Plain High School
Boston, Massachusetts.

Starting with anticipation of coming enjoyment, aroused by the extremely tasteful cover, we read everything.

Your editorials are fine. In particular, the one entitled "Is a Diploma a Senior's Only Goal?" brings home to us the comparative insignificance of a High School education, when pitted against that of highly trained and experienced men in the world. It urges secondary school graduates to go on to college, if possible, and points out to others the necessity of making opportunities for themselves.

We are pleased to find much poetry between the covers of the "Clarion". The poems which we considered best are "The Path of Beauty", which is pervaded by a spirit as cool and delightful as a sea breeze, and "Atmosphere", a nature lyric from the pen of the same author.

The two short plays, "$3,000" and "The Morning Newspaper", are clever and amusing.

The jokes caused us to smile broadly now and then.

The short story, "Tags", appeals to every lover of dogs.

"The Hebronian"
Hebron Academy
Hebron, Maine.

Here's to the staff of the "Hebronian"! In every way you have a first class paper — dignified, well arranged, and composed of excellent material made up largely of short stories in which we become thoroughly absorbed. Incidentally, we are at times a little bored in reading the literary output of many schools, but not so with yours.

"The Murdering Bees" might be called a "detectivette", requiring the services of Sherlock Holmes to clear up the dark plot.

Best of all, we like "The Law of the Woods", for it has a background of absolute realism which disclosed much knowledge of human nature.

Such articles as "Blind Alley Jobs" and "An International Survey of the War Debts" give us a good impression of your contributors. The former makes clear by very graphic words the true situation that confronts the forces of law and order in our country; the latter explains fully all the debatable points in a much mooted question.

We are disappointed not to find an Exchange Department but we hope to discover one in the next number.

"The Sagamore"
Brookline High School
Brookline, Massachusetts.

How about having more stories like "Meeting in the Garden", and a little more poetry in the "Sagamore"?

The athletic department is well-handled and the articles concerning your school life prove entertaining even to outsiders. What a laugh "Sidelights on Dramatics" handed us!

Wouldn't both an Exchange Department and an Alumni Column be good additions? We think so.

"The Argus"
Gardner High School
Gardner, Massachusetts.

The numerous pen and ink sketches make your magazine most attractive.

The poems, "Glimpses of Winter" together with "Evening Chimes" reveal genuine poetic feeling. Why so few of this kind?

The French crossword puzzle is unique in a

High School magazine. But what American High School student ever feels like making one?

"The Rindge Register"
Rindge Technical High School
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Well, at least you're not keeping anything that goes on inside the walls of your school, or outside, for that matter, a secret.

However, the addition of some essays and stories would be a great improvement to the "Register".

The Athletic Department, with its snappy manner of reporting events, and its complete data about each game is very good. The class notes humorously telling the personal news of the school, from the freshmen to the P. G.'s are great!

"The Broadcast"
Everett High School
Everett, Massachusetts.

Some paper, and a bi-weekly too! We'll have to remove our "chapeaux" to that bunch of high voltage wires at Everett. Our eyes were immediately caught by the professional looking caption "Extra" and the familiar blue eagle. Then the close up photo of an exciting football scrimmage, with the account of the game made us realize that your Athletic Department is all to the good. We haven't seen a better department in any school paper.

The columns "Ye Editor" and "Tabloid" with its Winchellian style provided many laughs.

All the most recent school news may be had by simply scanning your pages. Everyone at Everett High should know what's going on almost as soon as it happens, thanks to the "Broadcast".

"The Sea Chest"
Nantucket High School
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts.

The sturdy and bewhiskered tar bearing upon one stalwart shoulder a sea chest introduces six and thirty pages of well written, and interesting material. Much thought was put into "The Breakdown of the Hamiltonian State" which was by far the most mature article in the graduation number. It showed comprehensive knowledge of the causes of America's present unfortunate economic situation.

The Nantucket atmosphere must have in its composition all the elements necessary for inspiring poetic talent. The poems "Nantucket" and "To Dad" prove it to us.

We're glad to find that athletics at Nantucket High School stress especially our favorite sport, target shooting, a traditional American pastime. We certainly envy you lucky fellows who belong to the rifle team.

"The Jaberwock"
Girl's Latin School
Boston, Massachusetts.

You, fair editors and contributors of the "Jaberwock", have produced a journal containing nothing which is not good, and much that is excellent. The material is written in a charming style, in a completely feminine publication.

"Unobserved Facts" is one of the best features, in our opinion, but then, the gathering of miscellaneous information is one of your hobbies.

The class "Will" 's discernment of all school needs in its generous bequests, met our full approval. "The Wonders of the Future", a book containing all future mid-years and college boards, should be used by all with good results before next June.

The "Ode to Night" seems to indicate real promise in the writer. Lines like these:

"Sprinkling star-dust in the skies,
Flecking blue with gold;
Giving night's bright twinkling eyes
Life they cannot hold."

are not found in every high school paper.

G. A. A.

(*Continued from page 18*)

The main attraction in the gymnasium now is basketball. The seniors responded in great numbers to the call for candidates issued by Captain Mary McDonough. The juniors, who feel sure they are going to win the championship are led by Catherine Norton. The sophomores are headed by Frances Ritvo. The question of the moment is, "Who's going to win?". There is plenty of competition, and enthusiasm is running high. May the best team win!

The first game is scheduled between the seniors and juniors. The winner of this game will play the winner of the sophomore and freshman game for the school championship.

On October 11th at three o'clock the freshmen assembled in the gymnasium, dressed ridiculously. After the freshmen had complied with the requests of the officers in charge of the "Initiation", entertainment was furnished by several upper classmen. Between dances, refreshments were enjoyed by the girls. The freshmen displayed a fine sense of sportsmanship. The officers wish to congratulate them upon their good spirit, and welcome them all into the G. A. A.

Alice Tibbetts, '34.

HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period

SENIOR CLASS

First Honors

Coen, Eleanor
Collins, Frances
Freitas, Hilda
Grossman, Leonard
Hacian, Victoria
Hynes, Frank
Inness, Dorothy
Linskey, Edna
McAuliffe, Audrey
Malone, Dorothy
Power, Ruth
Reed, Ruby
Sanders, Mary
Varrell, Harriet
Young, Edward

JUNIOR CLASS

First Honors

Barber, Bernard
Daniels, Dorothea
Fishman, Beatrice
Livingston, Samuel
Murray, Mary
Ochlis, Edith
Sanson, Olga

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Honors

Babish, Richard
Bakas, Eva
Berkman, Ruth
Bitinas, George
Bourque, Hope
Carrington, Idabelle
Cherelli, Frances
Coles, Dorothy
Crowe, Jean
D'Onofrio, Mary
Foti, Concetta
Frassa, Dominica
Georgekopoulos, Jennie
Grady, Nora
Gulgis, Edna
Hardy, Frank
Hawkings, Arlene
Kaufman, Edith
Kirslis, Olga
McCormick, John
McNally, George
Metcalfe, Coralie
Pearlson, Jeanne
Quint, George
Ryan, Frances
Shea, Esther
Smith, Lorraine
Stultz, Helen
Trafton, Warren
Turcotte, Everett

FRESHMAN CLASS

Abbe, Margaret
Anastos, Angelina
Barrett, Louise
Boordetsky, Louise
Brooks, Ruth
Burns, Helen
Chaulk, Estelle
Corcoran, William
Dalton, Caroline
Coughlan, Joseph
Corcoran, Margaret
Crozier, Ruth
Davis, Eleanor
Doherty, Rita
Fitzgerald, John
Flanagan, Gertrude
Garoian, Agnes
Gianoukos, Harriet
Gibson, Evelyn
Glacken, Francis
Graustein, Ann
Henessey, Margaret
Hopkins, Arline
Howard, Mary
Jankowska, Clementine
Jozwicki, Alfred
Kaufman, Sylvia
Kaulback, Edward
Kelso, Janet
Landrigan, Robert
Linton, Ann
Lovett, Gene
Lynch, James
Lyons, John
Maher, Edward
Makris, Bessie
Marimn, John
McGowan, Anna
McKelleget, Mary
McLean, Janet
Meehan, Robert
Merrill, Martha
Mowery, Fay
Mullane, Anna
Murphy, Timothy
Nash, Cynthia
Nevens, Evelyn
Newell, Mabel
Nobell, Mabel
Rano, Lorraine
Regan, Robert
Roberts, Barbara
Roth, Robert
Row, Richard
Senders, John
Shaw, Eliott
Shaw, Dorothy
Sheridan, Phyllis
Sugarman, Betty
Sullivan, Beatrice
Sullivan, Charlotte
Sullivan, Mary
Tasonis, Veronica
Thorne, Elizabeth
Urban, Lucy
Waitkus, Edward
Wasileuski, Caroline
Watkins, Thomas
Westcott, Anna
White, Thomas
Whowell, Margaret
Wiech, George
Wixon, Hazel
Wood, Carolyn
Woolridge, Annie
Yanga, Emily
Zabites, Victoria

ATHLETICS — (*Continued from page 17*)

The potent up-staters pushed over a touchdown early in the first period by taking advantage of the favorable wind conditions. A Haverhill punt carried to the one yard line, and, after Dunlevy's wind-tossed return had reached the fifteen, they marched over for the first score.

The second quarter saw the Haverhillites add to their total by registering another touchdown.

Cambridge Latin then unleashed a thrilling passing attack, with Dunlevy hurling the aerial bombs that completely baffled the home-town boys, but with the ball resting on their opponent's eleven yard stripe, the half ended to sound the death knell to the Latin threat.

In the third period, "Johnnie" Spartachino shot through center, found himself in the clear, and deftly shook off an army of pursuers to race fifty-two yards for the Latin score. On the try for point "Cowboy" Crawley was crashed with such violence by a rival as to seriously aggravate his knee injury and to make his withdrawal necessary.

The scoring was concluded with neither team afterwards making a serious offensive gesture.

In the backfield Spartachino and Dunlevy both performed in brilliant style, while Neudorff and Montgomery seemed to monopolize the tackles among the linemen. Of course, Capt. Al Maguire played in his customary stellar game at end.

ALUMNI

(*Continued from page 20*)

1917

Jorge Manach has had a paper on "Revolution in Cuba", published in the fall issue of "Foreign Affairs".

Hugh Bancroft, who died recently was graduated from this school in 1893, and in 1897 he was graduated from Harvard College. He was president of the Boston News Company and was publisher of the Wall Street Journal and other financial papers.

CLASS NOTES

(*Continued from page 15*)

Editor: "I don't see any grass."
Georgia: "The cow's eaten all the grass."
Editor: "And where's the cow?"
Georgia: "Well, you can't expect the cow to hang around when all the grass is gone."

Bill: "Do you have much trouble in school?"
Frank Harney: "Quite a lot."
Bill: "What seems to give you the most trouble?"
Harney: "The teacher."

An old man, after being knocked down successively by a police dog and an Austin, replied to the questions of the onlookers as to whether he was hurt, "The dog didn't hurt me, but that can tied to his tail did a lot of damage."

Arthur Quint: "I just made a tall man short."
Francis Fallon: "Marvelous. How did you do it?"
Arthur: "I just borrowed five dollars from him."

James McCormack: "It's queer the way a horse eats, isn't it?"
McLaughlin: "I don't know. How is it?"
McCormack: "He eats best without a bit in his mouth."

Betty: "From her father."
Alice: "He must be a good looking man."
Betty: "No! He's just a druggist."

Harry Johnson: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."
Frank Duddy: "That's not a bad idea."

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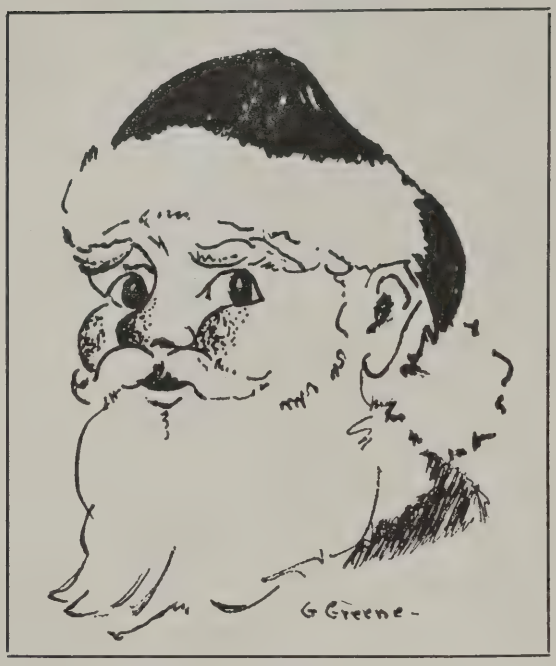
The Reviewer



MERRY CHRISTMAS

ONCE again the joyous season of Christmas draws near. The hurry and bustle of the modern Yuletide serves only to enhance its charm.

Christmas is an occasion for joy and celebration. Little brothers and sisters become angelic in the season of the omnipresent Santa Claus. An intangible spirit of well-being pervades the atmosphere. At Christmas we feel most strongly that

"God's in his heaven
All's right with the world."

The Christmas spirit pervades everything as the day draws nearer. The most hardened, calloused soul cannot help responding to the glow of warmth within itself, brought on by the Christmas spirit. Yuletide is the one time when it is our duty to help others, less fortunate than ourselves, to enjoy a happy Christmas. Let us try to feel the spirit, and we shall be at peace with the world and ourselves, for Yule is the time of peace on earth and good will to men.

Mindful of this, we, the members of the Review staff, join in wishing you, one and all, a Merry Christmas.

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THE NEW DEAL
CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the new era introduced by the National Recovery Administration, we members of Cambridge High and Latin School are witnessing the same startling changes within our midst. For in an effort to alleviate the over-crowded condition prevalent here, an appropriation has been passed sufficiently large enough to finance a new addition to the English building. This most desirable improvement is truly a cause for rejoicing.

The New Deal has penetrated into our school elections resulting in a girl, Eleanor Holmgren, being honored with the presidency. Our school paper, The Review, has also witnessed a very pleasant and substantial increase in the subscriptions of recent years.

A New Deal has favored our school athletics with great improvement shown in the work of our athletic teams. Even in bitter defeat or sweet victory, our players showed the same fighting spirit that has been marked in the great Cambridge Latin tradition, "Fight, fight fair, but fight."

The newly organized school band, which gives early promise of having no peer, is also typical of the New Deal. Their natty appearance and sprightly airs are a very pleasing combination which add pep and color to the most drab occasion.

Above all the New Deal has instilled a new spirit into the minds of the students which brings about more coöperation and enthusiasm in school affairs. A fitting example of this is the enthusiasm by which the teachers and pupils welcomed once again the return of Talent Night. Since there was an abundance of talent, the affair proved to be the most successful ever produced in Cambridge Latin history. It was an even greater success than the one held two years ago in the Longfellow school auditorium. This awakening which has long been anticipated, has proven a boon to school life. May this newly found spirit be fostered and continue to grow in our minds and hearts.

JOHN MORAN, '32.

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

WE wish to announce our Annual Short Story Contest which all students in the school are eligible to enter. A prize will be given for the best story from a freshman or sophomore, and also one for the best story from a junior, senior, or post-graduate.

All manuscripts must be in the Review office by January 26. The stories which are judged the best will be published in the February issue of the Review. This is your opportunity to see your best story in print.

CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club, which is sponsored by Mr. Bliss, has finished the try-outs for positions on the chess team. The members of the team are: Baran, Hansen, Davis, Olken, Conant, and Botinelly.

The Chess Club intends to challenge our neighboring high schools. All players of the club, not on the team, may obtain a position by challenging the sixth player and winning two games out of three.

NOTES ON DEBATING

THE Durrell Debating Society, under the direction of Miss Breau, has prepared a program more extensive than that of last year. Our schedule will include Somerville, Swampscott, Roxbury, Lynn, Revere, and Brookline. This year the dominant question is concerned with radio. At the trials for the debating teams, the subject was: Resolved, that the U. S. A. should adopt the essential features of the British system of radio control and operation. The teams then chosen were composed of Barron, Fram, and Karelas — alternate, Schwartz; Johnson, Potter, and Kaplan — alternate, Cohen; Toomey, Katzer, and Regan — alternate, Sanderson.

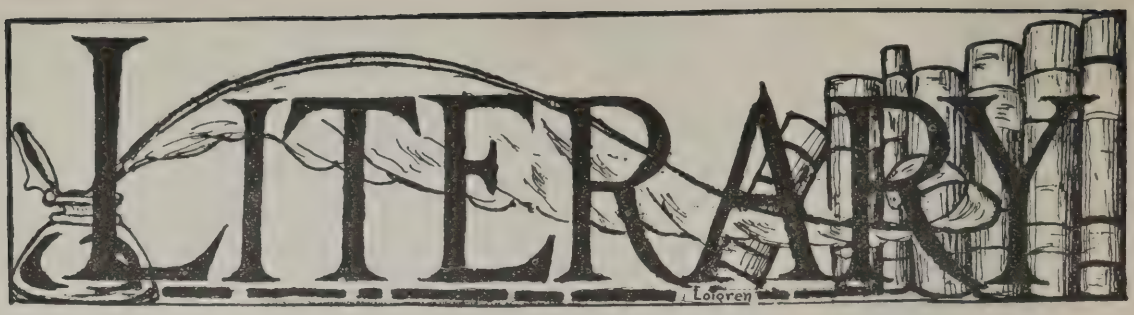
However, because numerous debaters have asked Miss Breau for a second trial, since they missed the first, there will be another on December 19. The subject will be the same.

The Durrell Debating Society is now a member of the National Forensic League.

January 5, a debate *will* be held in the hall. The question, a particularly important one, will be: Which is better, soap or tooth paste? Five cents will be collected from each person at the door.

Remember — a mock-serious debate, the Latin school hall, January 5, 2 o'clock, five cents.

HARRY M. JOHNSON.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE BUSH

THERE is a quality of brotherhood about the observance of Christian feast days that makes men wish to share them with their fellows, no matter how remote the situation may be. In the tiny settlement of Purbrook, tucked away in a fold of the rolling forest and brush that marks the country of the Canadian Northwest, the Christmas Tableaux have, as a result of this feeling, assumed the aspect of a tradition. They comprised a function which brought a vivid dash of life and color into the most dismal and difficult season of the year, when people had already been cooped in the narrow confines of their own small clearings for several months by the deep snows, with the prospect of at least three more months of similar restriction. In the warmer months of the summer there were all sorts of picnics and parties with a climax in the magnificent spectacle provided by the Bishop's visitation. On the other hand, the nature of the winter in this outpost forbids practically all social intercourse so that the tableaux and the Mass at midnight were the only breaks in the monotony of the whole, long winter. Consequently, no depth of snow was enough to hinder the attendance of every member of the scattered community who was physically able to reach the church.

Preparations took up all of the day preceding Christmas. First there was the decorating of the church which necessitated a trip on snowshoes, into the bush, for the proper type of evergreens. Then, to provide a suitable setting for the tableaux, all the lamps which could possibly be spared were arranged in front of the chancel. These were of first importance as they gave the performance an atmosphere of brightness that made it all the more attractive to these people, who had so little brightness in their lonely lives. After these lamps had been aranged in rows, the long and tedious hours of practice began. Every child was given a part and provided with a costume made with the odds and ends which came to hand. By supper-time they were all tired out but, refreshed by a steaming meal in the refectory of the Monastery that adjoined the church, and stimulated by the excitement, everyone felt quite capable of fulfilling his part.

When half past ten had come, the church was packed and everyone waited breathlessly for the familiar scenes to begin. Haltingly at first, but with rapidly growing confidence as they progressed, the children carried out their parts in the Christmas drama. Each event in the Gospel synopsis had its tableau, and with a proper musical accompaniment the quaint carols that sound so moving, were sung by the sweet, thin voices of little children. It was homely music and not at all like that rising in the great Cathedral at Toronto, but it had about it a certain dignity which made it quite as acceptable as the finest composition of Palestrina. Few of the congregation had seen the settlement and, fewer still had ever seen a stage play or a cinema, so these little tableaux had a significance unmarred by comparison.

After the midnight Mass the congregation left the church in a subdued murmur of "Merry Christmas" that grew more boisterous when they reached the houses where they were staying for the night. On the next day family groups pushed their way through the dense bush on their way back to the hard winter life that faced them, but this one night had been spent in Christian fellowship created by the "Christmas Tableaux".

WILLIAM C. EICHMANN.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

As I strolled down a city street,
Half strange to my unaccustomed ear
Came a familiar Christmas tune
Distant, yet sweet and clear!

I hadn't heard that lovely song
Since nearly a year before!
I drank in deep the words of peace
Amid the city's roar!

The sweet tune was a song of hope
And said to the bustling throng —
"'Tis Christmas time! Awake! Rejoice!
And lift your voice in song!

"Think not of worldly matters now —
'Tis a season of joy and cheer!"
This was the message the carol told;
But only a few could hear!

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT OF ALL

Scene I

Scene: A living room.

Time: A few weeks before Christmas.

As the curtain rises three girls are sitting in the room talking.

Ruth: I think it's a very good idea. As we haven't much money, our presents would necessarily be small, and this would do away with that difficulty.

Jean: I'm most certainly in favor of it.

Helen: I am, too —

(Peggy enters.)

Peggy: I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was writing a letter to "dad". What was the enthusiastic conversation all about anyhow? Wait, before you start, take off your hats and coats.

(They do.)

Peggy: Now, tell me all about it.

Jean: Well, on our way over here, we were talking about Christmas. We were thinking how much nicer it would be if instead of giving presents which we can't afford, we should each do something that we thought would make others really happy. What do you think about it?

Peggy: Say, that's a peachy plan! We shall certainly get out of Christmas with less expense and more pleasure.

(Mrs. Jameson, Peggy's mother, enters.)

Mrs. J.: Hello, girls. My! Isn't it cold out?

Jean: I'll say it is.

Peggy: Did you mail my letter, mother?

Mrs. J.: I did that, my lady, and your father will surely have it long before Christmas.

Peggy: It hardly seems possible that "dad" won't be home at Christmas. It is the first Christmas in my whole life that we shall celebrate without him. I guess we'll both miss him a lot, won't we?

Mrs. J.: We shall, but then, he'll be back home with us about the middle of January. You know the firm is just starting business down in Argentina and they need men.

Peggy: Yes, I know that. Oh, mother when you came in we were discussing a grand plan. Tell her about it, Jean.

Jean: Instead of giving presents this year we are going to attempt to make one another happy in some way.

Mrs. J.: I think that will be very nice. You will have to think hard to keep from all planning the same thing. Well, I have some work to do; so I'll leave you now.

(She departs, and as the curtain goes down, the girls are all talking at once.)

Scene II

Scene: Same as scene I.

Time: Christmas Eve.

As curtain rises the four girls are fixing a Christmas basket with food and fruit.

Helen: I'm glad we thought of pooling our finances, and getting a Christmas basket for a poor family.

Jean: My, I feel so benevolent. All fooling aside though, I'm glad too.

Peggy: And I'm glad that you're all staying here overnight. Is that your plan to make me happy?

Ruth: It is not. Our plan is big.

Peggy: Actually or figuratively?

Ruth: Both; now stop asking questions or we'll give it all away!

Jean: Let's go, or we'll never get this basket delivered.

(They go.)

Scene III

Scene: Same as I and II. A screen has been placed in the corner on which a card is placed saying Merry Christmas to Peggy.

Time: Christmas morning.

The four girls and Mrs. Jameson enter chattering and laughing.

Peggy: If you keep the surprise from me much longer, I'll die of suspense. Oh, what's behind that screen?

All: The surprise! !

(Peggy goes over and moves the screen and discovers her father standing with a wide red ribbon tied around his waist to which is attached a card saying "To Peggy").

Mrs. J.: It's a doll that can walk and talk.

Peggy: Oh dad ! What a Christmas present! Girls, how did you ever manage it?

Jean: Oh, it took a lot of planning, but the surprised look on your face more than paid for the trouble.

Mrs. J.: Your father managed to get a Christmas leave of absence.

Ruth: I thought surely you'd wake up when we were smuggling him into the house last night.

Peggy: My little surprises seem so trivial compared to this. It's the best Christmas gift of all.

Curtain

Eleanor Coen, '34.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

(With apologies to William Shakespeare)

Antonio, he lived in Venice,
A bold mercantile magnate was he,
With his own steamship line
In that prosperous time,
J. P. Morgan of old Italy.

Now he had a pal named Bassanio,
Who loved a rich heiress in Belmont.
Bassanio said, "Oh,
If you'll lend me the dough,
I'll court her. Three grand is all I want."

Antonio's cash wasn't handy,
And his ships and his goods were at sea,
So he said, "Go borrow
From Shylock tomorrow,
And tell him the bond is on me."

Now Shylock was sore at Antonio;
So, when asked to lend him the money,
The old meanie said, "Yes,
But a pound of his flesh,
I'll take, if he tries to get funny."

Bassanio wooed Portia and won her,
The best girl in the whole world, he thought;
But before they were wed,
An epistle was read —
Antonio, it said, was caught short.

Bassanio beat it to Venice,
And the Mrs. decided she'd go;
She got a notation
Of recommendation,
From a lawyer friend, Bellario.

Dolled up in Bellario's court dress,
Bassanio, he knew not his wife,
When she said, "Can the frown;
I will not let you down;
There is hope for Antonio's life."

"Look here, Shylock," she said, "if you think,
You can cut off a pound and no more,
Of this good merchant's meat,
It will be such a feat
As no medico e'er pulled before."

"Come on, hurry up, get a move on,
But if you spill a drop of his blood,
While you chop off the pound,
You 'inexorable hound',
O, believe me, your name will be mud."

"You've got the goods on me," said Shylock,
"But I think it's a terrible gyp,
Because Antonio
Will not pay me my dough,
And my daughter, she gave me the slip."

Bassanio went back to Belmont,
Taking with him his brilliant young wife.
Antonio, staying in Venice,
Was a merchant the rest of his life.

Fay Mowery, '37.

ON LYING IN BED

LYING in bed in the morning after waking is the greatest joy life can provide. Anyone who is accustomed to leaping out of bed the moment he awakes can never appreciate the real intrinsic charm of remaining in bed.

In order to enjoy this stolen fifteen or twenty minutes of a morning, you must be wakened, not by a noisy, vicious alarm, but slowly and peacefully, as Nature intended. You are still half asleep, and there is a luscious moment between sleep and waking, when you are sufficiently yourself not to be frightened by your dreams, yet enough asleep to be thrilled by them.

After you are fully awake comes the real joy. You lie there and look at nothing, and think of nothing and everything. Imagining pictures from the cracks in the ceiling is a charming pastime. You may watch the wind blow your window curtain about. The only stipulation for this supreme moment of calmness before the day's storm, is that you must remain under the covers. If you pull even an arm out, you have left dreamland and are once more in the workaday world.

As the minutes go by, you begin to have an uncomfortable feeling that soon you must rise. If you have a loud ticking clock in the room, the agony is terrific toward the end of your stay in bed. I therefore advise you never to have a clock unless there is absolutely no other way of knowing when you must rise. It is much better to have some one call you; this, moreover, gives you a delicious fright every time you hear footsteps approaching, for fear you are to be called.

At last the fatal moment arrives. A voice calls you, or the mean spirited hands of your clock point to the hour. You get up! After you are dressed, you are in a happy mood. You are not half asleep, for you have had time to waken. You are not feeling cheated, for you have had an opportunity to taste the rich comforts of lying in bed. Oh, never get up the moment you awake!

Harriet A. Varrell, '34.

THE BEQUEST

MALCOLM ANDEY was one of those respectable attorneys who usually are senior partners in solid old firms, and whose clienteles consist mainly of rich old ladies to whom the principal pleasure in life is will-making-and-changing. Being a bachelor, he took breakfast alone every morning. He would take up the morning newspaper, read the brisk accounts of the latest murder or robbery, then burst into a sober soliloquy on the folly, the shallowness, the decline of youth. Turning to the financial page, he entertained himself with his opinions of the business men who had caused this silly economic depression. The sports and comic pages he skipped.

Then he would walk to the office with his eyes fixed on the ground, and when he had entered the building, he sat down to his work with a grunt. He lunched with his secretary, Thomas Roper, a preoccupied young man with weak eyes and prematurely sparse hair. These two charmed each other with tales of bankruptcy and corruption, while they ate their meal without pleasure. More work, then home for a lonely evening and finally to bed — so ended the day.

And what a day! A petty grind of law, law, law, dinning into his head the bitterness, the narrow-mindedness, and the intolerance of a hermit, — like a slow-growing shell, his life was enveloping his soul in a laugh-proof, love-proof rancor.

His days were all alike, for he never troubled to look at the weather. December 24, in the year of Our Depression two, the day on which we meet him, he might have enjoyed a delightful winter morning, but he didn't. At his office on that fateful day he sat down to look over his packet of letters. There was one telegram, and this he read first, thinking that it might require immediate attention. He read it once; then again; and, still perplexed, sent for his secretary, who, besides taking dictation and keeping briefs in order, attended to correpsondence.

"Thomas, do you know anything about this?"

The secretary took the telegram and read:—

December 24, 1930

Mr. Malcolm Andey,
274 Main Street
Rochester, N. Y.

Expect me at five o'clock stop $5,000 makes good news stop.

Oliver Stone

"Well?" said Mr. Andey.

"I understand this, sir: Oliver Stone was bequeathed $5,000 by the late Mrs. Charles Wain, a distant relative of his. We are the executors, and so I merely informed the young man of his good fortune."

"But he was bequeathed only $500, I think. Get a copy of Mrs. Wain's will, please."

An investigation revealed the facts, that Mrs. Charles Wain had willed Oliver Stone $500, that Thomas had told Oliver that the sum was $5,000 and that Oliver expected to collect the money at five o'clock. This was indeed a dreadful mistake!

All day Malcolm tried to work, but the error bothered him, and in an extraordinary fit of nervousness he left his desk and paced over the thick wine-red rug to the window. He looked absently out, and gradually became conscious of the beauty of the sky. It was a turquoise infinity, a fantastic field in which the great guileless clouds in slow motion played "Follow the Leader." Its vastness made his shrunken soul strange and vast itself, and its frankness made him feel old. The sun through a little white cloud was a magnificent golden nugget for a moment, and Malcolm shuddered because it made him wonder whether he had been living, or whether he had been losing life in littleness. It was the day before Christmas, he thought, — but Christmas had meant little to him in late years.

We have been told that there is subtle suggestion in little things or in combinations of little things, and even that our life is guided by them. Anyway, that burning nugget opened a new vista to Malcolm and he became aware of something outside the realm of law cases.

With vacant eyes he thought of the precepts of Jesus — that happiness is found in helping others; that the kingdom of God in is the mind. He sighed, made a resolution, and went back to his desk.

At five o'clock a tall young man strode into the outer office, and Thomas took him to Mr. Andey's room.

"I am Oliver Stone, sir. I sent a telegram."

"Oh yes. Sit down, Mr. Stone."

The younger man's manner was so natural and boyish, his voice was so cultured and musical, and his words were so few and facile that Malcolm liked him straightway.

"You won't mind my asking what you intend to do with your bequest, Mr. Stone?"

"No, Mr. Andey; I'm burning to become a concert and operatic baritone, but the times have been so bad that I've been unable to go to college since graduating from high school. $5,000 is just about the sum I need."

"Have you had any encouragement with your singing?"

"Yes; Alfred Sconti assured me that I have an unusual natural voice, and he thinks, too, that my interpretation has the necessary emotional and intellectual qualities. I lack only the polish and the French and Italian that I may acquire at a good school. I have confidence in myself."

"Alfred Sconti! You have a right to be self-confident."

A strange feeling went through Malcolm; his ideas on youth were being dispelled by this engagingly frank and promising young man. Then he thought with a pang about the true bequest. Could he disappoint this boy? He decided not.

Malcolm had an inspiration. He himself would give the boy the extra $4,500. Why not? Oliver need not know. A gift, like mercy, makes Christmas pleasant for both the receiver and the giver.

That night, before he went to bed, Malcolm Andey went to the window and looked at the dusky gray-blue face of heaven. The stars twinkled with a holy light: every star he thought, — there weren't many of them, — was the reflection of a happy soul on earth, and two of the first magnitude were for him and Oliver Stone.

HARRY MORTON JOHNSON, '35.

EVENING

An opalescent blue,
A tinge of orange bright,
A glowing bit of crimson,
And a mystic shade of night.

A yellow, faint, yet playful,
A salmon lightly lined,
With a silver glowing softly
In the gentle evening wind.

A landscape that is cooling
With green and blue and brown,
With a fleecy mist that rises
From the meadows far, far down.

Amid this fairy splendor
The weary sun retires,
And leaves the moon as guardian
To cool celestial fires.

She soothes where he has ruffled,
She calms where tempests brew,
She brings back winged memories,
And wakes lost dreams anew.

She bears the cherished slumber,
To those who seek her face,
She seeks to be the bearer
Of peace, in Life's great race.

B. G. E.

AWAKE IN A NEW YORK HOTEL

SOME months ago I made an overnight expedition to New York and since it was in the depths of summer, I found it impossible to locate any friends or relatives who had homes or apartments nearer to that horrible noise than Tuxedo Park. Now I dislike sleeping in any hostelry and I especially dislike *trying* to sleep in a New York hotel, but since there was no alternative, I bowed my head to the inevitable.

I went about finding a hotel in what seemed to be a thoroughly scientific manner, carefully considering various possibilities and finally fixing on what the blasé New Yorker calls a "family hotel", in the vicinity of the Medical Center. I was laboring under the fond delusion that any place so situated must, of necessity, be quiet.

Being in a great hurry when I registered, I very foolishly let the boy take my bag up without going along to see just what sort of room had been given to me. I discovered the enormity of my mistake when I returned after dinner, to be ushered into a room that abutted on the elevator shafts.

Now it is bad enough to climb into bed and compose one's self to sleep only to find that one's head is separated by a thin partition from a tired elevator, but when one discovers that there are three of these devices of the "evil one" operating in such proximity — well, it is enough to make a strong man quail.

I am a somewhat diffident person and dislike fussing, so I tried desperately to get to sleep despite the unwonted uproar, but that was an impossibility. I called the desk and tried to get the management to change my room. The clerk was sorry, but there were no other rooms. Then I tried to bribe the elevator men to wreck their machines, to go on strike, to do anything, but they were a spineless crew with no poetry in their souls and refused through fear of losing their jobs. However, they did offer me one crumb of comfort in the assurance that the elevators practically ceased to be used after twelve o'clock.

I returned to my room and spent the next two hours wooing sleep with my Gideon, but I found to my sorrow not even the old, reliable Book of Numbers was of any avail. It did make me drowsy, however, and I dozed going through the "tribes of Simeon, Shelum - - iel - - the son of Zur - - is - - sh - - uh - - uh - - ," and then "clank, clank, clank," and I would have to start all over again.

Finally I did fall asleep, but in an hour I was

awakened with a jerk by the strident bell of a hurrying ambulance. From then on, sleep was out of the question. I am fully convinced that more people fell from nineteenth story windows, threw their wives down stairs, and gave their children quarters to swallow on that night than on any other in the history of the city.

First the ambulance from the hospital across the street started out with great "éclat" and many bells; then one from the hospital at the end of the street "bonged" past with its bell in full career. At last, long after daybreak, the drivers must have taken to playing games with one another, for the clangor of their bells became so continuous that they almost achieved the musical.

I was really beginning to enjoy it when my own telephone "belled" and a sprightly, well-rested, male voice remarked that it was seven o'clock and asked whether I had slept well. I won't commit to paper exactly what I said in answer to this inanity, but you may be sure that I blasted him and that I immediately packed and posted off to Greenwich Village where the only noise is the whisper of "L" trains passing four feet from one's window.

WILLIAM C. EICHMANN, '34.

CHRISTMAS

Sparkling snow and fragrant pines;
Santa repeating his age-old lines.
Wreaths of holly, crisp and green
Enhanced by Winter's cheerful mien.

Majestic candles lending their glow
To every cottage window show.
Dangling clusters of smooth white berries,
Smooth red cheeks and lips like cherries.

Guilty eyes in eager faces
Popping out of the queerest places!
Bulky packages in crackling white
Stealthily placed during the night.

Good cheer and happiness abound.
Memories are stirred and friendships found.
Forgotten are all worries and tears,
We cherish these happenings all through the years.

It seems as though there should be a way
To keep Christmas spirit every day!

PRISCILLA M. JOHNSON, '35.

SNOWFLAKES

Thro' the dim window I could see
Snowflakes whirling in the air;
Mischievous sprites they seemed to be,
Dancing, prancing everywhere.
Some defied the snowman white
Standing with his gun upright;
Others seemed to dance and spring
As fairies do in magic ring.
Snowflakes lead a merry life,
Free from trouble, care, or strife;
But I do not envy them,
Soon I'll sing their Requiem.

S. N.

RIDING THE SKY

HAVE any of you ever let your imagination carry you far above this troubled world, so full of pain and sorrow, to that calm, blue, and smiling sky which looks down so serenely on trouble and joy alike? This power to ride the sky at will is one of my dearest possessions. Whenever I feel downhearted and a little sad and troubled I sit down, close my eyes, and summon my magic cloud to waft me far away.

For a while, I just lie on my downy, white cloud and, trying to pierce the unfathomable blue of the sky I forget, for the time, the perplexities and sorrows of this world. I lie there, utterly relaxed, letting the warming rays of the sun pervade me, body and soul. After I am thoroughly rested, I cautiously peer over the side of my magic carpet to see what is happening down on earth. As I sail along on my cloud, I see many interesting things, watch many different people, and hear many strange conversations; but to me, far above the turmoil and excitement, these adventures, people, and words seem trivial and petty. As I gaze down on the tragedy of death and the comedy of love, I wonder what difference it makes whether those small and insignificant human beings go through joy or sorrow. Then, I turn back to my sky and sun, and as I meditate, an answer seems to come.

It is not the joy or sorrow itself, which makes the difference; it is the moral and spiritual benefits which we gain from these trials and happiness. If there were no joys and pains, then we should live without accomplishing anything.

I open my eyes. I am refreshed and helped by my ride through the sky. I am ready now to meet my trials with the help of my new knowledge.

ANN BARTLETT, '34.

TURNING PAGES

TURNING the pages of a book may be a sad or joyful experience. It may be done in a languid fashion or it may be done with speed and anxiety.

While reading a light novel, you turn pages slowly, and a little sadly. The book does not take you so thoroughly out of yourself that you forget you are reading; you are conscious of each turned page, and sorry to have it go by, for it means you are approaching the end. Pages turned in this mood are charming to read, but they are quickly forgotten.

On the other hand, a really interesting novel takes you far away from your arm chair to the scenes of the story. While reading "The Old Wives' Tale," you are with Constance, going through all the little incidents of the day's life in the Five Towns, and all the pages seem to turn themselves without any human assistance. It is a shock and surprise to find yourself at the end of such a book.

If you are reading a long, dull essay in which the author is telling in an entirely abstract and impossible manner the noblest way to live, you are very conscious of each page. The essay must be read by five o'clock, as you are going out to supper, and a book report is due tomorrow. If anyone asks you what you are reading, you will probably reply, "Page 58." The turning of each page does not mean to you a new page of thoughts, but one less page to the end.

By carefully watching a person turn the pages of his book, you can often tell what sort of book he is reading. This is one interesting pastime which will test your powers of observation.

HARRIET VARRELL, '34.

K. B. NOTES

ON Friday, December first, at the Hotel Commander the K. B. Club held its annual dance. It was attended this year by many pupils and their friends, who danced to the excellent music of the orchestra under the direction of Jacque Marlowe. Miss Murray and Mrs. John W. Jordan acted as patronesses. Many thanks are due to the members of the club whose untiring efforts helped to make this dance a success. Because it was so successful, we are pleased to announce that our treasury has been well enriched for summer welfare work.

We are now planning for the distribution of Christmas baskets, to needy families. At Thanksgiving twenty-four were made happy by the baskets given by the K. B.

RITA JORDAN, '34.

G. A. A.

ON Saturday afternoon, November 20th, the G. A. A. assembled in the hall to witness a comedy, "Curses, What a Night". Barbara Sheridan, Edwina Mullins, Genevieve Doherty, Ruth Burns, and Helen Mack, gave an excellent performance of the play.

Just before the presentation of the piece, the winners of the tennis tournament, Ruth Brooks and Rita Doherty, were awarded medals. In the finals Ruth and Rita, both freshmen, had defeated Edith Coady and Mary Conley. The score was 6 - 4, 6 - 3.

Before retiring to the gymnasium to dance, E. Mahady entertained us with a tap solo, while C. Metcalf played the banjo. Between the dances the girls enjoyed refreshments served by Sally Donovan, Chairman; Rita Novarro, Frances Fleming, Josephine Lucas, Marie Dillon, and Wanda Gecewicz.

The first basketball game, for the school championship, was played by the seniors and juniors on November 24th. At the end of a somewhat one-sided game the seniors carried off a 22 - 7 victory. The starting line-up was as follows:—

Seniors	Juniors
M. McDonough, j.c.	j.c., O. Culolias
A. Tibbetts, s.c.	s.c., B. Applistein
M. Rymsha, r.f.	r.f., E. Saideh
L. Orechia, l.f.	l.f., C. Powell
M. Leary, r.g.	r.g., C. Norton
B. Sheridan, l.g.	l.g., C. Donnelly

The next game between the above mentioned classes took place December 6th and the seniors, won with the final score 29 - 9.

This year at Thanksgiving, the G. A. A. took bountiful baskets to needy families. The food was contributed by members of the association and others in the school. The officers wish to thank all who aided us.

At this time, we should like to announce the Girl Dance which is to take place January 16th. At this dance half the girls dress as boys, and escort fellow-members. We urge everyone to come, as we assure each one of a very pleasant evening.

The coming Christmas party now demands our attention. Such plans for this annual party have been completed, that we know you will enjoy attending. The main idea is to make every member forget the ups and downs of the past year.

In closing, the officers of the G. A. A. wish all the members a very Merry Christmas and a most Prosperous New Year.

ALICE TIBBETTS, '34.

Review=ing Books

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Publishers — Scribner's, 1932.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, first modern exponent of "hard-boiled" irony gives us a phenomenal book in "Death in the Afternoon" which is about bull-fighting. It is a complete and appreciative guide. If the reader has never seen a bull-fight, "Death in the Afternoon" may not turn him into an aficionado fan, but it should make him aware that Spain's national sport is something more than a brutal spectacle.

In eighty-one photographs, all vivid, some gruesome, Hemingway illustrates many scenes and makes comments on them. In these remarks he admits there are essential cruelties in bull-fighting but he thinks the spectacle as a whole is a good and worthwhile sight.

Also, it will be clearly noticed that a great, delightful levity is given the book by a sarcasm which does not lessen the fine quality of the account.

SAINT SATURNIN

JEAN SHLUMBERGER

Publishers — Dodd, Mead Co., 1932.

"SAINT SATURNIN" is a compressed, sombre novel, graced by an appropriate austerity of style. It may be said that in emotion and setting, Jean Schlumberger and Victor Hugo are, in some ways, similar. In no place can there be found a frivolous item which takes away the deep thought of the story.

All of the plot centers in Monsieur Colombes, an old man who is going through the process of senile decay. At this point, Schlumberger shows the trouble that is caused when an old, silly person becomes deprived of authority. The aspect of the story is tragic because of the drama contained in the fruitless efforts of the children to control the follies of an old man to whom they have been severe and over whom they have no authority.

Every seemingly obscure detail is thoroughly elucidated by the author who has very elaborately and clearly touched upon the realm of dramatic content.

TIGER STANDISH

SYDNEY HORLER

Publishers — Doubleday, Doran, 1933.

IN a truly smooth novel of action, Horler recounts the audacious and chivalrous deeds of a young English athlete whose courage and endurance carries him safely through a trying experience. The more the hero talks in his frivolous but deceiving manner, the more he is appreciated. The author undoubtedly has created an impressive and lovable character in "Tiger" Standish.

Regardless of the melodramatic fashion in which the antagonists call themselves "The Three", the plot progresses on a somewhat realistic basis. Mr. Horler introduces these three villians in an unusual way by allowing the reader to catch a glimpse of their dastardly mean thoughts before they carry the plan through.

This exceptionally good story shall certainly gain for the author many laurels as a mystery novel.

WILD ORANGES

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Publishers — Alfred A. Knopf, 1922.

NOT many books can equal "Wild Oranges" in its serenity of style and in its colorful, melodic description of an inland tangle on the coast of Georgia. Here wild oranges grow in abundance, and we immediately become infatuated with the odor of orange blossoms which Hergesheimer causes to steal in slight drafts from the book. Mingled with this exotic atmosphere, one finds an undescribable air of mystery and enchantment. This is augmented by the ghostly gliding into the bay of ketch commandered by the hero, John Woolfolk, and his Norwegian sailor, Paul Halvard.

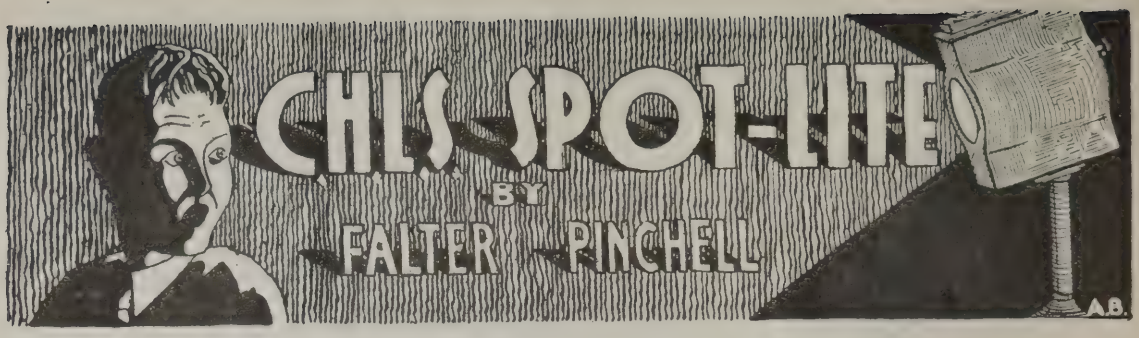
With sensations such as these, a great wave of interest is aroused. Exciting action in an old, ruined chateau in the tangle is vividly shown by Woolfolk's determination to rescue a fair lady who, surrounded with mystery, lives in fear of her life.

Throughout the entire story, the ravishing environment reveals the author's great skill in the wonderful adaptation of alluring pictorial descriptions. The story is almost wholly ruled by a colorful style which is unique.

WILLIAM W. CURRIE, '34.

UN JEU DE PATIENCE

QUELLE phrase française est cachée dans ces deux lettres G.a.? Si vous n'en decouvrez pas la signification, Jean Briggs dans la salle de classe soixante-dix-huit vous l'expliquera un matin avant les classes.



ALMA! We're back again and so is Christmas. . . . And please do your shopping early this year, Hilda Wunsch. . . . That applies to you too, Al Ponte, because it's not right to give the presents you received last year. . . . Here's a tip to those thinking of giving Sam Levine, our checker star, a gift. . . . A pair of gloves with double lined finger tips would be appropriate. . . . But don't get Pearl Kamins a pair of roller skates. She may come to school on them. . . . Before I go any further, I want to assure Eleanor Coen that nothing will be said about her being a Sunday school teacher. . . . Saul Fram is writing a book entitled, "Who is the Best Actor, Shiek, Author and Dresser in This School, and Why Am I?" . . . Does Lillian Morey patronize Saks, on Fifth Avenue? . . . Francis Crawley is still thinking of football. . . . When Ernie Saulnier slipped recently, Crawley yelled, "First down and two feet to gain." . . . Who would have known that Art Desrosiers' secret ambition was to write poetry? . . . Lincoln Hanson is trying to find out why the rooster crows in the morning. . . . Will somebody tell him? . . . Our magician, Francis Whitman, is about to have competition. . . . John Moran is taking a Correspondence School Course in hypnotism. . . . John Whoriskey's favorite hobby is snake-skinning. . . . Tell us about the new method, John. . . . Abe Rubin has a bored look on his face. . . . Could he be tired of school life? . . . Harry Hoaxma is still growing! . . . I didn't say which way. . . . Barbara Hamilton is always hurrying. . . . She's no procrastinator. . . . Al Laverty can tell some wonderful stories, if you care to listen to him. . . . Herbie Hoffman is planning on running for P. G. dictator. . . . Need a campaign manager? . . . The smile on Dot Cummings' face has brightened since she acquired the title of vice-president. . . . Welcome back, Peter Larsen. . . . What is this about Al Maguire wearing evening clothes? . . . The silence of our blond Adonis, Mickey McCormick, is caused by general disgust. . . . Cheer up, Mickey. . . . I have had many requests to nickname John Madden, Harpo Marx, but don't you think that David Lambert answers that name better? . . . Bob Rankin wants to know if we think his moustache becoming. . . . It may be coming but it's not here yet. . . . Ed Nagle never glided across a dance floor until he attended the K. B. affair. . . . So what! . . . Rita Jordan is finding Nature Clubs very interesting. . . . John Turner, a change in scenery would be appreciated. . . . How about discarding that black and orange sweater? . . . Henrietta Senders can disturb her neighbors better than any three people I know. . . . Red traffic lights don't mean a thing to George Sawicki. . . . Incidentally whose ring is Frances Collins wearing? . . . The Girl Scouts have an able representative in Hildgarde Baxter. . . . Really, could anyone feel as sleepy as John Garcia looks. . . . The Field family are well represented at the school in Annette, John and Patsy. . . . Nor are the Ritvo's doing so bad in Martin, Frances and Sydney. . . . Harold Freeman has his collar up. . . . Who has been throwing things at him? . . . For personality, Jean Becker, the flower girl, takes the prize. . . . Room 38, how about producing some of that hidden musical talent that is lodged in Donald Regan, Marion Sawyer, George Quint, and Warren Trafton? . . . Almost an orchestra in itself. . . . Speaking of sophomores, the class of '36 is starting early in announcing their candidates for junior officers. . . . Frances Ryan, a little girl coming up in a big world. . . . I wonder whether Abe Kasis spends more time in Roxbury than in Cambridge and what is the attraction? . . . Did you know that blond-headed Helen O'Brien is one of the best dancers at C.H.L.S.? . . . Thanks to Seven X's, my reporter with the variety of inks. . . . Don't you think Fay Mowery's red hair and blue gym suit harmonize? . . . William Galgay is still singing . . . so his neighbors say. . . . "Cowboy" Crawley's favorite study is economics. . . . Charles West envies red-heads. . . . Tom Dunlevy still believes he fractured his ankle. . . . Perhaps he did. . . . Have you noticed the pink glow on Robert Regan's face when he speaks to a member of the fair sex? . . . The easiest person to sell tickets to is Stan Ginsberg. . . . I know. . . . It took two months to sell him a Review subscription. . . . Somebody entered class late today. Chet Bean must still be around. . . . John Conlan is to be an actor. . . . He recently

took part in a play in which he was the knock-on-the-door in the closing scene. . . . Edna Shaughnessy, let us enjoy the benefits of your literary efforts. . . . John Pierce is going to West Point next year. . . . I like the Kaydet uniforms, too. . . . At your request Bernard Barber and Maurice Rabinowitz, I shall furnish proof of any statement printed in this column on receipt of $25.03 in coins or stamps. . . . Try saying "No" to Coleridge A. Braithwaite. . . . Pulease, Caroline Dalton, quit blowing that clarinet. . . . How about loosening up into a friendly "Hi", Bill Haverty. . . . "Greetings" sounds slightly frigid. . . . Spending an afternoon watching those talent night rehearsals was well worth the time. . . . It reminded me of a certain local theatre. . . . Fred Kimball can sure tap dance. . . . Pardon me for asking, but is Room 78 a P.G. homeroom? . . . Al Cohen, the chemist, made some TNT in the chemical laboratory last week. . . . His last words were, "It works!" . . . Will some kind soul please inform me what the Hi-La Club is? . . . It seems to be a deep dark secret to everybody but its members. . . . Elucidate, my dear. . . . Kathleen McGee is collecting photographs of Bing Crosby. . . . But then, who isn't? . . . When I speak of John Murphy of Room 20, I kill three birds with one stone. . . . There are three Johns. . . . Mary Hooker, where is the mistletoe hung in your domicile? . . . Let's take a peek to see what our letter box holds in store for us. . . .

Watch out for Sawicki because they say he is selling *gold bricks* these days.

I should like to commend Fay Mowery, Cynthia Nash, Thomas White, William Fitzgerald, Joseph Manley, Donald Regan, and Edward Frank who have submitted articles and suggestions concerning their respective classes.

Dear Falter Pinchell:

Virst I vant to tenk you for the Review vhich you zent to me. Vile reading arsenal, no I mean magazine I notice that you zay that you have 1,000 subscriptions. Dawts noting. Vhy vhen I vent to Cambridge School back in '52, ve had FIVE THOUSAND subscriptions and den the heditor said business vas bad. Dere's anoder ting dat ve had more than you and dat vas Spotlites. Ve had tree of dem in our magazine. But I must admit dat your Spotlite is better den all tree of ours. Derefore I vant you to take mine order for 500 Reviews vich I vish you should zend T. O. T. to mine home.

Barron Bunchausen.

What! ! ! . . . A deposit in the Review box not addressed to the Spotlite! . . . It's for Santa this time, but nevertheless, I'll print it. . . .

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

We have been good boys and girls all year and therefore we would like to receive the following gifts for Christmas: a few passing grades on our cards; a new hat for Jack Gately (the freshmen are broke); some hair for Bill Skinner; some new dancing steps for Barbara Bond; a new way of combing her hair for Mary McCarthy; a correct timepiece for Room 75; a shorter name for Eluthierio Pappadopoulos; a brighter smile for Irene Fitzgerald, and a new motor and body for the vehicle commonly known as "Kaufman's Ark". We remain,

Very truly yours,
Gimme Somtin & Co.

While my envelope opener takes a rest, a proverb from an old manuscript fills in. . . .

He who knows not and knows not he knows not. . . . He is a Freshman. . . . Shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not. . . . He is a Sophomore. . . . Pity him.

He who knows and knows not he knows. . . . He is a Junior. . . . Honor him.

He who knows and knows he knows. . . . He is a Senior. . . . Reverence him.

He who knows not and thinks he knows. . . . He is a P. G. . . . Aw . . . Forget about him.

. . . Just because Winchell and Munchausen are writing me letters, you don't have to forget me. Au revoir, a bon soir, and toasted Alma for breakfast to-morrow. . . .

S. K., '34.

WERNER NEUDORF R.G
BUD MONTGOMERY L.G
FRANK COADY L.E. "WHATAMAN" SON OF BILL COADY
CAPT AL MAGUIRE AN IDEAL LEADER— GREAT ON THE TACKLE AND PASS RECEIVING
ALBERT DOYLE H.B. A SOUTHPAW PASSER WITH FUTURE
BILL SULLIVAN C.
DON DONLEVY H.B.
ED MURPHY C.
THEY DO NOT RUN THE
ERNIE SAULNIER Q.B
"LIMO" FRISOLI
THE MOST POPULAR IN THE SCHOOL
TONY GALLUCCIO H.B
FACULTY MGR. GARRETT FOLEY
PRINCIPAL LESLIE L. CLEVELAND ENCOURAGES BOYS SPORTS - NEVER MISSES A CONTEST
FRANK O'BRIEN R.T.
JIM HEALY L.T.
FRANK HARNEY

CAMBRIDGE 0 B. C. HIGH 0

Cambridge Latin turned in its most impressive gridiron performance of the season by holding the stalwart Boston College High eleven scoreless at Russell Field.

The Maroon and Gold gridsters with their two backfield luminaries, Home and Farwell, had completed a splendid record, listing victories over both Boston Latin and English.

However, a Latin eleven that has been steadily improving since Dunlevy took over the sprinting assignment in the backfield, completely smothered the vaunted B. C. attack with Buddy Farwell, the spearhead; and contributed the one really formidable threat of the afternoon.

With the versatile "Freddie" Lynch supplanting the injured Dunlevy in the backfield, the Cantabs by means of his tremendous punts, had slightly the better of the going during a rather listless first half.

The second half seemed destined to continue in the same spiritless fashion with neither team able to dent the rival frontier for substantial gains, and, hence, relied on their booters, Home and Lynch, continually, until midway in the fourth quarter. Lynch, from his own thirty, punted a spiral which, aided by the wind, rolled to the three yard stripe before an agile Latin athlete downed it. After Home had punted out from his own end zone, Spartachino, by repeatedly blasting his way off tackle for sizable gains, allowed his team to achieve a first down on the three yard marker. With visions of a victory in the offing, the largely partisan crowd implored for the score, but the B. C. boys, inflamed with the ardor and fight that always characterizes B. C. in the crisis, withstood four desperate assaults and took the ball on downs.

Later in the period Latin once more worked the ball into a scoring position, but with time fleeting a drop kick was attempted, which went wide.

For Latin, Lynch and Spartachino among the backfield members were outstanding while Nichols merits praise for his spine-tangling tackles on the defense. Hynes and Starkunas were immense in the line.

JOHNNY SPARTICHINO HB THE ACE IN THE CANTABS DECK
GEORGE SAWICKI RT
DICK CASEY LT
JOE STANKUNAS R.T.
ANGLE CARCHIA
GEORGE NICHOLS FB
THE BEST BLOCKING BACK IN THE OUTFIT
ED MULHERN H.B.
"COWBOY" CRAWLEY QB 135 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE
CHARLEY KLAYMAN H.B.
FRED LYNCH H.B.
WHEN THIS 1934 TEAM BLOOMS IT WILL BE THE FLOWER OF THE LOT JACK
CHARLEY "THE LITTLE GIANT" WEST Q.B.
PAUL MAHONEY H.B.
COACH JOHN SHEEHAN
EDWIN GIBSON G
JOE SANTOS
DICK HYNES L.G.
ASST. COACH JOHN KELLEHER
1934

Courtesy of Boston Herald

WAKEFIELD 13 CAMBRIDGE 0

Cambridge Latin was trimmed 13 - 0 at Wakefield on Thanksgiving in their concluding tilt of the season before a delighted Wakefield throng and three busses full of disappointed Latin rooters.

Wakefield, with only one victory adorning its gridiron slate, showed surprising power and uncovered a real star in Bliss who accounted for both touchdowns.

The game was fairly evenly-contested with both touchdowns resulting from "breaks" in the form of a fumble and a blocked kick rather than by any superior demonstration of power.

Cambridge Latin threatened occasionally with "Cowboy" Crawley and "Johnnie" Spartachino sparkling on their drives.

The Cantabs, facing a schedule that included games with such formidable aggregations as Haverhill, Newton, Rindge, Arlington, B. C. High, Lawrence, and Woburn, could not strike a winning gait, retarded as they were by injuries to outstanding players during the course of the season. However, only the undefeated state-championship claimant from Lawrence really completely outclassed us. Arlington, which lost but one contest, barely squeezed out a victory over us, while Haverhill and Woburn, if you recall, were both lucky to emerge with the verdict. A brilliant goal-line stand earned B. C. with her two All-Scholastic candidates, Howe and Carwell, a tie. The fast St. James eleven also held our outfit to a scoreless deadlock. The defeats at the hands of Rindge, Newton, and Wakefield squads were clear-cut and decisive; yet no team was able to obtain better than a two-touchdown victory margin.

Injuries sustained by Montgomery, Dunlevy, Crawley, Carchia, and Spartachino undoubtedly precluded our athletes from compiling a better record.

There were, of course, numerous exceptional individual performances contributed in the autumnal classics by the Latinese. Probably the highlight was furnished at Woburn by "Cowboy" Crawley when, third down, in Irish formation on his own twenty yard line, the elusive Cantabridgian quarterback

darted around his own end, reversed his field, and sprinted down the sideline for a seventy yard jaunt. Spartachino, swash-buckling halfback, contributed many a dazzling run, but none more sensational than his fifty-two yard charge through center for a touchdown against Haverhill. His thirty-two yard smash off-tackle, with Brookline affording the opposition also provided a welcome thrill to Latin rooters. Dunlevy's remarkable punting was particularly conspicuous during the Arlington clash, his punts averaging better than forty yards from scrimmage in the encounter. "Freddie" Lynch astounded the gathering at Russell Field when, against B. C. High, he culminated an afternoon of sensational punting by booting the pigskin sixty-seven yards from scrimmage. This gargantuan punt travelled from his own thirty to his opponents three, where, rolling, it was downed.

Our backfield, including Crawley, Spartachino, Dunlevy, and either Nichols or Lynch, was capable, but was seldom allowed to start intact, due to previously-mentioned injuries. Dunlevy, Crawley, and Spartachino were mentioned in various papers as being All-Scholastic timber. "Johnnie" Spartachino received special acclamation, being chosen on the Post All-Scholastic third team and on the All-Suburban outfit. Nichols, particularly prominent on the defense, was probably the deadliest tackler in the secondary. Quarterbacks "Charlie" West (basketball captain-elect) and "Ernie" Saulnier, and halfbacks "Angel" Carchia, Klayman, Doyle, Mahoney, and the spirited "Tony" Gallucio, were the ranking backfield replacements. The tackles Hynes (57), Sawicki, O'Brien, Healey, Starkuras, and Casey all enjoyed flashes of brilliance with Starkuras the most consistent. However Hynes, O'Brien, and Sawicki were not far behind, rating as first class tackles. The guards — Montgomery, Ronzio, Neudorf, Frisoli, and Murphy were better than the average as a group. The stocky, tireless Neudorf gained All-Suburban honors while Ronzio, Montgomery, and the two "mites", Frisoli and Murphy were bruising, hard-charging linemen. Al Maguire not only served as a popular and aggressive leader, but also as a workmanlike, dependable, rather than flashy player, whose splendid work was recognized by a berth on the All-Suburban eleven. Coady, sophomore, at the other plank, showed promise of developing into a star of the first rank. Sullivan and Cummings also represented their school on the wings.

Leading candidates for the captaincy are Werner, Neudorf, Paul Mahoney, and Francis Coady.

Coach Sheehan and his popular assistant, Mr. Kelliher, merit praise for their sympathetic and able handling of the boys.

Incidentally the attendance at the games was surprisingly good, putting to rout rumors that school spirit is deteriorating among the student body.

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

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Henry?
MERRY CHRISTMAS
D. PETERS
Just around the corner?
Who's afraid of the Big Bad Midyear's?
Robbins—
Talent Night
Robbins—
REPORT CARD DAY

NOTES

The cop got out his book and poised his stubby pencil.

"What's your name?"

"John Smith."

"No, your real name," bawled the officer, who had been tricked the day before.

"Well then, put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better. You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

Waiter: "I have boiled tongue, fried liver and pig's feet."

Abe Andelman: "Don't tell me your troubles, give me a chicken pie."

Teacher: "There is direct and indirect taxation. Give me an example of indirect taxation."

Paul Turner: "The dog tax."

Teacher: "How is that?"

Paul: "The dog does not have to pay it."

"You have not yet paid for the electric refrigerator, sir!"

"No! You told me that it would soon pay for itself."

She put on a great many airs, and so when the waiter handed her a menu printed in French, and asked her to check the dishes she wished to order, she would not admit she could not read it.

Taking her pencil, she checked several items and haughtily handed the card back.

The items which she checked were: "Wednesday, August 3, Salads. Please pay at the desk. No tips. Sightseeing tours arranged at reasonable rates."

Lillian Barronberg: "How are you getting through your lessons?"

Martha Creedman: "With E's" (ease).

Saul Fram: "What foreign language is that fullback studying in this school?"

Harold Andelman: "English."

"That horse of mine could run a mile a minute if it weren't for one thing."

"What?"

"The time is too short for the longness of the distance."

James McClellan: "Where do all the flies go in the winter time?"

Paul Finkle: "Search me."

James McClellan: "No, thanks, I just wanted to know."

"I wonder who thought of Friday as being an unlucky day?"

"Probably some poor fish."

A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the door bell. He rang the bell for him, then said:

"What now, my little man?"

"Run as fast as you can," said the little boy. "That's what I'm going to do."

Frank Barry: "A fellow just told me I looked like you."

Fred Lynch: "Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."

Frank: "I killed him."

Butcher: "Round steak, Madam?"

Sis Marmaud: "The shape doesn't interest me, so long as it's tender."

"What was the greatest thing about George Washington?"

"His memory. They erected a monument to it."

Wm. Lawless: "Why is the land around a river so rich?"

James McCormack: "Because it has a bank on each side."

"Those roosters kept me awake this morning with their crowing."

"Don't blame the roosters. If you ever get up as early as they, you'll crow for a week about it."

Crawley: "Golf is pie to me."

Gallucio: "It must be; I see you just took another slice."

Saulnier: "To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?"

Wm. McLaughlin: "To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door: "Miss, is your mother in?"

"Who was that man you just raised your hat to?"

"That? Oh, that was my barber. He sold me a bottle of hair-restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him I let him see what a fraud he is."

This is the type of test questions we desire!

When was the War of 1812 fought?

In round numbers, what was the duration of the Hundred Years' War?

Who wrote Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson?

In what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?

What countries tookpart in the Spanish-American War?

Teacher: "What is meant by seasoned troops?"

E. Goulart: "Mustered by the officers, and peppered by the enemy."

The conductor of the band glared at Jimmie Conlin.

"Why on earth," he shouted, "did you leave off playing just as we reached the chorus?"

"Well," explained Jimmie, "on my music it said refrain; so I did."

"What do you mean by this sentence 'Benedict Arnold was a janitor.'?"

"My history says that after his exile, Arnold spent the rest of his life in abasement."

Jack Gately: "Ever see one of them machines that can tell when a person is lying?"

Bill Mooney: "Seen one? My mother is one!"

Mary Regan: "Are you doing anything for that cold?"

Betty Toomey: "Sure! I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

Her father is in the wool and yarn business, so naturally she's a knit-wit.

Joe Manley: "Each cat has nine lives."

Don Regan: "Well, what of it, — there's a frog that croaks every day."

Tom Mansfield: "Don't waste your time on gas Doc, just yank the tooth out even if it does hurt like the dickens."

Dentist: "You're a plucky lad. Let me see the tooth."

Tom: "Oh, it isn't mine, it's my brother's. He's outside."

"I advise you to let the villian shoot himself instead of taking poison."

"Why?"

"Perhaps it will wake the audience up."

Kimball: "How did you get that bump on your head?"

Johnson: "Someone threw a flower at me."

Kimball: "A flower wouldn't make a bump."

Johnson: "I know, but he forgot to detach the pot."

The
R EVIEW has
E verything
V itally important
I n the excellent
E diting of a magazine
W ith a reputation like ours.

"Has my boy," wrote the proud Mrs. Skinner, " a natural bent in any one direction?"

"William certainly has," was the reply, "he gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets other boys to do all his homework for him."

There's the absent-minded professor that insisted upon getting lots of fresh air at night, so he pushed the bottom window up to the top and the top one down to the bottom.

An Austin drove into a filling station and the occupant asked for a pint of gas and four drops of oil. The attendant then asked if he should sneeze in the tires!

Bernard Barber: "I want to pay cash for this car."

Dealer: "Your request is so unusual that I'm afraid I will have to have references."

The High Schools Annex Notes

Do you know that —

Our first assembly was a great success.

Seven members of the faculty are bachelors.

Mr. Murphy holds a track record at Russell Field which can never be broken.

The Latin's first hockey team is composed of all Annex pupils. What would they do without us?

There are 230 pupils enrolled in our school.

Mr. O'Brien is the ping pong champ of the Faculty.

Mr. Edmunds is known as the "Benevolent Despot."

We think that:

James McCormack is the most popular pupil.

Two-thirds of all Cambridge High and Latin School athletes are Annex pupils.

Mr. Sheehan — we wish to thank you for the compliment you gave regarding the football players from the Annex.

Movie Titles

The Big Executive ..... Mr. Leonard
Bombshell ..... Parent Teachers' Night
Captured Borges and Ally caught playing hookey
Laughing at Life ..... John Gomez
I'm No Angel ..... Francis Kassen
Too Much Harmony ..... Hall at Recess
Turn Back the Clock
Ed Forsythe's Theme Song
(He's late almost every day)
Power and Glory ..... John Spartachino
Penthouse ..... The Jug
Doctor Bull ..... Jack Cremins
The Wrecker ..... Mr. Hunter
She Done Him Wrong ..... Spud Murphy

EDUCATION AND THE NEW DEAL

(Mr. James Leonard voices his opinion on some of our problems).

THE implications of the New Deal in respect to public education are not very generally understood. If the rough plans of the N. R. A. work out, or if they are supplanted by other plans with the same ideological content, public education will be profoundly affected. The theory of labor hours incorporated in this new dispensation means on the one hand a larger public school population, and the other more intensive competition within this group for any reasonably satisfactory economic career.

Accordingly, for the first time in America, we shall see the European practice of sharp delimiting of educational groups taking place, and this means — in simple English — the elimination of the mentally halt and educationally lame.

Song Hits

Goodnight Little Girl of My Dreams
John O'Donnell
It Was Only a Beggar Boy's Dream
The Aspiring All-Scholastic End — Gomez
O' Sweet Mystery of Life at Last I've Found You ..... Red Ryan
Trouble in Paradise ..... Joe Stankunas

Charles Gaffrey interested in the Review-ing at the Big House. One of Latin School's greatest tackles is taking a Correspondence School Course in Amateur Detective Science. Hello Joey. Annex letter men in basketball are Len Frisoli, Larry Sullivan, Joe Stankunas, and Lester Ally.

The captain of the hockey team for the last two years has been from the Annex.

Many thanks to Mr. Leonard and Miss Bligh for trying to help us make this column a success.

Len Frisoli.
Laurence Sullivan.

1933

Blanche Berger and Majory Gutheim, formerly of the *Review* staff are at Radcliffe.

Catherine Molinari, Blanche Fedorovitch, and Josephine Wintzell are enrolled at Bryant and Stratton Business College.

Mary Pomeroy has been appointed to the staff of the *Radcliffe News*.

Mary Boyle is a freshman at Regis College.

Barbara Ingalls is studying at Simmons.

Dorothy Falvey is studying to be a teacher at Miss Perry's Kindergarten School.

1932

The following graduates of C. H. L. S. are attending Bryant and Stratton: George Taylor, Edith Maitland, Ruth Lincoln, Dorothy O'Hare, and Dorothy Sullivan.

William Wold, Lester Klashman, and George Rundlet are especially successful in athletics at Tech.

Leilia Wyman is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Whitney Shannon is at Oxford School of Business Administration.

Barbara Evers is in her second year at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

After a successful season with the Cambridge Red Sox, John Kelly has returned to his studies at Kent's Hill Academy.

William McFadden is registered at Lawrence Academy.

Edwin Packard and Leo Moore are freshmen at Harvard.

1931

William A. Greene is a sophomore at the Harvard Pre-Medical School.

Dorothy Hooker and Margaret Berkeley are in their third year at Salem Teachers' College.

Dorothy Hockman, class of 1931 is in charge of the comptometer operators in the Citizen's Welfare Administration Office at 20 Beacon Street, Boston.

Miss Anna Trementozzi and Miss Doris Chaisson, class of 1933 are also operating comptometers in the same office.

These girls obtained these positions through the Secretarial Department of our school.

Robert Fish and Paul Tiffany are sophomores at Harvard. The latter won his freshman numerals in track last year.

Theodora Hubbard is a member of the sophomore class at Radcliffe.

Helen O'Hara is employed in the office of Sears Roebuck in Boston.

1930

Robert Creel has been awarded a Rhodes scholarship by President Conant of Harvard. This is an appointment of great distinction. He has also been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa.

George Lovett is a sophomore at Boston College.

Pauline Brooks was graduated from Salem Normal School last June.

1929

Helen Gately is registered in the Executive Training Course at Filene's. She received her degree from Emmanuel last June.

Margaret Dwyer is at Framingham Normal School.

Augusta Kemler is in training at the Cambridge City Hospital.

Marie Timmons is in her third year at the Boston University School of Music. She is taking a special course.

Benjamin Wallins, who was graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy last June, is managing a branch store of the Epstein Drug Company.

George Lallas is a junior at Tufts Medical School.

Julia Hacian is secretary to the cashier of the Lechmere National Bank.

1928

Edward Connolly is in his third year at Tufts.

Israel Kazis has received his A. M. degree at Harvard. He has also been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. He is now working for his Ph.D.

Arnold Segal, who was graduated from Harvard in 1932, is a sophomore at Harvard Medical School.

1927

William Brooks is in his second year at Harvard Law School.

Larry Gould is the service manager for the Elbery Motor Company.

(*Continued on Page 23*)

CHRISTMAS presents for and from indulgent parents, generous relatives, and good friends are now in order. Even Exchange Editors who, during the greater part of the year live at pen points with each other, may be permitted, while this festive and charitable season reigns, to give, also to receive appropriate gifts. And what could be more fitting tokens of esteem than excellent publications from the student press? Furthermore, to do justice to this holiday spirit, let's be unstinting in our use of the red pencil on any scathing criticisms that we may feel impelled to make.

The Tabula

Oak Park and River Forest
Township High School
Oak Park, Illinois.

Your semi-annual publication cannot be praised too highly. It won the wholehearted admiration of our entire staff.

The unusual cover, the study in black and white on the first page, and all the work of the Art Department throughout is very fine.

Vignettes, a group of pleasing and diversified little essays, are very well written.

The "Nut Bowl", genial collection of poetic humor and nonsense, with just a fragment of seriousness here and there, is to us almost the most enjoyable part of the "Tabula". In short, we can't get too much of so refreshing a compound of wit and wisdom.

The Student's Pen

Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

"The Student's Pen" is not the result of hasty work on the part of its contributors. On the contrary every department, every article shows much thought and careful planning.

We find it necessary to give this warning to its readers. Don't read the short story "Disaster" just before retiring for the night. If you do, we guarantee troubled sleep. This tale of horror reminds us of Poe.

Should anyone wish a picture of complete poverty and misery, let him peruse the story entitled "Episode". He would then, in all probability, desire no closer contact with slum life.

The poetry is good on the whole.

"Osseo — A Martyr" a ballad narrating the adventures of a young Indian chief is excellent. It has an onomatopoeic scheme much like that of Longfellow's "Hiawatha".

We think it a very wise plan to include the school cheers and songs and thus to insure a large and loud rooting section at all athletic events.

The Hebronian

Hebron Academy
Hebron, Maine.

As a school newspaper, the "Hebronian" allows sufficient space to good literary material to be classed with the best scholastic publications.

The maturity of your editorials makes them an important asset to the paper. The one concerning proper conduct has a wide application; at least, some of us at C. H. L. S. could benefit by it.

The large number of essays on noise in its various annoying forms suggests an English assignment in theme writing on the subject "Noise".

The biographical essay "A Victim of Circumstances" was certainly interesting. We think that such a remarkable man as is therein described ought not to squander his time on farm work. What a teacher of modern languages he'd make!

The Tradesman

High School of Commerce
Boston, Massachusetts.

The November issue of "The Tradesman" contains a very good assemblage of stories and essays.

The short story "Satan's Due" is excellent in plot, style, and setting. The general plan follows fairly closely that employed by Stevenson in "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde," and the similitude adds greatly to the quality of the production.

The article by your principal "Pass in Review" is calculated perfectly to get across to the fellows the fact that it's up to them in the last analysis to make themselves worthwhile.

Class Notes presented according to divisions instead of classes are new to us, but it seems the best way in a school boasting a military organization.

The Crimson and Gray
Mary E. Wells High School
Southbridge, Massachusetts.

Your editorials are most interesting. After reading them we could imagine that we had seen the Century of Progress ourselves. The articles entitled "Back and Forth to Chicago" and "To the World's Fair on $4.26" were especially entertaining.

The serial story "F. I. D." got us all excited and eager for a thrilling finish when we learned that it was to be continued in the next issue. We surmise that you could not give it any more space in the November number, not that it was unfinished. Are we right, or are we right?

"Shanghaied" was a little improbable. It isn't the usual thing, is it, for fond fathers to have their only sons carried off to sea?

Printing the school cheers in the Athletic Department is a good idea. The cheer-leaders' lot is made pleasanter when everyone knows the words, and can efficiently perform his duty as rooter for the Alma Mater.

In ending we wish to extend to all our friends a wish for a very Merry Christmas and a Happier New Year than has ever gone before.

The Botolphian
Boston College High School
Boston, Massachusetts.

The dignified and artistic Commencement issue of "The Botolphian" having as its frontispiece a really good charcoal sketch of Cardinal Newman, contained three absorbing short stories. The best had a nautical theme. Its title "The Deserted Ship" prepares us in some degree for an uncanny yarn of the sea, but the weirdness of the plot is unexpected. That a can of paint in falling on a sail should execute a skull or that each of three men should meet death in the form most terrible to him is a trifle unbelievable; however, we are not critical of such minor details when the interest of the narrative has us in its grip.

The essay on a barber was brilliant. The cutting humor and true-to-life description in delineating the character of our noble tonsorialist caused us much amusement.

We do not forget to compliment the artist who produced the superb drawing depicting the "Canal of Beggars" in Venice.

JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

ALUMNI

(*Continued from page 21*)

1926

Hugh McCusker, who was graduated from Fordham in 1930, is teaching in the Somerville High School.

Gerald Sullivan, captain of the C. H. L. S. football team in 1926, is in the real estate business in Cambridge.

John Carr is now a Harvard soccer coach.

Donald Finlayson is a salesman covering the Maine territory for Lever Bros. In 1930 he was graduated from Harvard.

1924

Lorette Wetmore is teaching at the Webster School in Cambridge.

Because of their excellence in admission examinations for Radcliffe, Polly Pomeroy, Mary Rankin and Evelyn Whelden were invited to the Phi Beta Kappa dinner.

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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TO THE MEMORY OF MISS GERTRUDE CROOK

TO the memory of one whose kindness, helpfulness, intelligence, and culture have been pertinent factors in sustaining our school on the highest plane of educational perfection, we offer this heartfelt tribute. For thirty-six years Miss Gertrude Crook has ever been an example of all that is noblest in the profession of teaching; her work has certainly been greater than that of any artist, greater than that of any sculptor for she, in using the brush of mildness, and the chisel of firmness, fashioned the characters of a generation of our boys and girls. The pupils, as well as the members of the faculty, of the Cambridge High and Latin School are stamped with an other-worldliness because of the beauty of spirit of her who daily dwelt among them. May the sun, which set so radiantly upon her closing day, illumine her memory with its glorious crowning beams so that we may be made resplendent by its refulgent fire until God shall call us to join her.

IN MEMORIAM MISS SARAH W. KELLY

THE cheerful, sunny presence with which Miss Kelly met us each day, will no longer greet us, but the memory of her warm friendliness, her sparkling vitality, and her strong sense of fairness and justice will be with us always.

Her gift of teaching with inspiration, clarity, a large measure of clear-sighted common sense, and a personality of ready charm, will make her loss felt deeply by her pupils and by the teachers who knew her so well, in her years of teaching mathematics in our school.

To Miss Kelly's family and her friends, we offer in behalf of the school, its teachers and pupils, our heartfelt sympathy.

Your mind is opalescent, cool and clear
As dew upon a wood anenome;
No doubt has ever crossed your mind, no fear
Has marred the exquisite imagery.
If mercury were iridescent, frail
As dew upon a spider's gossamer thread;
Something to be caught before the pale
Dawn sent the evanescent stars to bed:
I would compare your mind to mercury—
Releasing bits of jewelled light, and yet
Calling them back that they once more may be
Part of a mind that needs not to forget.
Your life is like a bubble—if it break,
The eager eyes will dull, the dreamer wake.

J. C., '29.

SENIOR CLASS HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period

1933 - 1934

Baldwin, Grace
Bianchi, Ruth
Blekaitis, Frances
Brenner, Frances
Coen, Eleanor
Coffey, William
Coleman, Carol
Cushing, Arthur
Davis, Norman
Freitas, Hilda
Hogan, Anna
Inness, Dorothy
Jablow, Judith
Linskey, Edna
McAuliffe, Audrey
McCormick, James
Malone, Dorothy
Nixon, Frances
Powers, Catherine
Reitmayer, Dorothy
Sanders, Mary
Scanlan, Mary
Varrell, Harriet
Welch, Dorothy

JUNIOR CLASS HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period

Albro, Mary
Aufiere, Angelina
Barber, Bernard
Burke, Catherine
Daniels, Dorothy
Dydziak, Jane
Genna, Jennie
Halpern, Ruth
Karsh, Gertrude
Ocklis, Edith
Poissonnier, Yvonne
Portais, Louise
Serafin, Veronica
Sanson, Olga
Seavello, Bridget
Sharka, Helen
Silkinis, Alice
Swider, Wanda
Tahmosh, Anna
Wheeler, Priscilla
Woodridge, Marion

SOPHOMORE CLASS HONOR ROLL

February 5, 1934

Alperin, Janet
Babish, Richard
Berger, Helen
Berkman, Ruth
Carrington, Idabelle
Collins, Oricanna
Darrigo, Esther
Delaney, Betty
D'Onofrio, Mary
Egidio, Leo
Hawkings, Arlene
Kaufman, Edith
Kirslis, Olga
McNally, George
Murray, Alice
Nemeroska, Mary
Pearlson, Jeanne
Quint, George
Regan, Donald
Smith, Lorraine
Sullivan, George
Trafton, Warren
Weilandt, John
Vando, Christine

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Prize Winners

Upper Classes

I. Day Dreams—Dorothy Sullivan.
II. Retribution—James Robertson.

Lower Classes

I. Beachcombing—Fay Mowrey.
II. A Common-Looking Key—Mildred Bos.

DEBATING

THE outstanding issue in debating circles this year is stated as follows in the *Reference Shelf*. "Resolved, that the U. S. should adopt the essential features of the British system of radio control and operation."

On March 15 our team will visit Somerville High School to uphold the affirmative of this question.

On April 18, a debate with Brookline is scheduled, of which the details are as yet undecided. Miss Breau expects the usual good attendance at these debates.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Upper Classes—First Prize

DAY DREAMS

THE water front was obscured by night. The water gleamed in silver splotches created by the cloud obscured moon. The great hulk of a ship was seen against the horizon. Its mast was torn and an ominous quiet pervaded the atmosphere.

I was looking for excitement. After spending a monotonous day in school, I had decided to leave home. Now as I looked at the ship, a mad idea whirled through my head. The ship was near the shore, and its movement was almost imperceptible. If I were to swim out to it, I could escape all the dull conventional things of city life. So with the blood pounding in my veins in queer little racing thrills, I removed my slacks and beach sandals and dove into the water. It was cold there with the biting, stinging cold of water not yet overcome by the warm rains of April. For hours it seemed I swam—at first playfully, eagerly. And then as I became accustomed to the numbing coldness seeping into my bones, I fixed my eyes on my goal and started a steady, monotonous stroke. After a while a terrifying lassitude came over me. I found that I could scarcely lift my arms and that my eyes were closing. Then as though caught in a whirlpool I was sucked beneath the surface. Down, down I went until I thought the ocean certainly had no bottom. The water was flowing into my already water-weakened lungs and something inside was whispering, soothing me, telling me not to struggle. Then I started to ascend. When I reached the surface, I drank the tangy saltiness of the air in great draughts. Whimpering, I started on again. Like an automaton I cleaved through the water. Again and again I lifted my arms in stiff, wooden strokes. After alternately floating and swimming for another mile, I found myself near the ship. I strained my eyes to make out the name on the stern. "L'ami" was blazed on it in enormous black letters. My heart thudded against my ribs as I noticed a rotted rope swaying in the breeze.

The moon now showed clearly through the heavens. It cast a white glow down over the water. Shafts of light outlined the ladder as I started upward. When I reached the top, I stood entranced, caught by the merged melody of beauty and sound. Below, the water swirled in gossamer-tipped eddies. Above, the blue vault of the sky was intertwined with smoky clouds. A sea gull screamed and the waves made a trickling noise against the side of the boat. I caught my breath at the magnificence of it all and then I sank down, closing my eyes—oblivious to everything.

I opened my eyes and looked at the scintillating sun. I felt very uncomfortable as I surveyed myself. I was lying in a shallow pool of water made by my dripping bathing suit. My skin was burnt a fiery red, and I was stiff from lying in one position for so long. After a while I decided to explore the ship. Standing up I looked toward land, but where formerly had been a distinct shore line there was nothing but a green ridge of water. It was then that I discovered the boat was moving. Stealing down the deck, I explored each cabin. The conviction that there was nobody on board and that the ship was moving under its own power came to me. I decided to make the best of it, I made a minute search of the storeroom. There were kitchen utensils, three barrels of water, and quantities of canned food and hard tack. I prepared a meal and after that I went out on deck and watched the sun's fading rays detect myriad schools of fish. For a time my joy was complete. I surveyed the ocean, my domain, and found nothing lacking.

Then the sky darkened and rain came—at first haltingly and then furiously. Lightning in weird glory streaked across the sky. I groped my way into a cabin and huddled there like a frightened, stray animal. The ship was racked by the conflicting elements. It rode high on the crest of each wave. It sank down deep in the ocean bosom. Nature was in a jesting mood. She played havoc with me all that night and brought a strange, unearthly quietude in the morning. The ship no longer moved. Coming out on deck I found it wedged on the shore of a tiny island. I went down to the land deciding to make it my

home. I drank icy water that trickled between moss-covered rocks. I lived in a delightful dream exceeding all things of normal life. One day I was lying in the warmth of the sun when I heard a dreadful bellow.

"Miss Sullivan, can't you stay awake for five minutes?"

I stared at him but all I saw were the remnants of a multitude of dreams. Then as I snapped back into my pose of an attentive French pupil, I gave a belated "Yes, sir!"

DOROTHY SULLIVAN, '34.

Lower Classes—First Prize

BEACHCOMBING

"LOOK! Cap'n Peleg," I cried, as I rushed up to to the old man who was sitting on his boat slide, salting spike mackerel. "Look at all the things I found on the beach! This is a sponge that the Coast Guard man called a Mermaid's glove, and I have eleven perfect star dollars. See this old Bacardi bottle with the barnacles all over it! I wonder where all these things came from?"

"That sponge," said Cap'n Peleg, "grows in the waters around the Bahamas and that rum bottle comes from Jamaica. Those star dollars come from anywhere in the Caribbean."

"Just think!" I exclaimed, "how far these things have drifted! It must be hundreds of miles from Cape Cod to some of those places. I'll bet people find some valuable things in the water sometimes."

"Yes, that they do," replied the Cap'n. "I mind the time when Cap'n Ezra Palfrey's daughter, Phoebe, found something that proved valuable to her. Phoebe, she wanted to marry a young sailor named Richard Putnam, but her father was against it. He said he'd never have his daughter marry a common sailer, too poor even to own his own fishing schooner. Phoebe pleaded and cried but her father remained firm.

Phoebe had arranged with Richard to signal to him from the Widow's Walk on top of her house when she had finished talking with her father. So when Richard, who was sitting on the town wharf with his spy-glass trained on the Palfrey house, saw a slight figure appear on the Widow's Walk and wave, he hurried away.

On the beach behind her house, he found Phoebe waiting for him. From the sad expression on her face, he knew immediately what her father's answer had been. They walked down the beach for a long time without saying anything. Both were too depressed to speak. They were far away from the town on a lonely stretch of sand when Phoebe noticed that it was growing dark.

"I guess we had better go back now," she said.

"Let's walk slowly then" replied Richard, "as this is the last time I'll see you. Tomorrow I am sailing for the West Indies on that brig out there in the harbor. The Captain offered me a chance as Chief Boatswain's Mate, in case my plans didn't work out. If I only had enough money to buy even a small schooner, I suppose your father would let us be married, wouldn't he?"

But Phoebe's answer was cut short, for at that moment, when her eyes were filled with tears, she stumbled over something that had been left on the beach by the receding tide. When Phoebe regained her breath, they examined the queer object over which she had fallen.

"Oh! Look! Phoebe! Do you know what this is? Our fortune is made!———It's ambergris!"

"Just in case," said the Cap'n, "you don't know what ambergris is—it's a sort of waxy, earthy-smelling stuff that comes from the sperm whale. It's used in making perfume and it's worth nigh on to twenty dollars an ounce. That lump which Richard found, weighed at least ninety pounds. Phoebe stayed on the beach and watched the ambergris while Richard rushed to town to get a horse and cart."

Cap'n Peleg paused.

"Those two little children who are always playing round that red row-boat, are the grandchildren of Phoebe and Richard."

As the Cap'n concluded his narrative, I emitted a long sigh and gathered up my treasures which seemed so trivial now.

"You keep on a'hunting and maybe you'll find a fortune on the beach some day," he called back over his shoulder as he trudged away to bury the mackerel heads under his dahlias.

FAY MOWERY, '37.

When airs are soft, and wanton breezes toss
The clouds about, impatient of their size,
When the world strains on tip-toe for surprise,
And sports with time, scare conscious of the loss;
Then would I throw aside the daily cross
Of duty, and the sureness of the wise,
And with a friend whose heart is in his eyes
Barter ideas, stretched out on banks of moss.
We would be merry, yet we would be true.
We would be jocund, knowing still that pain
Lay hid around the corner, lost to view.
For a brief hour—yet must our joy be vain?
He, who has seen earth's marvels, in the end
Returns to the fresh wonder of a friend.

WILLIAM MARTINDELL, '34.

LISTENING IN

IT seems to me that someone has said, "We are all travellers at heart." It is farthest from my mind to deny the gentleman's statement. I believe that deep down inside we all have a touch of the wanderlust, and also that we must satisfy this hunger for places beyond the horizon. The fortunate minority, unhindered by lack of time and the paltry dollar, follow the trails of their dreams while we, the unfortunate majority, substitute, in some manner, for our restless homely existences. Possibly your oceans are crossed and mountain peaks scaled through the medium of travel books. I travel by ear. Be a dial twister and come with me.

First we'll drop in on the home of winter sports. Toronto or Montreal should suffice. If we are lucky we may hear a play by play account of tonight's hockey game. If you're a good French student we can even learn the score. As we are travellers rather than sportsmen, this evening we care more for the knowledge of our whereabouts than for the entertainment which our hosts provide. Consequently we are on our way soon after the announcer gives us our position. With a turn of the dial we have left Canada far behind. A particularly strong signal now attracts our attention. We hear another foreign tongue and thinking we are once again in Canada we reach for the dial; however, soon we realize that we are not hearing French but Spanish. After the Spanish announcement we hear in very fine English that we are tuned to "XER, the Sunshine Station Between the Nations" across the river from Del Rio, Texas, in the Republic of Mexico. The off-pitch wailings of the studio string ensemble gives us the impression that these Mexicans are getting back at us for having broadcast to them the feverish din of some of our jazz bands. A moment later we are away again and are halted by the faint strains of distant melody. Our new station fades entirely, then is brought in with a blast by the temperamental air waves. The crystal-clear announcement "KFI," Los Angeles, brings our journey to a close with the happy thought that we have travelled far.

GEORGE H. SNELLING, '34.

THIS IS MY DUTY

To use what gifts I have as best I may
To help some weaker brothers where I can;
To be as blameless at the close of day,
As when the duties of the day began.
To do without complaint what must be done
To grant my rival all that may be just
To win through kindness all that may be won
To fight with kingly valor when I must.

S. E. K.

REFLECTIONS IN A SUBWAY

HOW many of us have ever troubled to observe carefully people in a subway? Let's try it now, and imagine ourselves in a subway car. The wheels are clicking with clock-like precision, the car sways to and fro, and the tunnel lights are whirling by in dazzling sequence. These flashing lights hold a curious fascination for me since I am invariably obsessed with an overpowering mania to count them as they flicker by. Usually, however, either through faulty arithmetic or some very interesting distraction, I become confused, and I am forced to begin anew my addition. But—I must not digress in this manner.

Our speed slackens; the platforms of a station range alongside; the doors hiss and roll back. There is a mad scramble to enter and exit at the same time. Patience is a rare virtue with subway commuters. Well, everybody is finally packed in. The platform is empty—but no—watch that man coming down the stairs. He races madly along the outside railing, slams down his fare, crashes by the turnstile, and lunges through the half-closed doors. Regaining his equilibrium, he adjusts his hat, smooths his coat, and, with a complacent smile of triumph, seats himself. What an achievement! At the risk of life and limb he has saved a few paltry minutes. This is not an uncommon occurrence; every day people hazard all for nothing. You ask why they do it? Perhaps Puck aptly expressed it with: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Again we thunder through the subterranean passages. Glancing about us, our eyes light up. Here is something interesting—a contrast—and what a contrast! Near the door sit two men. The first plainly bears the stamp of poverty and misfortune. The careworn prematurely old features give ample evidence of a depth of sorrow, anxiety, and toil. From the heavy, hobnailed boots to the faded cap, "hard-times" proclaims itself. In contrast, the second, from the toes of his stylish, patent-leather shoes to the crown of the rakishly-tilted fedora, seems to effuse prosperity and an untroubled existence. At times they covertly glance at one another, one enviously, the other disdainfully. Where is this "equality of man"?

Farther down the car we see an amusing sight. For all the world like a hen and her brood there sits a huge, corpulent woman surrounded by five children (five being a conservative estimate since who knows how many more may be hiding behind those amazing, voluminous skirts). Her head is continually bobbing from side to side as if to make sure that none of her cares have wandered off. One daring mite of an exploratory

instinct ventures up the aisle. The oscillating head stops while the "all-seeing" eye fastens implacably on the adventurer. There comes a sharp admonition in a foreign tongue, and with wondrous alacrity the erring lamb returns to the fold.

The station which we have entered is in the center of a shopping district. The general exodus of the feminine passengers and the advent of others laden with bundles give ample proof that we are here.

One of these new, burdened arrivals is a tall, grim lady of indeterminate age. Although there are seats farther down the aisle, she has resolutely stationed herself in front of a young man comfortably seated near the door, and has fixed a scathing baleful glare on the poor unfortunate. It is too much for human endurance. The youth, properly withered (or perhaps I should say done to a turn) furtively arises, raises his hat, mutters unintelligibly, and hastens down the aisle where he remains standing for the rest of the journey. He is afraid of having to undergo another such ordeal if he dares seat himself. Meanwhile, with a grimace that was intended as a smile of tolerant benevolence, our lady of the bundles calmly appropriates the vacated bench.

Would that we had all day to travel on this subway and observe these ever-changing events, but this is our stop.

James Robertson, '35.

MODERN POLAR EXPLORATION

FOR the money necessary to make his voyage Columbus went to the Spanish royalty. Today Admiral Byrd and a king of Industrialism who is established on the Michigan peninsula, got together in a compromise befitting democracy and the result is a weekly broadcast from Antarctica and the Pacific quadrant which Byrd is exploring. King Corporation furnished the money and the Admiral helps out business as well as science. For be it noted that King Corporation gives to him, who hath the price of a stamp and two packages of Grape-Nuts, *The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions,* a splendidly decorated official map of Antarctica whose blank spaces can be filled in each week, as the Admiral sings out,

"Longitude and latitude so and so. Correct that supposed piece of Carmen Land to two hundred more square miles of Pacific Ocean. The middle of the week, weather conditions permitting, we are again going to attempt a flight in the Condor multi-motored plane. On our trip two weeks ago ..... We now return you to civilization."

Three blasts of the "Jacob Rupert's" whistle and the howling of berg filled polar waters gives way to the crash of New York jazz sent to the Byrd men for their amusement. This is the 1934 version of American polar exploration. It is quite different from the Ross trip in 1841. God bless the Americans! Their version is astonishing, macabre, naïve, the very stuff of romance and excellent material for manufacturing adjectives.

But what about the facts? It is perfectly true that a weekly two way short wave radio broadcast is going on; that words and music go and come across polar wastes, tons of water and several continents; that in split seconds wireless messages are sent to newspapers to tell of new discoveries or of old difficulties with fog, and storm and ice. It is also true that when Little America is reached, broadcasting will be facilitated by "directional" instruments which will make the pick-up easier. No less true is the fact that sixteen scientists representing such varied fields as physics, oceanography, eteorology, geology and biology are with the expedition, and ready to carry on their studies. Particular attention will be given to the cosmic rays that are now arresting attention in all parts of the scientific world. But the present expedition is merely carrying on the work of 1929-30 so that another "three or four volumes" of scientific knowledge can be added to the world's library. And it is also true, and but just to say that the expedition is supported not alone by King Corporation but by the National Geographic Society and the federated women's clubs.

I have chosen to speak of Antartic rather than Arctic exploration because work is now going on in the Pacific quadrant, and because this work affords ground for several observations interesting if not profound. The first thing that deserves attention is the co-operation of big business and science. That co-operation helped make possible not alone the expedition but many of our colleges and universities. Second, the spread of geographic knowledge has given man such confidence in himself that Seas of Darkness and Edges of the World are no more. Not even the perpetually cold, purple twilight of the stratosphere can start a bird, beast or *legene.* Third, the scientific instruments that are used on the expedition, air-cameras, sun compass, radio, and the special navigation and exploration tools used by each of the sixteen scientists are examples of practical and applied science that are astonishing.

They are the tools whereby the air is mapped, flying lanes established, polar wastes traversed by snowmobiles. They make it possible for examined and tested submarines to go under Arctic ice and planes to fly over those two regions where all meridians meet, where there is neither today, tomorrow nor yesterday. All Hail to modern polar exploration and explorers! Such exploration is scientific, peaceful, glorious, inspiring and instantaneous for those who "listen in."

DOROTHY MAHLER.

THE CITY AT SUNSET

Like witch castles of fairyland
Where spells are wrought and evil planned,
The massive buildings towering stand!
Coal black they are against a sky
Which has been dipped in crimson dye!
And in the bay, the waters lie—

The limpid waters, calm, and bright
With the heaven's reflected light,
On whose surface, day and night
The magic ocean steamers ply—
On whose breast small islands lie,
Black shadows, as the night draws nigh!

The sea grows black, the red skies fade,
Bright lights gleam from those castles staid—
No witches' place—just a city man-made!

HARRIET A. VARRELL.

The strongest are the fairest—those who know
Man's heritage of fear, yet scorn to read
Life's message writ in tears, for human need
Drives us to reap that which we did not sow.

Honour to those who, clear-eyed, dare to go
Beyond the bounds of circumstance and creed.
Who, still believing, make their thought their deed,
And by their actions honest reverence show.

Out of the dying embers sparks ascend;
Each in its turn glows wanly and departs,
Soaring unnumbered in the midnight sky—
And who shall say of death: it is the end,
While our great soul shall kindle live men's hearts?—
Look up! the flames of dawn are mounting high!

WILLIAM MARTINDELL, '34.

MUSIC FOR ME

MUSIC is something which is never captured, never possessed, either by you, my musician, who draws the sound from your instrument or by me who hears it quivering for a moment in my soul and then fading into nowhere. Music comes; it vanishes; it comes again, but it is always out of reach.

It arouses in me as many fancies as there are notes. Somehow this music filled with allegrettos and crescendos is not a wealth of harmonious chords and sounds, but beauty and love, or sadness vibrating through me and leaving me lost. Sometimes, as I listen, I close my eyes and jumble my hair all together with my hand. Often when the sound ceases and I open my eyes, the tears come tumbling down. I see the crowd of people around me and silently wish it were possible to creep up upon the music, hide behind a tree, or crouch on the fold of a curtain and listen unobserved. Other times, the music tingles all through me with so much life and happiness and color that I find it a hard task to keep my seat as a civilized young lady should.

The rhythm dances in my finger tips. I see figures tripping over soft yellow green grass. They dance, and I dance with them till, on a sudden, they vanish into purple twilight. I open my eyes upon the concert hall and press my hands to my ears to block out the crack of the clapping hands. It is then that it seems to me unnecessary to applaud. Surely if a master with his music can arouse a tear or make you smile with half closed eyes, he is greatly rewarded. If music is great, it will always be great without a din of noise to thrust it home to people's senses. I need no poking in the ribs to bid me appreciate such beauty.

Let me follow after this beauty as I will to strive to capture its inmost secret. Let it follow after me as it will also, and reveal to me something living and forever lovely.

GEORGIA GREENE, '34.

L'ESPÉRANCE

La grêle rude tombe sur le monde
Du ciel immense tout gris de fer!
Partout se couche la neige profonde,
Et le vent dur souffle froid sur la mer.

Nonobstant que la Nature soit morne
Et que toute la terre semble sombre,
L'hiver triste ne sera pas sans borne;
Bientôt le printemps chassera l'ombre.

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

ON DEBATING

DEBATE is generally considered a pleasant combination of disciplined thought and expression; indeed, as one of the studies that "serve for delight, for ornament, and for display of ability." In debating, it is necessary to *select* facts, to *judge* them, and to *arrange* them according to their relative importance. For these things, first the facts must be known, and in searching them out, the debater acquires knowledge that is especially useful since subjects for debate are commonly current topics for conversation as well; and people are perceiving that not to be able to converse is to be obliged to walk alone. These three requirements, then,—selection, judgment, and arrangement—help him to realize the depth of things, to understand that nothing is superficial unless he looks at it superficially.

Having built his house he must sell it. Proceed gently! for buyers are sceptics. Some in his audience are prejudiced against him because he is about to defend the opposite of their opinion; others have formed no opinion and must be interested and won over; some perhaps agree with him, and of course they have reasons; if he fails to mention those reasons, they will think him inadequate, saying to themselves with the Frenchman, "It is better to be silent than inadequate." For this sea of sceptics, he has prepared himself to spread the compounded oil of persuasion, wit, and readiness. Persuasion he exercises throughout; wit and readiness he displays in refutation and rebuttal.

If the debater is interested in his hearers, they are no less interested in him. They get as much delight, almost, out of a debate as he himself does, and for almost the same reason. Listening to a dispute, we profit from the labor of another, and yet please him if we do so; we too are educated, broadened, and impressed by the life in deep waters.

At the same time, we inwardly weigh and evaluate the arguments of the affirmative and the negative sides; we have the pleasure of judging at our ease, and should the official judges decide as we have, we feel a certain pleasant satisfaction, and tell ourselves that it is a fine thing to be alert and so to enjoy the pleasures of a judge without his pains. But if the judges differ from us, we feel a delightful mild glow of indignation and scorn, and wonderfully excite ourselves in boring others as we defend the losers.

HARRY MORTON JOHNSON, '35.

TALENT NIGHT

FOLLOWING a short and impressive opening address of welcome by Mr. Cleveland, the Talent Night entertainment was given before an audience that filled the Edward W. Quinn Auditorium. Despite the most unpleasant weather a large audience awaited the curtain call on both nights. As a result, the Welfare Fund which has been established by the teachers benefited greatly.

Talent Night was successful, not only financially but socially. The performances of our youthful actors and actresses merit much admiration. The audience was quick to note the talent, and showed its appreciation frequently throughout the entire performance.

Humor prevailed in the sketch "On the Bus," while grace lent charm to the "Viennese Waltz." Such rhythm as we noted in those "Tantalizing Terpsichorean Tidbits" by the youthful Fred Astaires! Popular tunes of the day, and songs of long ago were but a few of the highlights of the enjoyable entertainment. Many graduates, in keeping with the Cambridge Latin spirit, were present and lent color to this gay affair.

The dancing that followed in the Alfred Lassman Gymnasium was an added feature that found great favor with those who cared to trip the light fantastic. Verily they did trip—usually over somebody else. The music of Fay O'Donnell and his orchestra was a decided hit, and they are due to be heard again in school affairs. Happy are we in the knowledge that Cambridge High and Latin School is endowed with so much talent as that which graced the stage on this occasion.

JOHN MORAN.

ATHLETIC NOTES

FOOTBALL

Werner Neudorf, hard-charging linesman, succeeded "Al" Maguire to the captaincy of the Cambridge Latin football team. Coach Sheehan and Capt. Neudorf will have Stankunas, Spartachino, O'Brien, Nichols, Mahoney, and Coady as the nucleus with which to build a winning eleven next fall.

WHO'S WHO

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS—1933-1934

President

My, my! Eleanor Holmgren, that beauteous and clever young woman from room 77, has been elected president of the Senior class. However, as the first girl ever to hold that high office in the history of C. H. L. S., she really does take her honors modestly.

Eleanor is extremely popular, and just as dignified as she is popular. She believes in treating animals kindly, and absolutely will not tolerate any harsh treatment of them. Miss Holmgren is a very able person, and should make an excellent president for the class of 1934.

Vice President

For vice president the Senior class has chosen Leila Larsen, who, when she isn't laughing or giggling, is always smiling. Yet, the fact that she is the only one of last year's junior officers who has been re-elected would seem to indicate that her classmates approve of her continued good humor.

Miss Larsen is a graduate of none other than that renowed institution of lower learning, the Houghton school. She is intensely interested in sports. Which one, you ask? Tiddley Winks.

I do not know what her future plans are, but it has been rumored that she aspires to become a dignified and serious matron in a boarding school for girls. Good luck to you, Leila.

Treasurer

The Seniors have chosen for their treasurer an outstanding example of fine American youth in the person of Joseph Fleming of Observatory Hill and parts unknown. He served on the Junior ring committee last year, and is the only male officer of his class.

Mr. Fleming is a recognized authority on finance, and considers that capitalism is perhaps the best system of economics existing, provided it does not run counter to the laws of morality.

Next year, when he attends Georgetown University, he will engage in athletics, and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will achieve national fame in that line. The class of 1934 is to be congratulated on its fine choice.

Secretary

Well, well! A very demure and studious miss is secretary of the Senior class—Marie McGloin.

Miss McGloin is fond of meditating on such subjects as psychology and sociology. She is an ardent devotee of the motion picture, and particularly delights in the fine and distinguished acting of the inimitable Mickey Mouse.

Marie is a fine judge of character, and admires honesty in anyone. She has all the talents necessary for success in administering her office, and will serve her class well.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS—1933-1934

President

William R. Skelley, that very promising young man of the Cambridge Skelleys, has been elected president of the junior class.

Willie is a prominent member of several junior political organizations, and already has the bearing and fine speaking voice of a politician. In the field of sports, his tastes run to managing, for which he has all the necessary requisites, and more besides.

His favorite saying is, "America for me. Hail Skelley!" However, he is a very democratic person, and will make a fine leader for his class.

Vice President

Miss Dorothy Cummings, that blonde young woman of the Cummings, Branscombe, Atchison, Hooker, and Stratton group, has been chosen vice president of the Junior Class.

Dorothy is an active person who is interested in sports generally, and in dancing particularly. She is a noted amateur genealogist, and finds great delight in delving into her ancestral archives, and reading about the great deeds of her forefathers.

She intends to become a business woman, and will be aided very much in that endeavor by her honest, natural, and charming personality.

Treasurer

For treasurer, the Juniors have chosen Evariste Shea, the far-famed *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of C. H. L. S.

In the case of Evariste, the saying, "Like father, like son," is certainly to the point, for while he guards the funds (?) of the Juniors, his father protects the city coffers. He is interested in machinery, and claims to have invented a gadget which will revolutionize the automobile industry.

It is said that he will become a dentist. For the greater benefit of his class, may he have as much success extracting dues from reluctant students as he hopes to have extracting teeth.

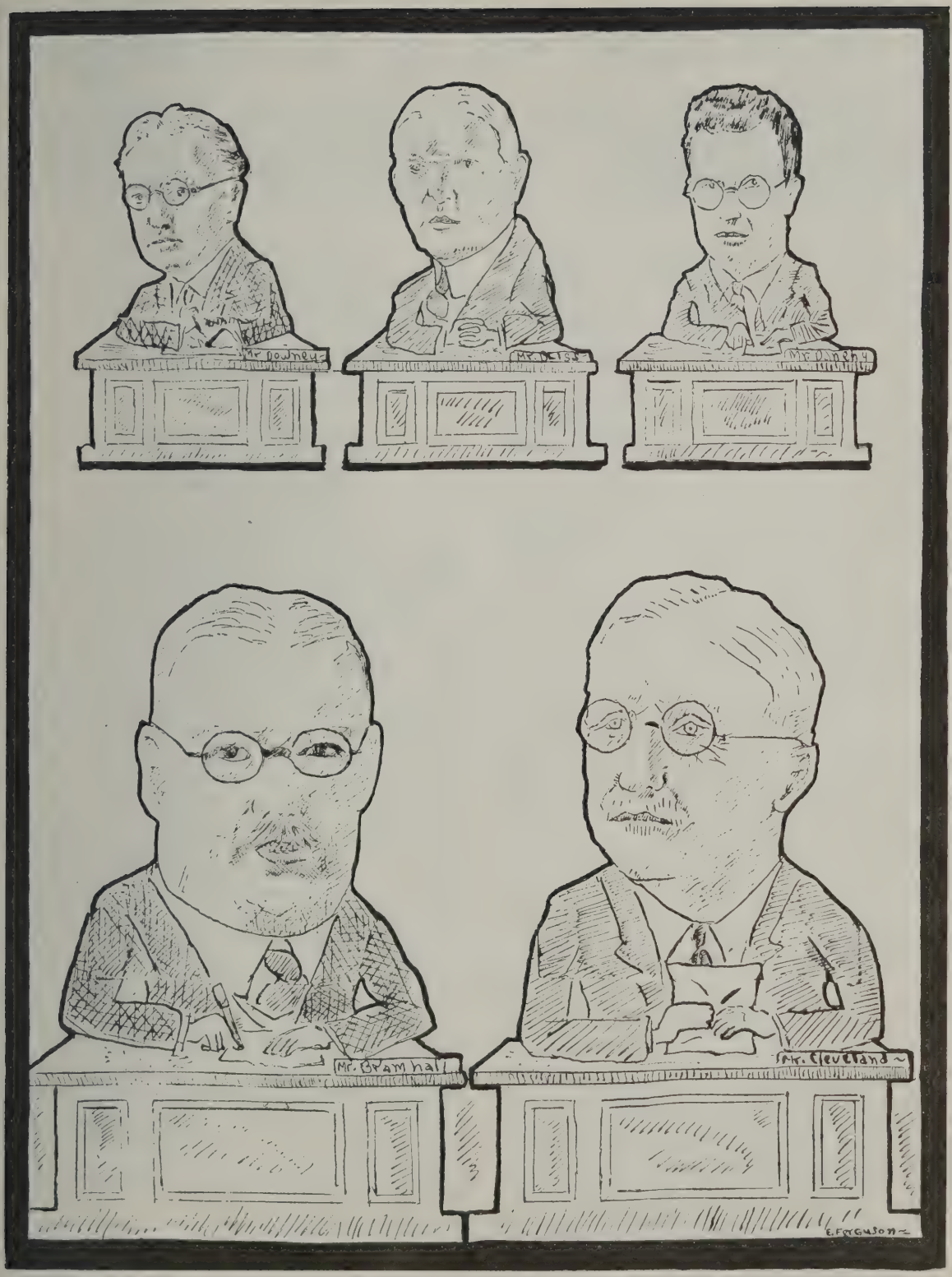
Secretary

Dear me! The Juniors have certainly chosen a gay young miss in the person of Margaret L. Mahoney for their secretary.

Miss Mahoney is a blithe young woman who will play with anything from an elastic to a doll-carriage. She prefers ordinary foods to delicate foods; such dishes as roast beef and pork and potatoes appeal to her; she scorns dainty French dishes with fruit cocktails on the side.

She favors cancellation of war debts and the adoption of a bi-metallic system of currency. Certainly, she will be a success in her new office.

BERNARD BARBER, '35.


Mr Lowney
Mr Bliss
Mr Danehy
Mr. Bramhall
Mr. Cleveland
E. Ferguson

Review=ing Books

YESTERDAY'S BURDENS

By Robert M. Coates

Macaulay, 1933

THIS novel is squarely in the center of the modern experimental path—a path broad enough to accommodate "Ulysses." Fated to be overlooked or judged "queer" by the general reader, "Yesterday's Burdens" will excite the attention of those who are more interested in whither the novel is going than in whence it has come.

For the benefit of those who might object that his book is not a novel at all, Author Coates declares that his aim is to give us a long essay discussing a novel that he might possibly write, with fragments of the narrative inserted here and there, by way of illustration. The story has three endings. The reader is left with the impression that any or all of them are true, and that it hardly matters. What does matter is the way Coates handles his cunningly patterned "narrative." Each of the four sections introduces a theme sentence and develops this simple melody into complex harmonies and discords.

Unlike those modern writers who attempt to present a picture of reality, undistorted by the lens of a personal style, Coates gives the picture in his own style. His reality is consequently very personal, and to that extent limited. It is a respectably authentic picture of life which he shows, but a very literary life. "Yesterday's Burdens" is a "tour de force," a picturization of the dust and heat of our day.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA

By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall

Little, Brown, 1934

"MEN AGAINST THE SEA" is the continuation of the tale of the "Bounty." This second part of the story, or serial, is an open yet circumstantial account of what happened to Captain Bligh and his men when the mutineers cast them off in an open boat in mid-Pacific .The final part, "Pitcairn's Island" will be published this autumn.

The temperate technique of the novel tends toward one aim and that is to indicate with definite and exacting proof the unquestioned mettle of Captain Bligh. Time and time again, when the authors bring forward the great courage of the hero, all our previous prejudices vanish into the cruel, desolate, warm waters of the Pacific. Consequently, with such reactions as these, this thoroughly enjoyable novel is sure to be read with avid interest. Without uncertainty, any critic should class this tale of the "Bounty" as an excellent production.

ONE MORE RIVER

By John Galsworthy

Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933

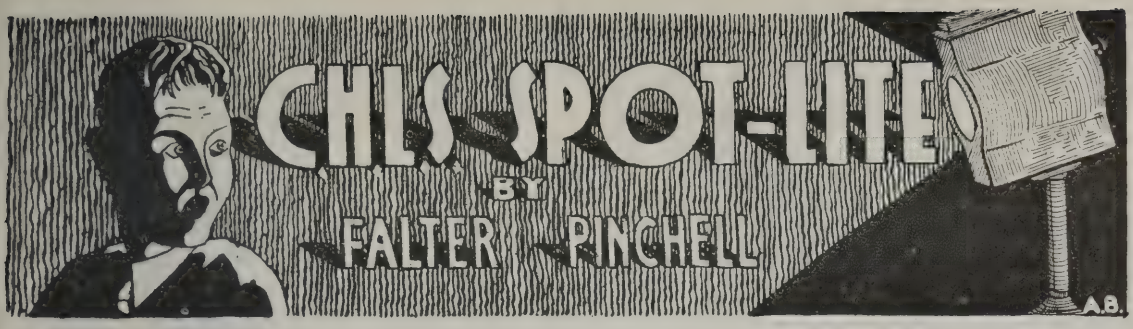
AS usual, Mr. Galsworthy gives us a brilliant novel, which he completed six months before his death. In "One More River" a genuine and happy conclusion is brought to the story of "Dinny" Charwell, the most vivacious and completely realized of all Galsworthy heroines. The novel is one of strong emotions, dramatic situations, and continuous action, from the beginning in which Clare, Dinny's sister, flees to England from a sadist husband, to the conclusion when Dinny gains contentment.

The contrasting romances of the two sisters, each working out of the shadow into the light, are set against the background of modern English society which the author knew so well and portrayed with so much sympathy and penetration. The work truly brings to clear view, the trials of the younger generation during depression, yet there is a slight vein of sarcasm which expresses the sentiments of those same young people toward the present form of government.

With an appropriate mixture of tragedy and comedy, there is to be found in the book a certain, intangible creation of extraordinary description which greatly adds to the charm of the story. Naturally, with such a combination, there is never a dull moment or the slightest lack of interest.

Therefore, if recommendation need be given, we heartily endorse the late John Galsworthy's "One More River."

WILLIAM W. CURRIE, '34.



The perpetual freshman says:

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

But the senior remarks:

Scintillate, scintillate luminous constellation
Interrogatively I question your constituent elements
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestial sphere
Similar to a carboneous isnotic suspended in a celestial firmament.

Hail comrades, and fellow workers: . . . What will this school be like if Hurvitz is elected president of the Reds, and Hoffman continues to run for P. G. Dictator? . . . Leila Larson, the girl with that cheery hello . . . Cutting class during mid-years wasn't the best thing to do, Joseph O'Neill. . . . Russell McPhee's favorite outdoor sport hunting for dancing classes. . . . Bill Skinner seen taking a pile of books home—We hope you study 'em. . . . An encore from Helen Cooper, the radio star. . . . Frank Barry is usually the centre of a crowd . . . and not books. . . . The girl with a new hat each day, Fay Mowery. . . . Wonder what that beaming smile of Dot Cummings' hides. . . . When will Larry Mullin satisfy his secret ambition? . . . Act your age, Barbara Woodfin and don't creep. . . . Why does Frank Coady always say "Come back at 12?" . . . A freshman admirer has started eating spinach so that he can grow big and tall like Joe Johnson. . . . Playing the fiddle takes up much of Joe Fleming's time now. . . . Speaking of music, the accordion holds no secrets from Victoria Hacian. . . . Girls. . . . That handsome young gentleman is Lincoln Hansen of C.H.L.S. . . . Why does Joseph Manley keep that cake of Lifebuoy in his desk? . . . Mabel Newell, reading magazines in school is O.K. if you don't get caught. . . . Don Regan eats his lunch during the second lunch period and makes everybody hungry. . . . You bad man! . . . Roller skating to school has at last come to pass. . . . George Harastiris is the owner of the pair. . . . The fellow that is never beaten in a battle of wits, Pierre Dubé . . . Joe Lincoln still insists that his gash over the eye was caused by a flying puck. . . . But we know better. . . . Everybody calls Beatrice Rubin, "Babs" . . . Dick Babish rawther likes that "Hello Richard" he hears every so often. . . . Is zat soooooooo—. . . . Well, Edward Rogers won't leave school for at least two weeks. . . . He has to use all his car checks first. . . . Letters. . . .

My dear Fallie!

U don't suppose, you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?

Doing Nothing

Dear Doing Nothing:

Yes, I don't.

Dear Falter Pinchell:

Whenever I butter a piece of bread it falls on the floor, always on the side that is buttered. Can you help me?

Troubled.

Dear Troubled:

The remedy for this is simple. First drop the bread on the floor and see what side it falls on. Then butter the other side.

Falter Pinchell.

Dear Falter Pinchell:

Every time that I want to go out at night I am worried as to what I should say. Will you please help me?

Staying In.

Dear Staying In:

Since you do not state the class of which you are a member, I offer the following advice:

Freshman—May I go out?
Sophomore—I'll be back at ten.
Junior—I'll be home late.
Senior—Leave the key under the mat.
P. G.—I'll be home for breakfast.

Falter Pinchell.

Dear Falter Pinchell:

I wish to congratulate you on the excellent column which you write. Everyone thinks you are clever. You entertain us.

Sol Kaufman, '34.

G. A. A.

IN the short time that has passed since the last issue of the Review, many important events have taken place in the G. A. A.

At the Christmas Party, which was held in the hall December 22, at 3:00 o'clock, we were entertained by musical numbers as well as by dancing solos. We were pleased because of the presence of Miss Ann Currie, a former G. A. A. member, who played and sang Christmas Carols. Dear old Santa, who was there also, gave a small gift to every member present.

On Friday evening, January 5th, the G. A. A. held its annual Girl Dance, and if we judge by appearances it was an overwhelming success. The lower classmen, with their vim and vigor aided us in "pepping up" the party. Miss Brown, Miss Lovett, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Russell acted as patronesses. 'Mid the group of past officers attending the dance, we saw: "Bunny" O'Hearn, Gertrude Burns, Ruth Hibbard, Marjorie Lynch, and Marjorie O'Dell. The committees in charge of the affair were: Decoration Committee, Alice Tibbetts, Jeanette Alpern, Marie Aspey, Mabel Nobel, and Genevieve Doherty; Refreshments: Rita Navarro, Frances Fleming, Agnes Benkoski, Doris Long, and Frances Farmer.

On January 12th, the senior, junior, and sophomore basketball teams met the corresponding teams from Arlington High. The Arlington girls, who displayed excellent skill, returned home victors over our senior and junior teams. We won but one game. The assurance, spirit, and unruffled nerves of the sophomores, helped them to win with a final score 19 to 4.

The sophomores were successful in defeating the seniors in the first game for the interscholastic championship which was held January 17th. Aside from the fact that the seniors were compelled to play without a side center, both teams were evenly matched. The score was 31-20.

The next game between the above mentioned teams took place January 26th. The sophomores won after a very tight game. The score was 13-10. This is the first year that a sophomore team has won the championship. Congratulations, sophomores!

The line-up was as follows:

SENIORS	SOPHOMORES
M. McDonough, jc	jc, E. Mullin
A. Tibbetts, sc	sc, E. Bisson
B. Sheridan, rf	rf, M. Picawitcz
A. Benkoski, M. Rymsha, lf,	M. Downes, D. Phillips
L. Larson, rg	rg, E. Coady
E. Postell, J. Ciampi, lg	lg, F. Ritvo

Our next game was played on Wednesday, February 7th. At this game only the senior and junior teams played, as Waltham had no sophomore team. The games resulted with victory for the juniors, and defeat for the seniors. The scores were: Waltham Seniors, 11; Cambridge Seniors, 6; Waltham Juniors, 14; Cambridge Juniors, 24.

On Tuesday afternoon January 23 the G. A. A. held a swimming meet in the Y. M. C. A. pool. Edith Coady of the sophomore class won first place in the race with Catherine Fahey and Irene McGrath tied for second place. The diving contest was won by Cora Grey. Catherine Fahey was second with Mary Corcoran and Evelyn Bisson tied for third place.

On January 24th our basketball teams met those from Belmont. This time we were more successful in our efforts as we won all three games. The Belmont girls were very good players and throughout the afternoon they displayed a fine sense of sportsmanship. The scores were seniors 15-12, juniors 17-15, sophomores 18-1.

Our latest dance was the annual Boy Dance which was held on February 2 in the Alfred Lassman Gymnasium. A large number attended, and it seemed that a good time was had by all. The music for the evening was furnished by Jack Fay's orchestra.

The ushers, Barbara Sheridan, Ruth Burns, Corrine Donnelly, Arlene Hawkings, and Veronica Serrafin were headed by Mary Hayes. The Refreshment Committee consisted of Ruth Burns, Josephine Ciampi, and Barbara Sheridan. The pleasant task of decorating was delegated to Eileen Mahady, Corrine Donnelly, Grace Donnelly and Betty Sullivan. The Checking was in charge of Agnes Benkoski, who was capably assisted by Alice Gerard and Frances Ritvo.

Miss Connelly, Miss Brown, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Hagerty, Mr. Toomey and Mr. Cunningham honored us with their presence at the dance, and served as patrons and patronesses.

ALICE TIBBETTS, '34.

Senior Drama

ON Friday, February 16, the curtain closed on one of the best Senior dramas ever presented by the Cambridge High and Latin School. However, it is only natural that the drama should be good, with such a person as Miss Hartigan as director.

The 1934 Senior Drama, "Buddies" by George V. Hobart is an entertaining comedy concerning a squad of American soldiers billeted at the house of Madame Benoit, somewhere in Brittany, shortly after the signing of the Armistice. How the soldiers saved Julie, the French girl, from marrying the hateful Alphonse Pettibois, by exposing him as a "dirty white-livered dog," and how the web of misunderstanding and unfortunate circumstances woven around the four confused lovers was unravelled after some moments of suspense and not a few minutes of comedy, was well revealed by the commendable acting of the 1934 senior class Thespians.

Miss Eleanor Holmgren, the leading lady, portrayed the part of the emotional and lovable French girl to perfection, infusing into it a vibrant and most pleasing personality. The leading man, Harold Bowers, did a great piece of work in his characterization of Sonny, the unselfish soldier, who risked his own happiness in love by protecting Julie from Pettibois. He carried his part through with zest and vigor. Raymond Wells' portrayal of the bashful lover, Babe, was most praiseworthy; for, indeed, it was a difficult part to portray. Harold Johnson certainly gave a definite characterization in his skillful handling of the part of Buddy, the tough individual who "mislaid his parents when he wasn't old enough to know their faces." Madame Benoit, the mother, was very well played by Harriet Varrell, who showed a deep understanding of the part. Gertrude Brooks and Mary Terzian were "charmant" as the two little French girls who brought comfort to their mother's heart and joy to the soldiers. John Whoriskey is to be congratulated for his outstanding portrayal of the bold, bad villian, who was constantly reminding himself that he was "a gentleman, always a gentleman." Martha McCarthy was splendid as the sophisticated American girl, Louise Maitland, who arrived at Madame Benoit's house just at the wrong time. James McCormick as the Jewish soldier, Abie, was great. Every time he spoke the audience laughed. Henry Rogers played the part of the tough sergeant, Biff, whose memory for faces saved Madame Benoit and her family from much trouble. Walter Cummings displayed his histrionic ability in the scene where he received the news of his mother's death. Many in the audience were sniffling at the end of this dramatic scene. Johnny, one of the soldiers, was played by Paul Stressenger in a manner that left no doubt of his tender-heartedness and understanding of the great pride the French women take in upholding the honor of their dead. Herbert Kubli was well cast as the neat looking orderly who did his work in a very military fashion.

The musical scores were enthusiastically received by the audience. The outstanding ones were "Fairy Tales" as sung by Miss Eleanor Holmgren and "Hello Home" as rendered by almost the entire cast. Mr. Freni should be congratulated for his well written orchestrations of all the numbers.

The drama committee under the excellent chairmanship of Alice Tibbetts performed their many duties exceptionally well, for the soldiers did seem to get enough to eat, the mail arrived with the chocolate cake and cigarettes, and above all many tickets were sold. The Class of 1934 can well be proud of its Senior Drama.

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HOCKEY

LATIN 4 STONEHAM 1

PROBABLY the most promising sextet in Cantab history ushered in the Suburban League ice season by subduing a speedy Stoneham outfit 4-1 on the Garden surface.

Latin's crack first line of Capt. Rooney, Desrosiers, and Vinnicombe experienced little difficulty in sifting through the fairly formidable Stoneham outer-defence with the Stoneham goalie's brilliant exhibition alone saving his mates from a rout.

Latin's defence pair consisting of the burly Anderson and the colorful "Johnnie" Spartachino, on the other hand, were impassable breaking up the Stoneham assaults with such almost monotonous success that Gomes, Latin custodian, was not called upon to make more than a half dozen stops.

Our championship-aspirants wasted little time in scoring. Capt. Rooney fittingly enough, accounted for the initial tally, blasting in Desrosiers rebound, as the clock showed but one minute of progress. The flashy "Red" Desrosiers, before another moment had elasped, knocked the puck once more past the annoyed Prescott with Vinnicombe assisting.

Latin's hopes for a runaway match were dispelled by the rangy Prescott however, for during the following twenty-six minutes, he was unbeatable, with his brilliant saves frequently drawing the applause of the crowd. In the second period Mahoney of Stoneham intercepted a pass out and slid the puck under the out-diving Gomes for the lone Stoneham tally.

Kale Vinnicombe, early in the third period, clinched the contest for Latin, shooting the puck from a seemingly impossible angle past Prescott. Spartachino. whose dynamic rushes are reminiscent of the unfortunate "Eddie" Shore's, contributed the most dazzling individual play of the day in stickhandling his way through the whole Stoneham outfit to register the final point.

STONEHAM	CAMBRIDGE
Roach, (McCarthy, Gross), lw	rw, Desrosiers, (Buckley)
Bennett, (Mahoney, McDonough), c	c, Rooney, (Crowley)
Breagy, (Dolan, Downes), rw	lw, Vinnicombe, (Boudreau, Nagel)
Scully, (Coughlin), lr	rd, Anderson (Ronzio)
Brooks (King), rd	ld, Spartachino, (Sawicki)
Prescott, g	g, Gomes

MEDFORD 0 C.H.L.S. 2

Cambridge Latin's brilliant array of puck-chasers, continuing their march for titular honors, shut out their capable Medford rivals 2-0 in a hard fought match at the Boston Garden. Ten penalties were meted out by the cautious referees in the rather spirited clash, the result of which permitted our boys to become sole occupants of first place.

"Cowboy" Crawley, who relieves faltering members of the first line, dug the puck out of a mad scramble in front of the Medford net to produce the goal that was sufficient to spell victory for the Cantabs.

The first period was a thriller with each outfit alternately shorthanded and with neither being able to capitalize. Buzzel, Medford guardian, shaped up as a real goalie in this period kicking, diving, and blocking whizzing rubbers with the finish and technique of a professional.

Late in the second period John Spartachino on one of his characteristic spectacular dashes sank the second counter; driving through the defense and backhanding the disc into the nets.

In registering the initial shutout of the season, Gomes appeared capable, though owing to his iron clad defense he rarely had to face anything more difficult than speedy shots from outside the blue line.

The graceful "Red" Desrosiers what with his back-checking talents, adroit stickhandling, and dazzling speed, appeared to be the vital cog in the Cantab machine.

ARLINGTON 0 LATIN 3

Latin, disposing of a real obstacle in its championship path, skated to a 3-0 decision over her Arlington foes.

Arlington, with its two stellar veteran defense stars, Lane and Collins, provided rugged opposition throughout.

However, where the sheer fury and speed of the Latin attack enabled it occasionally to pass the brilliant Arlington pair, the highly-touted

Spy Pond forward lines found Spartachino, Vinnicombe and Anderson virtually impassable.

In a thrilling opening session featured by vigorous body-checking, Arlington held our attack to a standstill. The big boys, Lane and Collins, were crashing our players with more than the necessary amount of energy and vehemence. However, the schoolboys, setting an example which their more experienced professional friends would do well to emulate, kept their heads at all times.

The second period saw Anderson, previously neglected as an offensive threat, leap suddenly into prominence with the Arlington defense concentrating on Spartachino. After dribbling skillfully through the whole Arlington outfit, he slid the puck over to Desrosiers who feinted the goalie out of position, and then whipped the puck into the cords. A few minutes later an even more brilliant solo by "Billy" resulted in the second score.

Desrosiers concluded the scoring in the final period, tallying after a sparkling dash the length of the rink.

Capt. Rooney and "Cowboy" Crawley, although not figuring in the scoring, stood out by virtue of their play-making and poke-checking propensities.

LATIN 2 RINDGE 0

Latin, keeping its record slate unsmirched from defeat or tie, edged their foes from across the street 2-0 in the feature attraction at the Boston Garden.

Two thunderous shots from "Billy" Anderson's wrist provided the slender margin of victory as Rindge, playing with the tenacity and stubbornness that is characteristic of them in our "traditional battles," supplied strong opposition.

The first eight minutes saw Latin do everything but score, passing and skating their way to numerous scoring opportunities that were discounted either by their own feeble drives or Kramer's brilliance in the Rindge net. Anderson, sturdy defenseman, in the ninth minute of play, with Rindge short-handed, blazed the disc past the agile Kramer to dissolve the scoreless deadlock.

Rindge held its own on attack in the second period, forcing Gomes, Latin's stellar guardian, to make a number of fairly difficult stops. Rindge also exhibited a defense that gave the spectacular Desrosiers, his play-making center, Capt. "Ed" Rooney, and the clever "Cowboy" Crawley or Kale Vinnicombe on the other wing, more than a little difficulty in piercing.

"Red" Desrosiers, early in the final period, started the play that finished with Anderson unleashing a terrific shot that sizzled its way past Kramer. Rindge, skating furiously for the remainder of the contest, with George Desrosiers, Britt, and Callahan in the leading roles gave Gomes and the crowd plenty of action and thrills.

Although the game was hardly one to embellish the Latin goal scored column, it did serve to demonstrate that in Gomes, Latin really has a capable, workmanlike performer, and accordingly to bolster Latin hopes for their looming crucial tests with Newton and Melrose.

RINDGE		LATIN
Sousa, (Skinner), lw	.... rw,	Desrosiers, (Buckley)
Desrosiers, (Collins), c	..... c,	Rooney, (Crawley)
Britt, (Callahan), rw	lw,	Vinnicombe, (Chaisson, Crawley and Boudreau)
Donabed, ld	..... rd,	Anderson
Callahan, (Britt), rd	..... ld,	Spartachino
Kramer, (Manning), g.	..... g,	Gomes

LATIN 1 NEWTON 0

Cambridge Latin virtually clinched the Suburban League championship by downing a fast and aggressive Newton sextet 1-0.

A near capacity crowd, possibly the largest in schoolboy annals in this vicinity, saw a smart Latin team score a goal midway in the second period, and then, playing strictly defensive hockey for the remainder of the battle, cling tenaciously to its slender but monumental lead.

"Red" Desrosiers, spark plug of the Latin attack, took a well timed pass from "Cowboy" just over the blue line and whistled the puck into the nets for the goal that should bring Latin its initial hockey championship.

In the first period Vinnicombe's penalty was the signal for a concerted Newton attack with Gomes rising to stellar heights in keeping his citadel inviolate. A spectacular diving stop featured his grand goal-tending display.

With Latin dominating play in the second session Woodward, Newton's crack guardian was almost invincible, the sole goal representing the entire product of the Latin offensive efforts.

In a wild final period, Newton continually sent five man raids up the ice. Penalties weakened Latin's defense, and her opponents banged away with renewed vigor at the Latin goal. Dark, curly-haired John Gomes alone remained cool as he handled the blistering shots the frenzied Newtonites rained on him with the facility and ease of a "big leaguer." An ear-splitting yell from the Cantab section greeted the final bell.

NEWTON		LATIN
Green, (Thackeray, Hovey), lw	rw,	Desrosiers, (Chaisson, Buckley)
Griffin, (Butterfield), c	..... c,	Rooney, (Crawley)
Waters, (McLeod), rw	.. lw,	Vinnicombe, (Crawley)
Castoldi, ld	..... rd,	Anderson
Johnson, (Hallet), rd	..... ld,	Spartachino
Woodward, g	..... g,	Gomes

MELROSE 2 LATIN 1

A phenomenally fast Melrose upset Latin, 2-1; shattering Latin's dream of an undefeated season

but not affecting our top position in the race. Melrose, a potentially great team with unlimited possibilities unfortunately, "found itself" against us.

Boasting two complete forward lines, Melrose wore Latin's resistance down by its sheer sustained speed. However solace may be gleaned from the fact that both goals were gained when Latin was playing shorthanded

The body check was employed with telling effect in a rugged first period. The schoolboy audience shouted gleefully as the virulent defensemen spilled their rival gladiators all over the surface. Capt. Rooney's opening tally really ignited the Melrose firecracker. Following our clever captain's score, Melrose, blinding everyone, seemingly, but Gomes with the celerity and deceptiveness of her attack, finally tied the score with seconds remaining.

The middle session was comparatively slow; both outfits reluctant "to open up." Apparently content with the tie and division of points, Latin was shocked early in the third period when Swain's shot, from the right-wing boards beyond the blue line bounced flukily past the anguished Gomes. "Red" Desrosiers led a dangerous, feverish, but vain attack for the remainder of the contest as Melrose, covering close, and checking hard, was not to be denied of its signal victory. Although losing, Latin's Desrosiers was easily the outstanding player on the ice. Carpenter, Thiverge, Foster, De Coste, and Swain figured prominently in the Melrose triumph.

BELMONT 1 LATIN 4

Coach Jack Culhane, in his second year at the helm, has guided Cambridge Latin to her initial ice championship. Whether the present titular incumbents are the classiest to ever sport the red and white on the frozen surface is a matter for conjecture, some claiming that the 1920-21 outfit on which Mr. Culhane himself starred, is most worthy of that rating. But it is an established fact that this is the very first Cantab sextet ever to annex undisputed top honors.

Although team-play was at all times, emphasized during the season's course, Latin's galaxy of stars could not be submerged. Desrosiers, who was this year to the league what George Ford was last season, Spartachino, a bumping, bruising defenceman whose thrilling rushes made him a marked man, "Billie" Anderson, who possessed a rifle-like shot, the speed and deceptiveness of a wing, and who still didn't permit his defensive assignments to suffer, Capt. Rooney, a wonderful poke-checker, adept passer and inspiring leader, "Cowboy" Crawley, a gifted stickhandler and whose proficiency in back-checking caused many an enemy groan, Kale Vinnicombe, who could play wing or defense with equal facility, and who packed probably the hardest shot in the league and John Gomes, whose performance in the Newton clash gives him precedence over previous Cantab custodians, were the satellites in the Latin firmament. The ranking substitutes were Ray Chaisson, Buckley, Ronzio, Sawicki, Boudreau and Nagel.

Winding up the season with a record of six victories against but one black mark, Latin held a one point margin over the second place Newtonites.

Latin attained its objective by crushing a plucky, but decidedly inferior Belmont.

The Fordless Belmonters were formidable in the first period but faded quickly afterwards as Latin, in asserting her manifest superiority, demonstrated to the eminent satisfaction of a mob of hockey fans just why the crown rests so proudly upon her brow.

Desrosiers, Rooney, and Crawley caused the red light to flash in the second period.

"Cowboy" made it a Crawley field day by securing the final counter on one of the most masterful exhibitions of stickhandling seen in the Garden all season. Ney, Belmont forward, on a pretty play, kept Gomes from achieving his fifth blanking.

Capt. Jameson, alone rescued from the debris of last year's graduation, shone on attack for his team.

BASKETBALL

The Latin hoop quintet, jealous of the attention bestowed upon our ice heroes, displayed a brand of basketball that stamped it of definite championship calibre in trimming Brookline's previously undefeated contingent 32-15.

The complexion of the game early took on a distinct Red and White hue with our first team consisting of Dunlevy, West, Gaudet, Maguire, and Frisoli rolling up a comfortable lead. The advent of the so-called second team comprised of Alley, Lynch, Young, Montgomery, and Sullivan saw Latin forge even farther ahead.

The score at the half read 18-7.

Frisoli and Maguire left little to be desired defensively while "Limo's" seven points earned him the title of high-scorer for the day. Sullivan and Alley each contributed three field goals toward the substantial Latin total.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Name Pos.	*Gls.*	*Fls.*	*Tls.*
West, lf	1	0	2
Alley, lf	3	0	6
Gaudet, rf	2	0	4
Young, rf	1	0	2
Donlevy c	1	0	2
Lynch, c	0	0	0
Maguire, rg	0	1	1
Sullivan, rg	3	0	6
Frisoli, lg	3	1	7
Montgomery, lg	1	0	2
Totals	15	2	32

BROOKLINE HIGH

Name Pos.	*Gls.*	*Fls.*	*Tls.*
Sullivan, rg	1	2	4
Mullins, rg	0	0	0
Brown, lg	0	0	0
Casey, lg	0	0	0
Small, c	0	0	0
Crowley, lf	2	1	5
Fisher, rf	3	0	6
Totals	6	3	15

NASHUA 15 LATIN 18

Cambridge Latin slipped and glided to an 18-15 victory over Nashua at the Nashua Auditorium. The court, recently waxed for dancing, offered our boys more of a problem than their New Hampshire opponent's attack.

Latin's greater reserve strength was the principal factor in the win, with Coach Koslowski employing practically two complete teams.

The Nashuans ran up an early lead due, in great part, to our boys' inability to remain long on their feet. However, the second team composed of Montgomery, Sullivan, Lynch, Alley, and Young displayed a smoothness in their passing and a spirit in their play which figured prominently in their overcoming the Nashua lead and earning themselves an 8-8 tie at half-time.

The second half was fought on fairly even terms as the speedier Cantab attack enjoyed a one point margin with a minute of play left. Russ Gaudet brilliant sophomore forward then on an applause-provoking play simultaneously clinched the contest and knocked himself out when the slippery floor affording him no foothold, he crashed into the stage.

Maguire, a great team man, played a strong defensive game while Fred Lynch, "Larry" Sullivan, and Russ Gaudet dominated the Latin scoring, compiling between themselves sixteen of the eighteen Latin points.

NEWTON 18 LATIN 23

Cambridge Latin retained its grip on first place in the Suburban League by edging the strong Newton quintet 23-18.

Newton quickly assumed an eight point lead during the first period with Flagg's accurate shooting playing a telling part in the scoring.

As at Nashua, however, a fresh and eager second team turned the tide of battle and at half-time our boys led 13-11.

The Cantabs jumped off to a commanding lead in the early stages of the second half with a noticeable improvement in shooting featuring. A late Newton surge gave the score and contest its evenly-contested appearance.

Russ Gaudet and "Freddie" Lynch were the outstanding forwards while "Al" Maguire, Frisoli, and Montgomery contributed sparkling performances at their defensive outposts.

WOBURN 26 LATIN 14

The Cambridge High and Latin basketball team, suffering a marked letdown in form, bowed to a well-drilled Woburn quintet 26-14 at the St. Mary's Gym.

Lacking the precision in passing and accuracy in shooting that distinguished their victories over Newton, Brookline, and Nashua, Latin, nevertheless, made it a battle all the way against the sharp shooting Woburnites, headed by their rangy center, Capt. Peterson and their two brilliant forwards, Nelson and O'Brien.

Capt. "Charlie" West, with visions of the Tech Tourney undoubtedly flitting across his mind, caged two rapid-fire baskets to send his team into an early lead, which, however, the deadly, unerring shots of Nelson and O'Brien wiped out before the quarter's termination. Making their shots count, Woburn led 13-7 at half time.

Their opponents man-to-man defense becoming more and more troublesome, Latin relied chiefly on long shots in the second half. Individual efforts by West and Gaudet enabled our boys to creep up to within four points of the Woburn total. However, the undefeated Tanners, displaying the unbeatable combination of fast passing and accurate shooting, pulled away in the last quarter.

Capt. "Charlie" West, trying hard to make it four straight wins for his team, tallied seven points to take Latin high-scoring honors. Both of Russ Gaudet's baskets were examples of his unfailing under-the-basket shooting.

REVERE 16 LATIN 29

A substantial throng, attracted as much probably by the dancing afterward as by the expectation of a lively basketball encounter, discovered their representatives trailing Revere 10-9 at the half as the result of the indifferent basketball the boys had displayed.

However, Coach Koslowski, during the intermission, apparently exerted some of that mystic influence attributed to a successful coach, for his boys enjoyed a complete reversal of form during the second half in scoring 20 points to their opponents seven, and, hence, taking the contest 29-16.

The precision in passing and shooting that marks the team in winning form was conspicuously absent during the progress of the first half with the average Revere quintet leading throughout.

The whole squad without any individual blazing the way, shared in the second-half improvement. However, Gaudet, Capt. West, Maguire, Lynch, and Sullivan took whatever scoring honors there were to be secured. Edward Young popular forward and the most consistent long-shot on the outfit impressed us with his adeptness and cleverness in handling the ball.

Latin's seconds despite a valiant rally, were nosed out 26-25 although Paglevieno, right guard, accounted for nine points.

(Continued on page 24)

Ben be nimble
Ben be quick
Ben fall over the candlestick
Ben burnie.

Mary McDonough is sure there's something wrong with her radio. She says she can't get this new station NRA they're talking about.

John Davis: "That good looking Smith chap told me he is in the air service."

Herbert Sears: "Yeh, I've seen him in his uniform at a filling station putting air in tires!"

Mrs. Smith: "You're a good little boy. Do you help your mother?"

Alfred Clark: "Yes, I'm going to count the spoons after you leave."

Judge: "I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."

Wm. Skinner: "Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?"

Judge: "What do you mean?"

Skinner: "Fine today—Cooler tomorrow."

An old lady was shocked at the lurid language of two electricians who were working near her house. She went to the Electric Company and complained.

One of the two workmen was called in and asked to answer the charge.

He said: "Well, me and Bill Dawson were on this job. I was up the pole, and accidentally I let the hot lead fall on Bill. It trickled down his neck, but all he said was: "Really, Henry, you should try to be a little more careful."

McCormick: "There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."

Lawless: "Give him some bread and potatoes?"

McCormick: "But he seems to have seen better days."

Lawless: "All right, give him a napkin, too."

Paul Donovan (in crowded bus): "Has anyone lost a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?"

Chorus of voices: "Yes, I have."

Paul: "Well, I just found the rubber band."

La Scala: "How did you get into this terrible state?"

Saulnier: "They gave me twenty-four hours to get out of the last one."

John Corbett: "Your pulse is as regular as a clock."

Haverty: "It ought to be; you've got your finger on my wrist watch."

Grocer: "We have some very fine string beans today."

Anne Jenkins: "How much are they a string?"

Joe Manley: "Do you know who built the ark?"

Jim: "Naw!!"

Joe: "That's right."

English Teacher: "A burnt child dreads the fire. Now who can give me a sentence similar in meaning, but differently worded?"

Joe Fleming: "A washed child dreads the water."

Motor Salesman: "Yes, sir, of all our cars, this is the one we feel justified in pushing."

Jack Crowley: "That's no good to me. I want one to ride in."

"Somehow I get more kick out of bridge when I play opposite Kelso," said Ray Wells.

"So do I," replied Jack Gately, rubbing his shins.

Arnold Hurvitz: "A penny for your thoughts!"

Sol Kaufman: "What do you think I am, a slot machine?"

Helen Gough: "Are you a friend of the groom?"

Mrs. Smith: "Indeed, no, I'm the bride's mother."

A woman went to the bank and, not finding the cashier who usually waited on her, asked where he was.

"Out of town," said the assistant.

"Gone for a rest?" asked the customer.

"No, to avoid it," replied the clerk.

Father: "It's a good plan, my dear, always to think before you speak."

Marie McGloin: "But, dad, when I do that, the girls have changed the subject."

Joe Johnson (reading joke): "Fancy this, Percy: A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

Ray Wells: "What, digging up this street again?"

Foreman: "Sure, the contractor used to be a surgeon and it seems that three steam shovels are missing."

Visitor: "Can you tell me if Stanley Hildreth is in his home room?"

Kent Bartlett: "Sorry, there's nobody home in the top story."

Visitor: "Oh, excuse me. I'll ask someone else."

Conductor: "Next station is Long Wait Junction. Change cars for Mauch Chunk, Sqeedunk, Quakake and Podunk, Hokendaqua, Catsasaqua, and Tamaqua."

New Brakeman (at other end of car): "Same at this end."

Mr. Bramhall: "Joseph, something will have to be done about your conduct; I shall have to consult your father."

J. Connors: "Better not, Mr. Bramhall, it will cost you $10. He's a doctor."

Russell McPhee: "Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (glancing at him): "Oh, about two years."

Student: (in Mr. Bramhall's office): "Is Helen Willing here?"

Mr. B.: "She's probably willing, but I don't know where Helen is."

Teacher: "Where was Caesar killed?"

Nancy Roorbach: "On page fifteen."

Teacher (during history lesson): "Which are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?"

Joe Ronzio: "The Derby and the Grand National."

Teacher: "What is 'Rasselas'?"

John Briggs: "A correspondence book about the art of wrestling."

Miss Wait (in the hall): "All fond of music please come here."

(Instantly several boys with visions of playing in the orchestra came forward.)

"Now," she said, "you boys bring that large piano in the gym up to the hall."

Heard in Latin II

Pupil (translating): "Scouts were sent to see if the enemy marched in parts."

Gertrude Brooks: "I don't seem to be able to see the difference between plants and weeds. How do you distinguish them?"

Eleanor Goulart: "The only sure way is to uproot them. If they grow again they are weeds."

Eleanor Holmgren: "Has not fortune ever knocked at your door?"

John Canney: "He did once but I was out. Ever since he has sent his daughter."

Eleanor Holmgren: "His daughter! Who is she?"

John Canney: "Why, misfortune, of course."

Mrs. Robert Katz phoned her husband that she would call for him at the office. Not finding him there, she looked in at the barber's shop on the floor beneath.

"Bob Katz here?" she asked.

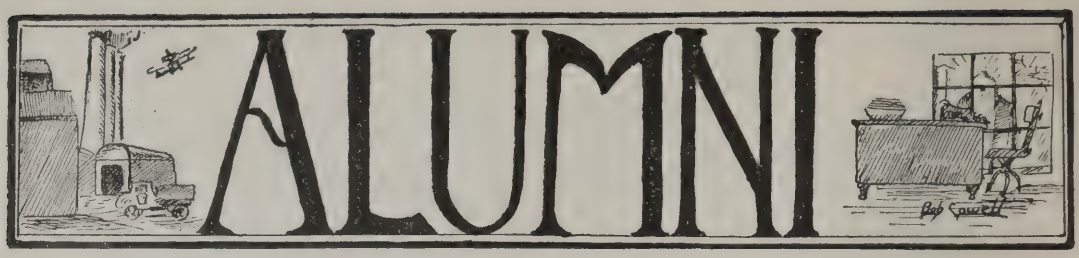
"No, madam," replied the indignant barber. "We certainly do not bob cats here."

Teacher: "What happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Eleanor Lyman: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

The freshman class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. One boy's attempt read as follows:

"In winter it is very cold. Many old people die in winter, and many birds also go to a warmer climate."



1933

John Miliekis is starring in swimming classes at Worcester Academy.

Louise Takvorian is continuing her vocal studies at the Malkin Conservatory of Music.

John Gardner is studying at the Lake School in Boston.

William Gurry is ushering at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston.

Max Werner is registered in the Pharmacy Course at Franklin Union.

Virginia Gately is taking a secretarial course at Miss Darling's School in Harvard Square, Cambridge.

1932

Barbara Farwell is secretary to James Roosevelt, son of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Berj Seron has joined the Bucba, the Boston University independent debating club.

John MacDonough is a member of the Varsity Debating Team at Boston University.

Michael Craig is preparing for the priesthood in a seminary in northern New York State.

Najeeb Klam is a member of the track team at Boston University.

William Morrill is a foreman at a Reforestation Camp in New Hampshire.

Margaret Peary is married to Harold Oliver. They have a two months old son and are living in Boston.

Adelaide Lennox was married to John Crowley on February 11.

1931

Lynne Wyeth is in her third year at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School in Boston.

Helen Geary is employed in Ruth Evelyn's Bakery in Harvard Square, Cambridge. She is also taking vocal lessons.

Frances Litner has a position in the sales department at the Candy Mart in Central Square.

Barbara Allen is studying at the Lowell State Normal College.

George Curtin is in his freshman year at Boston College.

1930

Barbara Greene is now Mrs. William Scarbrough, and is living in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Edith Hodson is in her senior year at Simmons College. She is taking a Social Service Course.

Janet Wyeth is in her fourth year at Miss Wheelock's School.

Olive Stabenfoldt is in training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Warner Pierce is a student at the Chicago Polytechnique School.

Ann Brooks is a stenographer in the Boston office of the John Hancock Insurance Company.

1929

Margaret Dyer has returned to Framingham Normal College for further study after being graduated in 1933.

Marie Hyde is teaching in the Physical Educational Department in Cambridge. She is a graduate of Posse Nissen.

Ethel Nedman is a teacher at the State School in Wrentham.

Caroline Ciarni is a substitute teacher in Cambridge.

Mary Barry is in training at the Cambridge City Hospital.

Mary Cain is a typist in the office of the United Drug Company in Boston.

1927

Christine Manning is married to William Young of the class of 1926. She was graduated from Trinity College in 1932. They are now living in Cambridge.

Julia Mooney is teaching the fifth grade in the Fletcher School.

1926

Margaret Lovett is teaching in the Physical Educational Department in Cambridge. She is a graduate of Sargent.

Margaret Sugrue is employed in the office of the Cambridge City Hospital.

Lawrence Gibson is a teacher at Rindge.

Frederick Brown is married to Dorothy Butcher of the class of 1928.

1925

Ruth Schnitzlein has a position as clerk at the Edison Electric Light Company in Cambridge.

Alice Sheehan, former substitute in Cambridge, is married to Edward Dahill and has a two year old son.

Fern Murray is employed in the office of the Five Cent Savings Bank in Boston.

Jessie Wilkins is a stenographer at Stone and Webster's in Boston.

(Continued on page 24)

STARTING the year nineteen thirty-four right, we got down to business and read all the Exchanges that had come to us before this issue of "The Cambridge Review" went to press. We were disappointed not to receive magazines from some of the schools we corresponded with, but we were pleased to find Exchanges from some which had not previously been known to us. Owing to lack of space we are not able to discuss here all publications sent in this time, but in our next number those not now mentioned will be treated.

"The Radiator"

Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

The handsome cover of the Christmas Edition was equaled in quality by the contents. This was to be expected from a publication backed by such a staff as that of "The Radiator." The prep school story, "A Condition in Physics" is the best in this issue. It has the true spirit of its setting. One section of "The Radiator" is incomparable. You can guess what part we mean? Yes, you're right, the Class Notes.

"The Chronicle"

Lyman Hall School, Wallingford, Conn.

First, let us say that the size and worth of "The Chronicle" vary in indirect proportion to each other, that is the small size of the "maglette" is offset by the large worth of the contents. The story, "Ted's Christmas Spirit" has several good points: reality, understanding of the youthful mind, and sympathy. "Greater Love Hath No Man" being a fine dog story, finds favor with us. We think it true. The plan of having a wide range of hobbies written up by the ardent hobbyists of the school is unique. The essay, "Miniature Models" is the best of the first group. Your Exchange Department is a little too much condensed, we think.

"The Crimson and Gray"

Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.

We're always glad to find "The Crimson and Gray" on our desk. It has a place in the front rank of our favorites. The editorial, "Respect To Our Athletes" has an extensive application. The misleading and unmerited wearing of school letters is not fair to real athletes and should be stopped, as the author indicates, through concerted inter-scholastic action. The amusing little sketches throughout the magazine are attractive and different. Their connection to the written material is not always very clear, however. The best work in the December issue is "The Fisherman." In this essay we find all the enthusiasm of the skilled angler. We can tell that it was not written by a novice in the sport.

"The Beacon"

Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.

The staff of, and the contributors to, "The Beacon" have done a really fine piece of work on their autumn production. The write-up of an interview with the well known poetess, Mrs. Dorothy Parker, pleases us very much. It shows that there's a wide awake reporter on "The Beacon" staff. The anonymous poem on the back cover is excellent. We hope to see more poetry in the next issue. Those pictures in the Athletic Department, the Exchange pages, and the genuinely funny joke section do a lot toward making "The Beacon" what it is.

"The Jabberwock"

Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The classical cover of the November number is most appropriate to the spirit of the school from which it comes. "The House on the Hill," a serial with a keen understanding of artistic and imaginative natures as evinced by its author, is entertaining and mature in style. "Profit and Loss in Love" demands mention because we too enjoy Booth Tarkington's writings, which are admirably imitated herein.

"The Observer"

Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

"Small but good" was our first comment on examining "The Observer." We don't know any of the art staff; yet, we do know that you possess a real artist. We noted the superb wet point with the legend "Our Alma Mater." We say truthfully that we have never seen a better piece of work in this medium in any high school magazine. "The Ghost In the Chimney" takes first place among the stories in this "Observer."

"The Newtonite"

Newton Senior High School, Newton, Mass.

"The Newtonite" is a paper with merit. We seldom see such a complete weekly periodical issued by a high school. The Athletic Department is by far the best developed section. The school news is well written and is of course the chief attraction. "The Social Swirl" page seemed to us to be a trifle too sophisticated for a high school paper but perhaps we're wrong. We've been so before. There is much good sense displayed in the editorial "The First World War" which, if followed by all, would certainly end the curse of civilization.

REFLECTIONS

"The Radiator," Somerville High School says:

"Say, 'Cambridge Review'—Can't you send over your exchange editor to write our Exchanges?" (That's a compliment!)

The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts, says:

"Next we open the 'Cambridge Review,' compact publication from Cambridge High and Latin School, from Cambridge, of course. More emphasis seems to be laid upon matters that affect the school than upon purely literary material. What you have, however, is attractive."

"The Philomath," Framingham High School, Framingham, Mass., says:

"Dec. 20. For a Christmas visitor I had Mr. 'Cambridge Review,' who is in great demand at Cambridge High and Latin School. What a man! He has developed all his talents, literary, humorous, and artistic. When he left I was still laughing at this one:

'It's queer the way a horse eats, isn't it?'

'I don't know. Why?'

'He eats best without a bit in his mouth'."

"The Beacon," Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass., says:

"Welcome! Welcome to the 'Cambridge Review' from Cambridge High and Latin School! It's the first time we have heard from you; and we liked your magazine very much. Your cover was very distinctive, first of all."

JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

ATHLETICS

(*Continued from page 19*)

BROOKLINE 25 LATIN 23

Finishing with a blazing rally that just failed to notch matters, Latin was toppled 25-23 by the revivified Brookline quintet in a fiercely-contested suburban League hoop conflict staged at the Brookline Municipal Gym.

In a Merriwellian climax that had the Latin adherents (the three of them) breathless with suspense, anxiety and whatever else the loyal rooter suffers under such circumstances, Cambridge High and Latin produced eight points in the remarkable span of four minutes.

Young and West shot our team into an early lead, but the Brookline boys, displaying an uncanny eye for the long shots, led at half-time 11-7. The third period was a heart-breaker for Coach Koslowski with Latin's signal inability to "bottle up" Crowley in this session costing them the decision. As prominent a factor in the Cantab defeat as Crowley's sparkling work was, possibly, their own pronounced failure to cage easy shots, "set ups," in the second and third periods.

Frisoli, who seems to thrive on Brookline opposition, having scored seven of his eight points in the previous tilt, took scoring honors for the Cantab quintet with six points. Young, West, Sullivan, and Maguire probably enjoyed a slight edge in form over the other eight boys who saw service in the contest.

The Latin "seconds" bowed 10-9.

ALUMNI NOTES

(*Continued from page 22*)

1919

Marie Cloran is principal of the Gannett Primary in East Cambridge.

Maurice Kramer is a practising attorney on Beacon St., Boston. He was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1926.

1909

Mr. Howe Amee, a practising lawyer on Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, is a member of the Cambridge City Council.

Mr. Martin O'Connor is principal of the Roberts School and superintendent of the Cambridge Evening Schools. Last year, he was elected president of the Massachusetts Federation of Teachers.

Mr. George Close is manager of the Close Candy Factory in Cambridge.

Dr. Everett L. Noonan is a practising dentist in Harvard Square.

1908

John Daly, son of former mayor, Augustine J. Daly, is now a prominent Boston lawyer.

John Lynch is principal of the Webster School.

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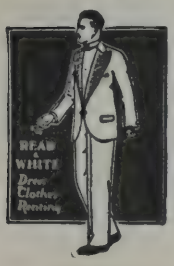

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Vita sine litteris mors est

VOLUME 48 NUMBER 4

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The Reviewer

SUCCESS FOR THE REVIEW

AT the recent tenth anniversary convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the Review won second place in the contest for literary magazines, for which we may well be proud. This is the first time the Review entered the contest, and we are especially pleased that we have won an award. There were thousands of competitors from all over the country and, therefore, it is especially gratifying to have been so successful.

The Review was represented at the convention by Harry Johnson, assistant editor; and Arnold Hurvitz, business manager. These two boys were in constant attendance at the numerous sessions, and have prepared from their observations the following interesting reports:

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

WITH more than 1,300 delegates from all parts of the United States attending, the tenth annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was opened in the McMillen Theatre in Columbia University, New York City, for a three day convention, March 8, 9, 10, 1934. The delegates were addressed by Nicholas McD. McKnight, assistant dean of Columbia, who welcomed us in the name of the University. He explained that Dr. Butler, president of Columbia, was away on a well-deserved vacation. Mr. Joseph M. Murphy, director of the C. S. P. A. then took over the reins of the Convention. Mr. Murphy introduced Mr. Louis Wiley, who opened the first session of the original convention in February, 1924, and who opened this convention which marks the tenth anniversary since its inception.

Mr. Wiley, business manager of "The New York Times", told the assembled delegates that if they decided upon journalism as a vocation, their best training could be obtained by reading the newspapers themselves. He also stated that the students would meet in later life the same type of problem that they now encountered on their own student publications.

Following the opening meeting in the McMillen Theatre, sectional meetings were held in which a great many speakers discussed sports writing, feature writing, cartooning, advertising methods, copy-reading, and general reporting.

The speakers at the sectional meetings included Wilson Hicks, executive editor of The Associated Press feature service; Helen Hull, author; Burris Jenkins, Jr., sports cartoonist of the New York Journal; Eddie Dooley, sports broadcaster and reporter for The New York Sun; Professor Donald Clark of Columbia; Arnold M. Beichman of The Columbia Spectator, the student publication of Columbia; and George A. Cornish, editor of the Sunday section of the New York Herald Tribune.

These interesting sectional meetings all took place at the same time, therefore it was with regret that we found we were only able to cover two of them.

Following the sectional meetings, the problems of student publications were discussed at the "clinics". The clinic on magazines was conducted by Miss Gertrude L. Turner of Abington High School, Abington, Pa. The "Review" received many constructive suggestions, and we were highly complimented on our fine literary department. This individual diagnosis is especially helpful to us.

On the second day of the convention, Dean Carl W. Ackerman, of the Columbia School of Journalism, presided at the morning session in McMillen Theatre which opened the convention activities for the day. Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the New York Herald Tribune Magazine, was the principal speaker and warned the delegates against entering journalism as a profession. In advising those who had journalistic blood in their veins, she cautioned, "Try hard not to be a newspaperman, and then if you cannot keep yourself out, and finally succumb, put your whole heart and soul into the work."

After the opening session, the Convention picture of the delegates was taken on the steps of the University library, and luncheon was served in the cafeteria of John Jay Hall at Columbia.

Following luncheon, the general session was resumed in McMillen Theatre and Mr. Marlew E. Pew, editor of "Editor and Publisher", was the feature speaker. Mr. Pew stressed the importance of newspapers in bringing clear detail of news to the public and he told the delegates that in choosing journalism as a profession, they

must fight for a "critical, crusading, courageous, and conscientious" press.

Sectional meetings on various types of editorial and promotional newspaper work followed the general session.

Allen Raymond, president of the Newspaper Guild of New York, outlined the system of reporting used by the leading newspapers.

Arthur Patterson, of the New York Herald Tribune sports staff, discussed technicalities in scoring and in interviewing. Other prominent speakers included Russell Owen of "The New York Times"; Dr. Mabel Robinson, professor of English at Columbia; and John E. Allen, editor of the "Linotype News".

An interesting synopsis of statistics gave the convention long-distance traveling record to James P. Dwyer, of State Teachers College, La Crosse, Wisconsin, and to James A. Schultz, of Knoxville, Tennessee. The youngest delegate was a girl, Frances Orban, seven years old, of the staff of the "Magpie", a publication of the Hurden-Looker School of Hillside, New Jersey. The youngest boys were Gordon Sleeper and Donald Hirsch, both ten, of the Edgewood School, Scarsdale, New York.

A special feature lecture of the second day's session was a short talk by Robert L. Ripley, author and cartoonist. For the first time since the convention opened, we enjoyed a hearty laugh as we listened to "Bob" Ripley.

Saturday morning, March 10, marked the closing sessions of the Convention. The general session was held in McMillen Theatre and the principal speaker was Smith Reavis, Foreign News Editor of the "Associated Press" who spoke on "Covering Foreign News".

Following this meeting sectional round-table discussions, led by students from various schools, were held. We enjoyed a discussion of school magazines led by a student from a Philadelphia High School.

Following these student round table discussions, we attended a very interesting talk by Lou Little, Head Football coach of Columbia University. Mr. Little is a feature writer for International News Service and spoke on his experiences while "Reporting Football".

After this general session, the last of the Convention, the delegates adjourned to the main ballroom of the Hotel Commodore where we enjoyed luncheon.

The closing speech of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was made by Mr. Murphy who expressed the hope that next year's convention will be as successful as this.

Among the distinguished speakers at the luncheon were Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of "The London Times", and Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, famous author and Arctic explorer.

During the luncheon, the various delegates gave their school yells or sang their school songs. We collaborated with a delegation from Patterson, New Jersey, on the staff of the "Criterion" by cheering with them in their school yell, and they reciprocated by giving a good healthy cheer for Cambridge Latin.

ARNOLD HURVITZ, '34.

ON LEARNING TO WRITE

ARNOLD HURVITZ and I had the good fortune to be sent to New York, where the Columbia Scholastic Press Association held its tenth annual convention this year. Our hotel was on 34th Street, near 5th Avenue. (The Empire State Building is on that corner.) From our room on the 13th floor of the McAlpin, we could see the lights of a wide expanse, and hear the street noises reduced to a dull roar — indeed a roar so dull as to be not unpleasant.

The convention itself was held in the buildings of Columbia University. Many as were the engrossing speakers, I wish especially to tell you about Helen Hull and Mark Van Doren.

The author of *The Hardy Perennial* spoke on writing the short story. The general outline of her informal lecture was determined by a careful analysis of "Strained Relations", a short story by Miss Hull which appeared in the March number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

No impractical, ill-fed, dreamy-eyed writer, Miss Hull composes her story before she sits down to write it. The process starts from an idea quite simple in itself. In this stage Miss Hull uses a notebook. Gradually the characters and situations, that best present the idea conceived, are carefully worked out. To inspire life into his characters is a difficult problem for any writer. Helen Hull solves it as Sinclair Lewis does — by knowing her characters intimately. She decides all sorts of things about the hero; she knows his opinions, his prejudices, and his desires. Strongly she urges young writers to take into consideration the material and emotional environment of every character, even the minor ones. She pointed out that the Nobel Prize winner, before he wrote *Work of Art*, drew a detailed plan of the hotel that figures in the plot. He knew every room, every passage, every door, every electric light socket in the place. He wrote reams of material on minor characters, chapters that were not included in the book. Other writers have done the same thing. That is why Joseph Conrad while writing a novel would produce two or three short stories on the way.

After the situations in the story have been cunningly selected and dovetailed, the actual writing begins. Miss Hull tries to reveal character by dialogue and action, for she knows that long descriptions bore the reader. She says that the preliminary planning stage is tiring work, but that with the materials well in mind, she finds actual composition a joy. "While I am writing, I just have a great time with myself."

The author closed with a few general remarks. "Write about what you are acquainted with. Do not set a story on the Great Wall of China unless you have actually been on it. That is, inaccuracies offend those who can perceive them, and beget distrust in well educated readers.

Mark Van Doren on Writing Poetry

Mark Van Doren, a professor of poetry at Columbia, tall, slim, rather good-looking, defined a poet according to many standards. He told us that the wittiest man in Persia was there considered to be the best poet. In China a poet is an old sage who in the solitude of a mountain retreat laments the friends and places he has left behind at home. Perhaps the most common notion of a poet is typified by Keats or Shelley or Byron — romantic, handsome, beautiful in verse. However, a poet may have any combination of characteristics. Shakespeare, probably the greatest poet, was a practical business man. He was more than that, of course, but nevertheless he doesn't cut the figure in our imagination that Keats does. These things Professor Van Doren pointed out. In general, he said, a poet is at his best when he is developing his own natural endowments, whatever they may be. Invariably the best poets in the professor's classes are the most copious readers. "The best way to learn how to write poetry", said Mark Van Doren, "is to practise continually, keeping in mind certain models."

Someone asked the professor whether he thought that matter is more important in poetry than manner or vice versa. The speaker said: "Writing *is* expression. Almost all poems that are considered great have no original thought or feeling in them. Always the thought has been expressed before, but imperfectly. After all, if a man is a great thinker, why call him a writer? Perhaps he's a scientist."

HARRY MORTON JOHNSON, '35.

From the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we have received the report of the following who are on the Dean's List for the first term 1933 - 1934:

Jackson Cook — Randolph Peers
Vincent Mooney — George Rundlet
Samuel Joel — Sidney Speil
Daniel MacKillop

SENIOR HONOR ROLL — 1934

The graduation honors have been announced by Mr. Cleveland as follows:

Varrell, Harriet, 1st — Inness, Dorothy
Baldwin, Mary — Kaufman, Sol
Boring, Frank — Livingstone, Samuel L.
Brewer, Frances — McCormick, James
Cohen, Albert — Malone, Dorothy
Coleman, Carol — Nixon, Frances
Collins, Frances — Reitmayer, Dorothy
Currie, William — Ritvo, Martin
Finkel, Marian — Sanders, Mary
Freitas, Hilda — Szezspauska, Laura
Gellis, Edith — Vieira, Mary
Grossman, Leonard — West, Charles
Zygala, Josephine

The following High and Latin School girls are on the Dean's List recently published at Radcliffe.

GROUP II

Cannon, Marian — Roorbach, Elizabeth
McGlinchey, Grace — Pomeroy, Mary

GROUP III

Houghton, Barbara — Fetter, Emily
Rowe, Elinor — Hubbard, Theodora
Ruggles, Rebecca — Eyre, Jeannette
Hocking, Joan — Rankin, Mary
Wunsch, Barbara — Whelden, Evelyn
Cannon, Helen — Cummings, Evelyn

THE ARTIST

An Artist with a pencil in his hand
Commenced to sketch, adding line to line
And curve to curve in a manner that seemed to me
Wanton and ugly, hard to understand.
But then, I'm not a judge. How could I be?
The picture is a Life; the Life is mine.

GRACE BOH-MULLER, '35.

K. B. NOTES

SINCE the last issue of the Review, the K. B. has been very active. Six new members from the Junior Class have been admitted to the club. They are: Dorothy Cummings, Henrietta Bourque, Ruth Ann Bletham, Lucille Foley, Annette Randlett, and Ruth Maurer.

The traditional candlelight initiation was held at the home of Corine Crowley on March 10.

THE NEW REGIME

WE are pleased to see that Cambridge High and Latin School has adopted the system of checking attendance in each class. This new plan, at the expense of extra effort on the part of teachers and masters, will be the means of a more efficient manner of recording absences than the one previously in effect. In its operation, the new method should be gratifyingly successful in its accuracy.

Those who introduced the new method are to be complimented on this expedient, simple, and efficient system. We are glad to see that the masters are willing to devote their time and efforts to the measure, for the good of the school, from which none but intentional offenders may suffer. The whole-hearted coöperation of the teachers is going far to make this plan a success. We regard the work put into this new system well spent in that it will result in a more efficient discipline, respected by the students and obeyed as a necessary good.

J. J. W., '34.

REVELATION

History's boring—Latin's dull—
And from math there is no lull;
English, too, has many faults:
Will assignments never halt?

Of French we're seldom ever sure—
Study! How ever can one endure
That age before the bell's last ring?
It can't be! It is! It must be Spring!

CORALIE METCALFE.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

THE newly formed Dramatic Club has found overwhelming favor with both the faculty and the students.

Many representatives of all four classes gathered in the hall on Tuesday, April 3rd, to try out for membership.

Plans for great ventures into the realm of acting are being formulated by the committee in charge which consists of Harriet Varrell, Eleanor Holmgren, Harry Johnson, Lawrence Mullin, and John Whoriskey.

The members of last year's and this year's Senior Drama casts, those who are to participate in the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest, and members of the Debating Club are charter members. All others who gain admittance will do so on the strength of their dramatic ability.

The purpose of the club is to develop poise, voice quality, and latent Thespian ability.

ELEANOR COEN, '34.

"THERE'S NO ART TO FIND THE MIND'S CONSTRUCTION IN THE FACE"

AS a child, I often admired and even envied the proud possessors of "angel" faces. These fortunate youngsters might whisper, play pranks, throw paper balls, and commit, without fear of detection, various other forbidden and therefore very agreeable crimes. When teacher's suspicious glance travelled over the twenty odd small faces before her, their countenances were the most wide-eyed and innocent, their expressions the most free from trace of mischief. Indeed, no art could find, in the little faces, the deviltry in their little minds.

Many faces of adults, too, are singularly free from showing their true characters. Sometimes, the expression of the mouth, more often than that of the eyes betray the qualities of the man. Many a time their countenances are like those of the "poker faced" bridge player. Whatever cards he receives, whatever errors his partner makes, whatever are his hopes and fears, his expression is immutably calm. Not even by a turn of the muscles of the face, or by a gleam of the eye, does he reveal his thoughts.

Many people have the ability to keep their characters as deeply hidden as this type of bridge player who conceals his emotions. Often the deceived too late discovers that a seemingly trustworthy face does not guarantee a character loyal and true. Some of the most crafty of the so-called "gentleman crooks" owe their success to the fact that, from all external appearances, they are as honest and as honorable as the respected member of society.

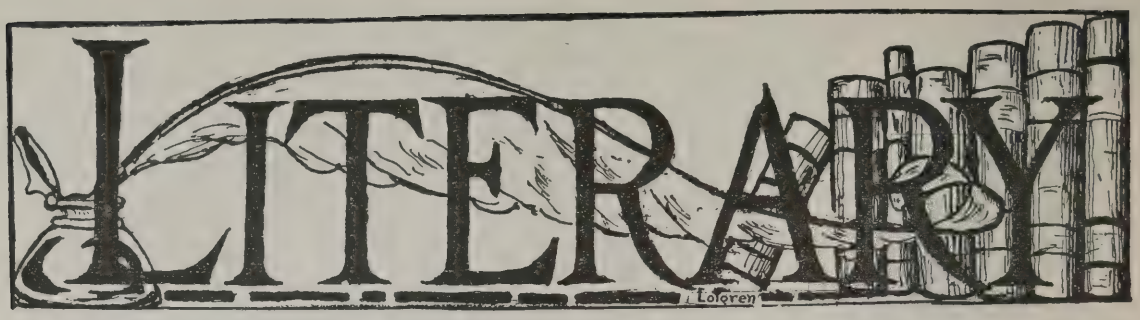
Truly, in many, many cases, Duncan was right when he said "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

MARIAN FINKEL, '34.

DISILLUSION

I trust — secure I stand
Atop a hill, with light
On golden fields below.
You break my faith, while firm
I stand upon my hill,
And blinding rain is swift
To blot my sight and strike
Me crushed. What fashions fate
More harsh than broken beauty!

GEORGIA.



THE NEXT DUCHESS TALKS

Dear nurse! How you did startle me just now!
When you appeared so silently, I vow
I thought you were a ghost—for I have seen
So many ghosts of late that I now we'en
That soon I too may be one. 'Tis too true
That gazing in my glass each day, I rue
The hour that brought me to this cursed place!
For daily when I look upon my face
The color of which oft has been compared
To the rich crimson of the rose which dared
Caress the cheek of lovely Venus, forsoothe
I see a sad face, peaked and white; in truth
A very ghost's face. But, come near my nurse!
Look deep into my eyes; see if the curse
Has changed them! No? You're sure they're just the same?
Do they still burn with joy as when I came?
Does youth's bright gleam of hope and love still shine
In them? Are they such eyes as once were mine?
Ah, your kind face reveals the truth to me.
I knew just what the answer had to be
Before I asked you. The portrait in
The hall, which I perchance did find within
The curtain which concealed it from all view,
Did long ago disclose to me the true
Sad reason for my misery. Ah, yes!
There's pity in your glance when I confess
That I believe that picture talks to me.
I go so oft to her for sympathy;
She was the Duke's last wife. I stand just so
And gazing deep into her eyes, I know
That she can understand my silent hope.
She starts to speak. She tells me how to cope
With life; first how to smile when suff'ring most;
Then how to bear my lordship's stupid boast
Of a nine-hundred-years-old name. And next
She teaches me to hold my peace when vexed
About some vulgar jest with which my lord
Has mocked me. Then how, when at the board
The Duke does frown at some dear youth who all
In innocence does talk with me and call
Me his dear mistress, I must stop all talk
And with downcast eyes and cheeks ablaze must walk
From the room. Oh, yes, all these and many more
Instructions has she giv'n to soothe my sore
And wounded spirit. But see the look distressed
And sad on your averted face! So, lest
You worry about my sanity,
Will say no more. Now, soothe my vanity
By binding up my hair just as you did
When I, as queen of beauty, reigned amid
My friends and fam'ly dear! Now, fetch a dress—
I care not which, for now I will confess
That I, in truth, do try to look my best,
Just as those gay times when there is some guest.
But on this night the Duke and I do dine—
Alone. I would I knew what fate were mine!

ANN BARTLETT, '34.

AN AGED SERVANT SPEAKS

I saw our lord's new bride to-day as first
She passed beneath his gate; and through my mind
There coursed the faces of the two who pass'd
Before. The first—you did not know the first?—
Ah yes! 'Tis true. It happened ere you came
To serve the duke. She was,—how do you say?—
A gay coquette, was wont to bask in smiles
Of men, and heed with ever ready ear
The praises of her beauty, fair. But here
She miss'd the flatt'ring words and play
Of love in which the girlish heart delights.
Our Duke Ferrara a cold husband made,
And she amusement elsewhere sought. But yet,
She meant no harm. The Duke, you ask? It seems
That he thought otherwise, and now, alas,
She is no more. Yet oft I think on her.
Flippant she was, 'tis true, but kind and loved
By all the serving folk and gentry 'round.
She had a heart moved easily by tears
And for an erring servant oft did plead;
But now she is no more. His second wife—
You're right,—I need not speak of her; you know
Her story well. You say you did not see
The bride this morn? "How does she look?" you ask.
She is,—what shall I say?—more haughty than
The rest, and holds her head with diff'rent air
As if she would not count'nance a rebuke
But had a will accustomed only to
Its own desire. Her face? The features are
Not overfine, but then, I hear she brings
With her a dowry overlarge. The duke,
I speak it low, had best treat well his new
Made wife. Her father is a mighty count
'Tis said; and loves right well his only child.
Methinks our lord so proud will have a match
In her, if by her mien I judge aright.
But come! I hear the singing chimes afar,
And in the west the sinking sun darkens
The ruddy sky. 'Tis late! we must begone.

MARIAN FINKEL, '34.

PRIZE STORY CONTEST

Honorable Mention — Upper Classes

RETRIBUTION

NO one could deny that Henry L. Simpson was a success. He admitted it to himself; he impressed it on others; by his every act, mannerism, and characteristics, he flagrantly displayed the fact that he was wealthy. He was banker, broker, and capitalist; his "connections" reached into all walks of life.

Sitting in his luxuriously-furnished office, he seemed to have every reason to be satisfied. What more could he ask? Everything was in his grasp — wealth, power, social status. Even now there were rumors of his nomination for mayor. Was he not known as a man of action? Who knew but that the mayorality might lead to greater things? Perhaps — his reveries were cut short by the clamoring of the desk 'phone. In a flat metallic monotone came the voice of his secretary.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. He refuses to divulge his name, but says he must see you."

"Well, send him in," growled Simpson.

A minute passed; there came a gentle knock, and the secretary ushered in an old, bent man. His hair was snow-white; his face wrinkled and seamed by years of care. Yet he bore his shabby clothes with an air of dignity and respectability.

A hoarse exclamation escaped Simpson, — "Herbert Archer!"

The visitor smiled bitterly and nodded assent, "You didn't expect me, did you, Henry? It has been a long time since we met, and of course, wealthy business men do not like to have spectres from the past walk into their offices in this way."

The financier had regained his composure. "Just what do you want?" he exclaimed with a sneer.

Archer ignored the question and gazed about him.

"Paintings, tapestries, furniture," he mused. "You haven't changed, have you, Henry? Hmm — you must have paid a small fortune for these things." He leaned forward across the desk. "Paid for them with the money wrung from those who trusted you — the wealth garnered from your war-profiteering, your graft and swindling."

Simpson was doing his best to control his temper. With a voice choked with rage, he answered.

"Do you think that you can come into my office and insult me? What do you want? Surely you still don't entertain that absurd thought that I swindled you when we were partners?"

The other shook his head wearily. "No, Henry, I suppose that in the eyes of the law it was entirely legitimate — but I am not here to dispute that point. I have something far more vital to discuss. Your company is about to launch a new issue of Amalgamated Mining Stocks in the market. There are thousands of honest, hard-working people who, at your endorsement and yours only, will flock to invest their life savings. In a few months the stocks will fail. Those people will have lost all; you will have reaped another fortune. I appeal to you not to put these shares into circulation. If you have any decency, you will stop the ruin and misery that such an act is sure to precipitate."

The broker arose, his face distorted by anger. "So! you come here and upbraid me — me who controls this whole city. Well, here is my answer." He wrenched at the telephone. "Jones, come and show this gentleman out, and under no circumstances is he to be allowed to reënter. Understand? And by the way," he grinned malevolently across the desk, "have those Amalgamated Mining certificates ready for my signature tomorrow morning."

Archer rose heavily and, in a voice vibrant with passion, addressed the broker.

"Henry Simpson, all your life you have sought one thing — wealth. You have stopped at nothing to attain it. Some men make money their slave; you have made yourself a slave to money. You have worshipped it as a god, but, be careful; some day you will go too far and that god will crush you."

It was with no little uneasiness that Simpson returned home that night. Even as he retired, Archer's words kept ringing in his ears.

The broker was again in his palatial office. Through the open transom came the hum of clicking typewriters. There came a gentle knock and he grunted an ugly "come in" without looking up.

"Well! what do you want?" he began petulantly but stopped and leaped to his feet at the appearance of Archer. "What are you doing here? I told you yesterday to keep out of this office."

Archer advanced and grasped him by the arm.

"You are coming with me! I have something to show you — something you will never forget."

Simpson suddenly found himself being propelled through the outer office. He wanted to shout but his tongue seemed paralyzed. Miraculously he was transported to the slums of the city. Nemisis, in the form of Archer, intoned in his quivering ear:

"Look! these are the people you have ruined: That old woman begging in the street entrusted her savings into your care; those children starving because one of your schemes deprived them of their sustenance; those men lying there — you

ruined them and drove them to desperation; and those young boys in soldiers' uniform — you killed them with your profiteering supplies and munitions. That is the source of your wealth!"

That broker cowered at the sight. The gesticulating crowd advanced toward him; they seemed to be speaking and shouting yet not a sound broke the stillness. They were heaping money beside him — over him. He recoiled, suffocating and gasping. He tried to flee but he stumbled. He was falling, falling, then — oblivion.

A white-haired old gentleman, his face seamed with care, was sitting on the park bench. At intervals a grim smile crossed his features. From his lips came the following, evidently a quotation from the newspaper in his hands:

"The city mourns the loss of one of its most influential citizens, a man of the highest integrity and social standing, a banker and capitalist, Henry L. Simpson, who passed away in his sleep last night, the victim of a heart attack."

James Robertson, '35.

SPRING THOUGHTS

THIS is the year's renaissance. Now it is that the stooped, haggard patriarch Winter, is laid to rest and the spirit of youth, gaiety, and beauty is reincarnate. Spring is a maiden, blue-eyed, golden-haired, laughing, free, exotic. Her smile is the sunshine; her tears are the showers of April. They are of gladness, not of sorrow.

The soft sweet breeze of May wafts the essence of the yellow, myriad-blossomed forsythia, of the tiny pearl-like lilies of the valley, of the starry beds of arbutus, and of the chaste green-spired narcissi across all the fragrant, pale green miles of awakening nature.

One meets her in the early, dewy morn somewhere down a country lane by magnolia snow-drifts lined, or amid the violet-strewn paths of a forest, or again, along some murmuring crystal brooklet bordered by coral-petaled anemone and nodding white and lavender columbine. She holds her festival upon mirror-surfaced lakes where silvery moon beams light the shining floor, and zephyrs sighing amongst the surrounding trees, form the invisible stringed orchestra. Though to man's dull, unreceptive ear, this ethereal music is not always borne, yet Spring calls back each year the birds and rouses the dormant life of forest, field, and stream. At her clear command all living things, both great and small, come forth into the radiance of her presence. The world is again filled with the happy, golden-noted songs of little birds.

What joy it is to be awakened by the singing of a thrush hidden within his secret bower amidst the blossom-covered branches of an apple tree hard by the bedroom window, to see the light fleecy clouds split asunder as the morning sun casts its gleaming rays upon the refreshed earth, to smell the damp crocus-jewelled lawn, the budding hedge-rows, and the early blooming hawthorne, and to feel the aromatic dawn-wind kiss one's brow. Such are the rare delights of Springtime that renew our faith in the afterlife! I woo thee, lovely maiden, who makes the passing of my life span so wonderfully beautiful. Would that thou couldst linger always with me, fairest Spring!

John Briggs, '34.

ON THE TRAIN IN WINTER

Constant pulsing of an iron heart —
Rapid changing of the winter scenes.
Lightning-like another engine passes —
Metal sounds creating metal dreams.

L. M. O., '37.

FLEETING BEAUTY

AMONG the most wonderful, incomprehensible, and marvelous wonders of creation is fleeting beauty. This beauty is, to me, more awe-inspiring than any other type of beauty. Perhaps this is because of the contrast which is seen when a thing or a person who is dull, drab, and homely becomes, under the magic touch, a thing of beauty for a minute. Perhaps my feeling of awe comes from the fact that the beauty is fleeting, here one moment, gone the next. Perhaps — but I might go on for years making vague surmises, and I would never get nearer the truth. So, all I can say is that fleeting beauty is to me a thing of great wonder, a thing which always arouses in me an emotion of whose origin and cause I know nothing.

Have you not felt a similar emotion? See, over there that house which, a moment since, was grey, gloomy, deserted and dismal and which is now alive with glowing, living, shining light. Now, it is gone; it was only the last rays of the setting sun which were reflected in the windows, but it made the house for a fleeting minute, a house of beauty.

Do you see that small bunch of drooping field flowers that lies on that grave yonder? How thin, how pitiful they look! Yet when a few minutes ago, a trembling little hand had laid them tenderly against the headstone, when a glistening tear fell on those faded blossoms, they became, for a fleeting instant, more beautiful than an armful of rare orchids.

The same beauty may touch the face of a human being, just for an instant making the face no matter how plain, more beautiful than words can express or artist picture. Thus, fleeting beauty ever inspires me with awe and wonder.

Ann Bartlett, '34.

AN INDIAN GUIDE

UNTIL three years ago I had regarded the modern Indian as the degenerate survival of a noble and much sinned against people. At that time my attitude toward Indians was colored by an exciting encounter with a drunken and dirty "brave" who had set upon me, robbery his object, while I was engaged in changing a tire on a lonely Canadian back road. A somewhat hysterical application of an iron jack handle had reduced this particular red-skin into a roaring flight which made me feel very "tough" and, at the same time, shattered my last illusion on the subject of the noble red-man and his splendid stoicism, leaving me with much the same impression which the Goshoots made on Mark Twain.

With this experience and opinion it is no great wonder that I looked with virulent and vocal disfavor on the Indian guide whom my father hired in the fall of 1931, while we were preparing for a puma hunt in the Moyollon Range, not far from the Continental Divide.

He was a young man, not more than twenty-eight years old, with the customary hawk-like nose and smoky black eyes of the Navajos, and, when I first saw him, he was dressed in the same stained white trousers, grey flannel-shirt, and moccasins, which are worn by most of the men of his tribe. I was astonished at the lack of the usual torquoise gew-gaws, and also at the absence of that peculiarly revolting sheep smell which hangs like an unholy aura about most of the Navajos. However, in spite of my strenuous objections and dark prophecies which, by the way, turned largely on the possibilities of "murder in the mountains", my father hired him, for he had been highly recommended by my brother who lives in that part of the country and who has a vast knowledge of "Injuns". So strong was my distrust that I insisted on riding in the draughty rear seat of the car, where my body had to be wound through the intricacies of the baggage, in order that I might keep a "wary eye peeled".

It was during this seemingly interminable trip from Gallup to Dahil that the disruption of my preconceived ideas on Indian character began, for throughout this journey, in which we skirted the savage Tuni Mountains and cut through the heart of the Lava bed country, our guide maintained an air of self-contained taciturnity which ill accorded with my previously expressed theory that all his Ishinaelitish race were possessed with a garrulity of the "heap big liar" type. My father pointed this out in his most innocent manner, but I refused to ascribe it to anything but sullenness. I was forced to confess my surprise at his use of perfectly grammatical English instead of the pidgin which I had expected, but I held that this was merely a minor point and not to be construed in his favor.

My real awakening came on our second night out from the base ranch where we had left the car and taken to horses. We were camped "away high up in the Mogollons" after a hard day's riding which had left me with that pleasant feeling of tiredness unmarked by any special desire for sleep. I was in a most comfortable position, lying on my blankets, using my saddle for a pillow, while I gazed into the snapping fire and stroked the prenatural down which evidenced my first attempts in the beard growing line. My father and his guide had started a conversation on the possibilities of the next few day's sport and I had soon ceased to listen until suddenly the fact that the guide was quoting poetry impressed itself upon my consciousness. I discovered that he and my father had drifted into a discussion of astronomy, moved, I suppose, by the magnificent night sky that twinkled above the faint radiance of our fires. The "poor untutored savage" was quoting a long passage from Alfred Noyes' "Torch Bearers"! Words are too poor vehicles for the expression of the growing chagrin with which I listened to the talk that followed. Then too, the sarcastic glances which my father occasionally gave me was no great comfort for I knew that they threatened terrific "ridings" in the not distant future.

The rest of the trip was highly successful so far as sport was concerned but, even at this distance I squirm when I think of my part in it. Suffice it to say that I shaved thoroughly every morning and was extraordinarily silent.

Looking back on it now I see it as my first real lesson in humility and charity. Never again will I judge tobacco by the label on the tin or men by the race to which they belong.

WILLIAM C. EICHMANN, '34.

SUBWAY MUSINGS

I THINK there are very few places more conducive to musing than the subway. I don't see how that woman across the aisle could have picked such an unattractive hat. And what terrible looking shoes she has on, too; I wish she wouldn't stare at me so; I don't like people who stare. That idiotic young man sitting next to the door doesn't know enough to keep his feet out of the way, and people are continually tripping over them. Really, clothes manufacturers ought to be able to turn out better suits than that, especially since everything is so inexpensive now. Although prices are rising, I never get anything I want without paying twice as much as I had planned. *Must* that woman keep trying to put out my eyes with her newspaper!

What an unattractive group of people are in this train. Thinking of attractive people, that was a funny story Helen told us about getting into a subway car and seeing such an attractive man that she "nearly fell out of the car," and then, upon looking again, realized that he was her own brother-in-law!

I do like those "Flit" advertisements. That reminds me of the time when Virginia was entertaining one man, and then another dropped in, causing the first one to yell out, "Quick, Henry, the Flit!" They have always hated each other since then. Ouch! Oh, my new shoes! What a clumsy ox that man is! I don't see why he had to trample on my feet, when there is a whole aisle on which he could walk, or lurch. This train is careening all over the tracks.

I have a pain in my side; I hope I'm not going to get appendicitis in the subway, though I was sure I had it in the "movies" last week. I wonder what would happen if I did get it here. I suppose it would cause an awful commotion. Oh, the pain is on the left side, anyway. Still, I had better not be too sure. John was telling me that so many people have their appendix on their left side, that in England there is a club composed of people having their appendices on the left, or maybe it was composed of people whose hearts are on the right side.

What a strange-looking couple is sitting over there! He looks something like Lionel Barrymore when he played "Rasputin". She is dressed attractively, but what a lot of make-up she has on. Some people have no taste whatsoever.

Here's my station, at last. Anyway, I think it is. I wish that conductor would speak intelligibly. I wish I had an automobile.

HENRIETTA H. SENDERS, '34.

MUSIC FOR ME

I LIKE to believe that my reactions to accepted forms of beauty and expression are quite different from those of most people. I am well aware that this sounds colossally conceited and inanely adolescent, but I am quite sure that it is neither, for all beauty impresses me with an overpowering sense of humility. I have a morbid dread of ever being obstreperously pious, but it is an inescapable fact that all beauty immediately presents itself to me as an emanation from a wise and all powerful first cause. I realize that even this remarkably "guarded" statement may seem very precocious, but it is really so and must be admitted if I am to explain what music is for me.

My favorite music is that of the Church; a quite obvious choice when one considers that the purpose for which it has been composed is, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam". How could anyone be anything but reverent, how could anyone fail to realize the deep mystical intent which correlates the melody of the Gradual "Requiem Aeternam" with that of the triumphant Gradual of Easter? It is in this especial quality that the music of the church is, for me at least, far in advance of, and far more important than, all other types of music. In this particular field, Palestrina, St. Gregory Magnus, Vittoria, and Dom Mocquerean, are, admittedly, the masters, but, if we wish to go farther afield, we also find the names of such eminent composers as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven enrolled on the roster of those who intended many of their compositions for use in worship. There is, for me, no more moving piece of music than Gretchanifov's "Great Credo", sung in the melodic resonance of the tongue in which it was written, and for which it was expressly designed.

I must admit that I have no fondness for Gounod's music even though it was intended exclusively for the Church. It is, "too, too sweet" for me. Then, too, the knowledge that many of his compositions were written for no other purpose than as a means of showing off the voice of some court favorite, probably accounts for much of my dislike.

Outside the realm of church music I take most pleasure in the compositions of Tchaikovsky, Shubert, Cáesar Frank, Chopin, and Paderewski. I must also admit a latent delight in the opera, "Hansel and Gretel," traceable, no doubt, to the number of times I heard it as a very small child. It always brings back a rush of memories in which I figure prominently as an extremely tiny, bare-legged urchin, clutching my father's hand and trotting along on the way to a really, truly, grown up "Opera".

On the whole, music for me is something more than the emotions which it engenders. It is an experience in beauty and a testimony of the order of Law upon which all beauty is founded.

WILLIAM MARTINDELL, '34.

LONGING

Ring, ring, ring
Out thy comforting peal, oh bell,
And I would that this class might vanish
At the sound of thy hollow knell!

Oh well for the teacher strict
As she sits at the front in her chair;
Oh well for the studious miss
Who has studied her lessons with care!

And the stately minutes go
To the land of eternity,
But oh for the peal of the hour gong,
The sound that can set me free!

Ring, ring, ring
Out thy soul saving peal, oh bell,
For the only thing that can free my mind
Is thy long expected knell!

HARRIET (TENNYSON) VARRELL, '34.

HOW TO LIGHT A HOME

LET me first, dear reader, — since all writers are permitted this term of endearment — let me first, I say, make clear to you the content of my essay. By no means do I wish to have you believe that it is a paper dealing with the intricacies of lighting one's homestead after the fine scientific method of these modern times. Indeed, my theme is one much simpler and yet, one extremely subtle, since it deals with lighting one's home with personality.

Some people come by this great talent naturally. They defuse light through their dwelling place, no matter how humble, as easily as Millet's Sower tosses his seed to the furrow. Their homes have a calm, soothing feeling. Perhaps, this effect is gained partly by the cheerful smile upon the hostess' face. A bowl of fresh flowers placed on the window often seems to bring a bit of our great lovely nature withindoors. A bright fire, where pleasing conversation flourishes can fill those about it with the warmth and the fragrance of burning pine wood. Some homes are radiant with mellow cheerfulness because an abundance of sunshine is allowed to sift in through the thin curtains. With soft freshness, the sunbeams play over the walls and carpets the live-long day in company with the friendliness living in the rooms. And when no sunlight is to be had, the artful home maker will draw forth some other light. When the day is dreary her own cheery self resounds through her home in welcoming melody.

And so, dear reader, a home lighted with personality is indeed a finely illuminated domicile. This type of lighting will last much longer and penetrate the darkness and dim corners far better than any other source of light.

GEORGIA GREENE, '34.

A MELODY

I STOOD alone, caught in a net of beauty. The moon like a bulbous candle suspended itself in a shadowy halo. Tiny luminous stars like newly chipped diamonds mottled the chameleonic blue of the sky. Intermittently the screech of a startled bird or animal was heard. All around me, in decaying earth, breathtakingly beautiful orchids were growing in profusion.

Then of a sudden supreme darkness reigned. It seemed as though someone had taken a gigantic broom and in a single magnificent gesture has swept clear the star-studded sky. The moon took on a pale, creamy hue and cast off ethereal beams only to have them swallowed in the black void.

Then I heard a sob — or was it a sob? Maybe it was a bow drawn across taut strings. I heard a laugh — or was it a laugh? Maybe it was water cascading over jutting rocks. Yet I saw no bow, and I saw no water. Was I going mad? It came again. Was it really music? Could notes so beautiful, so sad, so vibrant be combined to form such a heart-rending melody? I prayed that it would go on forever. It changed from mood to mood. It seemed to tell a tale. I knelt down. Now I could hear more clearly. A voice came very softly — very sweetly. It was singing a lullaby of life.

First it sang of love — of the poignant sweetness of young love and then, after awhile of the great solace of philosophical love. It told of the appealing courtships of long ago. It told of coy, winsome young ladies with their ruffled white skirts daringly revealing a slender ankle — of tall handsome young lads eager and yet afraid to whisper what their hearts were saying. It spoke of hatred, of war, of things ugly and sordid. But even then it was beautiful. It told of mothers sending their sons away, tearfully kissing them goodbye, praying for their safety, waiting for their return. It told of their joy in their sons arriving home, of their despair when they heard nothing of them, of the hope that their boy might be living.

Like some pulsing, live thing the music changed its theme again and again. At times it was slow and melancholy almost dwindling into nothingness. Then just as I had a queer feeling of loss that it had gone leaving something unfinished, it arose again in a swift succession of flute-like notes that gradually gave way to a raging torrent of sound that seemed to contain all the frustrated and pent up feelings of the world. And then — then, it ended.

The sky was now a burnt orange pregnant with the dawn of a new day. Dew had fallen, covering me with glistening tear drops. I was stunned, not yet able to comprehend the magnificence of what had happened. Then remembrance engulfed me. With the fantasy of a voice and a song in an unearthly panorama of beauty I relived again. I was a slave to memory.

You, who are sane, may condemn me as mad. You, who condemn me, live too much for prosaic, mediocre things. Those of you who have a faint strain of dreamer in you might say, and not without reason, that I possess no mind and that in its place is an effervescent bubble seething with thoughts and that this vapor is shrouded in a rainbow web. Those of you who are dull and conventional and temperate may say, "The girl is quite mad. It is indeed a pity."

But if I were to see a disk-like moon in a sky sprinkled with glowing little pin points, and if that melody were to come, for I am not sure that I really heard it, then I believe I should thoroughly enjoy the conflicting emotions.

DOROTHY SULLIVAN, '34.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Honorable Mention — Freshman Class

A COMMON-LOOKING KEY

QUITE recently my reputedly wealthy aunt died leaving no children. I had been her favorite. She lived in a beautiful well-furnished apartment on River Drive in a large city.

I knew nothing whatever about her financial affairs. She gave me my wardrobe. I was of a family in moderate financial circumstances who got their bills paid by scrimping. I am sure she was the one who was my Santa at Christmas. I once asked my mother and her reply was, "Dearie, your aunt, you know, is an old maid. She has no children and you have so many brothers and sisters. We are letting her give you just a few gifts." That was all she would say, and from the way she said it, I concluded that she and my father were for some reason afraid of her.

I told my diary all about it. How valuable is a diary! I was not going to be an object of charity, but it was nice to have new dresses when the others got old made-over ones.

In my aunt's will I was left a key. It looked common enough, but would fit no lock that I could find. My instructions were to find the lock which the key fitted. I was also given $5,000 for travel.

Immediately, I thought of Mars. I had never been there, and I was sort of looked down upon for this reason by my wealthier associates. I took the key in my purse, and I began my trip to Mars.

I traveled around Mars visiting points of interest in several famous cities on the planet. I enjoyed this strange land!

In nearly every lock I saw, I tried to fit the key. It was ever so much fun as people always asked me what I was doing. I would shake my head, and they in turn would shake their heads as if to say that it might be safer if I were locked up.

In a museum in Qmue I saw on a placard above a diary, these words:

Diary of Mrs. M. Qmue

dedicated by

Dr. Miltron Qmue

If anyone has a key to fit this lock, will he please see Dr. Qmue at the Arah Apt. House, No. 1.

I thought of the key in my purse and hurried to the Arah Apt. House No. 1. I knocked at the first row of doors. It was opened by a silver-haired, pleasant-faced gentleman dressed in black. The room which was opened unto me was a well-furnished and there was — a picture! I blurted out, "That's my aunt! How did you get that picture?"

He replied with dignity saying, "Where's your pass?"

"My pass, whatever do you mean?" I said. In my hurry to get the key to fit the lock, I had not read the last sentence on the card. He, seeing my confusion, admitted me. I sank into a chair and repeated my question.

The canvas before me was three feet wide and about nine feet long. The picture was of a woman, sweet with the dignity of a bride. She was in a standing position, and she looked very sympathetic.

Mr. Qmue, as I thought he was, recalled me to my senses by asking to be allowed to see the key. After thoroughly examining it, he, seizing paper and pen wrote a permit for me to get the cherished diary.

I obtained the diary and brought it without mishap to Dr. Qmue. He opened it with my key, and uttered a few, unintelligible words. He looked at me closely and then gathered me into his arms.

I thought the old man had gone insane or something, so great was his joy. Pointing to the diary, he said, to my utter mystification, "Read this."

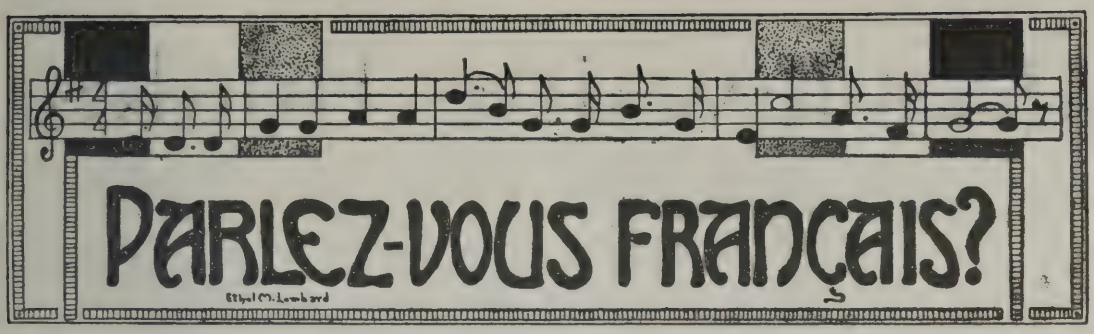
I skimmed through the book. It covered a period of years from 1900 to 1918. In 1903 I read a passage saying Miss Riveria Roberts married Mr. Miltron Qmue. Another entry that attracted my attention was in 1918, when a daughter was born. Two weeks later there is a notation about the name of the baby girl. One day later it said that she (the diary's author) was going to leave for the United States.

I looked up, not understanding what it was all about. Dr. Qmue asked about my life. I told him everything. He told me that now he was positive that my so-called aunt was his wife, and that she had had a baby girl, and both had mysteriously disappeared after a quarrel over the child's name.

He then said a letter had one day been left at his door stating that the child had been left with good friends of hers, and that both were well. He told me where his wife's diary was, and that he was requested not to open it or have it opened until a person with a key that was a duplicate of his bedroom key could be found. The possessor of this key was his child.

I was the daughter of the universally renowned Dr. Qmue.

MILDRED L. BOS, '37.



"BUDDIES" —

EN entendant tous les applaudissements hier soir, je ne crois pas que j'aie été la seule personne qui jouissasse à fond de la pièce, "Buddies". J'étais fière de savoir que ceux qui prenaient part à la pièce appartiennent à ma classe à l'école.

La pièce était certainement très intéressante. Chaque personnage conformait à son rôle. Par exemple, il est presque impossible de s'imaginer une autre personne dans le rôle d'Alphonse Pettibois. Celui-ci, Monsieur Whoriskey, était vraiment excellent. A cause des costumes de Babette et de Marie et à cause de l'aise avec laquelle elles parlaient la langue française, on ne penserait pas que les desmoiselles fussent des élèves d'un collège américain. Les chansons de Julie, de Sonny, et de Marie étaient très agréables.

L'assistance, je crois, doit beaucoup de son plaisir à la plaisanterie d'Abie, autrement nommé Monsieur McCormick. Quelquesuns des soldats américains étaient aussi amusants. Le fait que Monsieur Babe ne pouvait que dire les mots "Darling I — " ou "Ma chérie, moi" à Julie quand il voulait lui dire qu'il l'aimait, l'amusait beaucoup.

Mais on ne doit pas penser qu'il n'y avait que de la plaisanterie dans la pièce. Au contraire, il y avait de la tristesse aussi. En effet, après que le soldat américain avait reçu la lettre qui lui dit que sa mere fut morte, j'ai vu une jeune fille qui était assise à côté de moi pleurer à chaudes larmes.

La mise en scène était réelle, pittoresque, et très belle aussi, je pensais.

J'étais tout à fait heureuse de voir qu'on présenta des fleurs aux actrices et aussi qu'on présenta un cadeau à la directrice de la pièce, Mademoiselle Hartigan. Quand je sortais de Ringe, j'entendais beaucoup de personnes qui disaient, "La pièce de l'année dernière donnée par ce collège était bonne, mais celle que nous avons vue ce soir-ci, ah, celle-ci est meilleure". Bien entendu, tous les membres de la quatrième année de notre collège aussi bien que Monsieur le directeur et tous les professeurs sont contents de savoir que la pièce était un succes financier. En somme, j'aurai beaucoup de souvenirs heureux de la pièce de ma classe, "Buddies".

P. N. '34.

LE PRINTEMPS

Lentement, pouce à pouce,
On voit arriver la saison douce,
De laquelle on chante sans cesse.
Dans l'âme de la jeunesse
Il y a des émotions de tendresse,
De l'amour, avec chaque brillant jour.
La pluie ne mouille pas l'ardeur,
La tristesse ne crève plus le coeur.
La nature devient toute verte
Fraîche en se réveillante;
Partout il y a un air de vie content,
Les chansons d'oiseaux deviennent réveille-matin
L'artiste fait un atelier de la campagne.
On voit de nouveau dans le bleu immense
Briller le soleil — — —
C'est une renaissance.

I. A., '34.

L'AVRIL

Souvent la pluie pure
Tombe des grands cieux
Et les vents gracieux
Font un très doux murmure!

D'un appel lointain, clair,
Le beau printemps m'appelle
D'une voix douce et belle
"Venez vite en plein air".

Sous mes pieds la boue,
Pendant bien longtemps
Je flâne dans les champs —
Les gouttes sur ma joue!

H. A. V., '34.

L'homme triste et sombre dit que son monde a tort,
Et il ne travaille pas comme il se plaint.
Mais l'homme heureux toujours peut chanter fort,
En travaillant, c'est le bon Dieu qu'il craint!

W. C., '34.

Mlle. A — Quand elle chante, son chien hurle.
Mlle. B — Oui, c'est l'instinct de l'imitation, je suppose.

W. C., '34.

Review=ing Books

DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA

By Walter Duranty (Viking, 1934)

IT is surprising to note that the best-known United States correspondent in Russia is an Englishman, Mr. Duranty, a veteran in his line. Readers of this book will be greatly enlightened on the modern subject of Russia, and historians will be grateful to the author for his immense volume.

An admirer of Lenin, Duranty tells the reader of the geniality and frankness that characterized "the little great man". He gives us a marvelous description of Moscow's homeless children and the morgue-like, bloody "Catacombs", an acre-wide range of cellars under a huge unfinished pre-war building in the heart of the city. His explanation of Lenin's extraordinary authority shows us that the master had an often-proved superior ability in interpreting facts.

Unfortunately, one persistent phase of these reports mars the neutral aspect of the book. This may be found in Duranty's ever-increasing tone of personal prestige and authority. From his first humble phrases stating that he "ventures to say" such and such a thing, the journalist reaches the peak of conceit when he says that he is convinced of his statements, and is prepared to stake his reputation on the facts as he presents them.

PASSION'S PROGRESS

By Jules Romains (Knopf, 1934)

"PASSION'S PROGRESS" is the second volume of "Men of Good Will" which many critics proclaim a project as big as that of Honoré de Balzac when finished. This super-novel is about twentieth century Paris with its intrigue, peculiar characters, and talk of impending war. Before completing this section, the author thanks the reader for his patient interest, and promises that from now on the stories will go faster.

Readers of the first volume will have only a slight advantage over the newcomers, for the sixty-five characters have grown to more than one hundred while their relationships remain comparatively simple. They come from all walks of life. There is a student, a murderer, who is gradually becoming more and more fascinated with crime, a politician, an oilman, and a realtor. Although he admits that his construction will cover a lot of ground, Romains refuses to stimulate our anticipation by information regarding his next volume.

Though the author claims to be the originator of this style of modern novel-architecture, other men have undoubtedly tried the field. Nevertheless, if not the best nor first of its kind, "Men of Good Will" holds promise of the largest proportions.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL

By Reardon Conner (Morrow, 1934)

TODAY, when Irishmen talk about the two years of murder, massacre, ambush, and reprisal that marked Ireland's last and most successful rebellion (1919-21), they call it with resignation, "the trouble". In this novel, without essaying to give a vivid and clear-cut picture of what the various trouble-makers were after, the author definitely makes clear that the trouble itself was desperate, beastly, and often hellish.

Kerry Sutton, a half-English medical student in Dublin, for no reason at all becomes embroiled in the bloody guerilla warfare between the Black and Tans and the Irish Republican Army. A different idea in this drama is the hero's unique manner of meeting death. The Black and Tans had tied him up in an underground factory and set a time-bomb ticking so that he would not feel lonely. This passage is described by the author with extreme care, so that he might presumably make an impression on his quivering, faint-hearted reader.

"Shake Hands with the Devil", although written under an original eye-catching title, reads like a crude, dull, ineffective melodrama. However, the author swears that his tale is founded on brutal fact and does not need ornamentation to set if off. On the whole, we may consider this novel an exciting story that is worthy of a passing glance, at least, although it cannot be thought of as an excellent piece.

THE Summer School sessions of St. Johnsbury Academy will begin about July 10th. Last year two Cambridge High and Latin boys, Joseph Fleming and Evariste Shea attended and found the activities valuable both from a scholastic, and from an athletic point of view. Besides being a summer school, this camp offers tennis, baseball, golf, swimming, canoeing and mountain-climbing. Last year trips were taken to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and across the Canadian border. Either Fleming or Shea will be glad to give particulars to anyone who is interested.

BILL BOARD WILL NOW IMITATE THE INIMITABLE JOE PENNAH!
HISTORY BOOK
YES, MOM!
Tom, are you studying?
P.G. 1934
Robbins—
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love
These Studious P.G.s
Steve
Single File
BARTER
DEAN
Courage Little Man!
ROSPA
you see this here moustachio?
Where-there-or There?
O. PETERS
"The Cynosure of Neighboring eyes" Milton
O. PETERS
WAY DOWN DEEP!
Temptation
Robbins—
ROSPA
Spring-and song birds in the hall

HOCKEY

The members of the triumphant sextet were all present at the Bruin-Quebec ice encounter as guests of the Bruins management. Rooney, Latin's diminutive leader, with his hair combed sleekly back and a glowing smile lighting up his countenance, was presented with the Eddie Shore Trophy by the picturesque donor, himself. "Red" Desrosiers, Latin's wing, received a hockey stick engraved with the signatures of the various Bruins as a trophy to commemorate his achievements in behalf of C. H. L. S., and more intimately his feat of heading the Suburban League scorers.

The following night, School-Commiteeman Ralph Robart gave the champions a tangible indication of the esteem and honor in which the local citizens hold them, in tendering the boys a banquet at the "Old Plantation" in Boston. The regulars, besides being awarded gold pucks, were also the recipients of nifty white sweaters embellished with prominent black C's. Mr. Benedict FitzGerald, our music director, lent his exuberant presence to the occasion and was mainly responsible in making the affair a great social success. All in all, the banquet was a fitting tribute to the fellows who brought an entirely new piece of metalware to the Latin collection of emblems, cups, and plaques. The following were presented with the precious numerals: Capt. Rooney, Desrosiers, Spartachino, Anderson, Gomes, Crawley, Vinnicombe, Chaisson, Ronzio, Sawicki, Boudreau, Nagel, Donovan, Carchia, and managers De Leo, Hayes, and Truski.

In lieu of a trip to New York, Montreal, or Lewiston, owing to the condition of our school finances, Latin had to satisfy herself with the post-season engagements participated in by the All-Star aggregation, on which outfit she was represented by her regular team intact. Her athletes, in bringing additional honors to their school, covered themselves with distinction, driving exactly half of the twenty-two goals tallied by the Suburbanites. One could not help trying to draw a comparison between Latin's ace of aces, Desrosiers, and the peerless Ford. However an accurate appraisal of their respective competitive abilities could really not be formed as Ford, who accounted for two of the Harvard goals, in exercising his prerogative of captain, played the entire contest while Desrosiers, who was responsible for one tally, was merely a member of one of three forward lines hurled at the Harvard Cubs by Head-Coach Jack Culhane. Ed Rooney stole the proverbial thunder from his more talented and sensational mate in the four matches by personally locating a half a dozen pucks in back of various befuddled goalies. His six goals and one assist were easily the feature of the series.

Although goals scored are not exactly an infallible gauge of a man's team-value and general efficiency, yet they represent the only system of statistics yet evolved that defy argument.

	Regular Season			Post Season (All Suburban)		
	Goals	Assists	Points	Goals	Assists	Points
Desrosiers	5	5	10	2	4	6
Crawley	3	1	4	1	1	2
Anderson	3	1	4	1	1	2
Rooney	3	0	3	6	1	7
Vinnicombe	1	2	3	Did not play.		
Spartachino	2	0	2	1	1	2
	17	9	26	11	8	19

	Games	Goals Scored	Average per game
Gomes	7	4	.573 of a goal per game.

One must take into consideration, though, that, in their defensive capacities, Spartachino and Anderson were naturally not afforded the fullest opportunities of exercising their offensive abilities.

Desrosiers was a unanimous choice on the "All Star" sextet while "Bill" Anderson was selected in the *Herald's* "All State" mythical outfit and Gomes, Spartachino, and Rooney found their way into the line-ups of other prominent papers. "Cowboy" Crawley and Kale Vinnicombe were, of course, high up in the honorable mention standing.

John Spartachino and "Bill" Anderson are generally considered to be the finest pair of outer guardians in the State with the husky Spartachino, who developed the art and finesse of hockey checking to an unrivalled degree among the schoolboys, accepted as probably the greatest Latin defenseman that ever wore the regulation garb of our rinksters.

BASKETBALL

A Latin quintet, recently slumbering in the doldrums of mediocrity, figuratively roused itself in holding the truly potent Rindge team even in the final half; but, as the technicians had emerged from the initial half six points in the van, the final score was Rindge 22, Latin 16.

If Coach Koslowski believes in such an intangible, ethereal substance as a "moral victory", then he can content himself that he has achieved one; for one of the finest hoop outfits ever to be developed at the rival institution, pulled out a victory over a bunch of leaderless lads, only because it boasted a player in Mel Byington who possessed an uncanny faculty for propelling baskets from center-court with a breath-taking, astonishing degree of consistency and luck.

Latin's floor work matched that of her vaunted opponents but she could not pierce that Byington-Roback combination. On the other hand, the stubbornness of the Latin defense forced Rindge to resort exclusively to the eerie wizardry of her captain in order to carry away the victory.

Russ Gaudet, midget center, not only covered the towering Kishkis with such intensity and effectiveness that the Rindge six feet four inch string-bean could toss but a solitary basket, but also harassed the towering technician no little in the process of gleaning five points.

Maguire, Young, Sullivan, Kishkis, Alley, and the previously-mentioned Gaudet all performed in aggressive, resourceful, and creditable fashion, and at the same time gathered points. Mel Byington's lethal output included four field baskets and a brace of fouls.

LATIN

Player - Position	*Baskets*	*Fouls*	*Totals*
West, R. F.	0	0	0
Sullivan, R. F.	1	1	3
Young, R. F.	1	0	2
Kishkis, L. F.	1	0	2
Gaudet, C.	1	3	5
Alley, C.	1	0	2
Dunlevy, C.	0	0	0
Montgomery, R. G.	0	0	0
Frisoli, R. G.	0	0	0
Maguire, L. G.	1	0	2
Munn, L. G.	0	0	0
	6	4	16

RINDGE

Player - Position	*Baskets*	*Fouls*	*Totals*
Robak, L. G.	0	0	0
Byington, R. G.	4	2	10
Kishkis, C.	1	3	5
Watson, L. F.	0	3	3
Buttard, L. F.	0	0	0
Rugglerio, R. F.	2	0	4
	7	8	22

RINDGE 34 LATIN 22

Concluding a disappointing season in characteristic style, Latin dropped the second and determining contest to Rindge 34 - 22.

The Rindge coach started the complete second team. When Latin not only was unable "to make hay" while the subs cavorted, but was greeted by a fresh first team, headed by Byington, with the scoreboard announcing a nine point deficit it was apparent in the Lassman Gym that only by a miracle or at the least by a moving-picture dime-novel finish could a Cantab defeat be averted.

As it was, however, Rindge which has lost only to Chelsea and which will receive a Tech Tournament invitation found that the spirit manifested and exemplified by such staunch athletes as "Al" Maguire and "Larry" Sullivan would not permit them to romp.

Sophomore Russ Gaudet who, if he progresses normally before he graduates, will be one of those super athletes who carve a niche for themselves in the hall of fame, or whatever place is reserved and ordained for perpetuating the fame of high school sport immortals, displayed flawless floorwork and again procured the highest number of points for Latin.

Although accurate statistics are unfortunately not available, it is certain that the imposing total of baskets accumulated by the lithesome Russ Gaudet in his court activities would give him a tremendous point margin over his fellow hoopsters. Larry Sullivan would probably gain second honors while Alley, Young, West, and Frisoli would be thickly bunched behind him. Kishkis' injury and his consequent absence in the early tilts alone prevented him from attaining the lofty rank that his outstanding court abilities surely entitled him to hold.

BASEBALL

Coach Leander McDonald radiated satisfaction and optimism at the meeting of the diamond candidates. Departing from the established pre-season formula of, "Boys, it looks pretty sour and unless you work your respective heads off, we haven't even a chance", the veteran mentor confidently stated that, believing in Gallucio, Spartachino, Crawley, Anderson and McMann one had the nucleus of a potent team. He is setting the State Championship, not merely Suburban League honors, as his goal. Mr. McDonald's pre-season jubilance is readily understood when one discovers that such athletes will represent us in the diamond classics as John Spartachino, one of the hardest hitting catchers in the state last year, and who has since enjoyed a year of fast Suburban-League cultivation; "Tony" Gallucio, who will occupy one of the outfield posts and who has every requisite for a successful leader besides being a truly great ballplayer himself; "Cowboy" Crawley, a smart, smooth workman who was the most consistent batter on the Suburban champs last year; and Bill Anderson, who has been groomed for two years for the No. 1 hurling spot but whose batting proclivities alone make his regular presence indispensable. A wealth of promising material

makes the outlook one that really merits the optimistic attitude of the veteran coach. A sprightly newcomer from Arlington, Mitchell, is considered by the boys to be a promising prospect while Konochowski, Sullivan, Ronzio, and Sawicki should tend to make the usually inexplicable outfield puzzle easily solved.

Joe Connors, John Pierce, and "Red" Desrosiers, all likely recruits, will challenge Anderson and Reilly on the firing line and if any make good, either Bill Anderson and Reilly or both can switch to the outfield.

Frisoli and McMann have an edge on the keystone aspirants although "Limo" may try his luck at 3rd base as Bill has been Latin's efficient middle-guardian since his sophomore year.

Third and first bases will provide the "wide open" battle with the plenitude of high-grade competitors with ample assurance that both posts will be adequately fortified. Ed Rooney, hockey captain, Tom Dunlevy, Generio, and Frisoli will wage an interesting, heated battle for the far-corner berths, while Bill Anderson (when and if he is not pitching), Mitchell, Les Pitchford, Tom Dunlevy, and James Culhane are outstanding candidates for the vital first sack position. Chester Dorman, junior receiver, will strengthen the back-stopping department, although, if Spartachino should be absent from the lineup, Capt. Gallucio would don the mask and protector and lend his inspiring influence to his battery mate and to the infield. "Tony" was the first string catcher as a sophomore and only an athlete of Spartachino's calibre is keeping him from holding that same rank this year. The boys will be assured of able, resourceful direction from Leander McDonald, a great player himself, who has elevated Latin to a status of sovereignty in baseball. If Latin continues her dominance over the Suburban League opposition, Rindge, Brookline, and Newton, she will gain permanent possession of a bright new trophy, emblematic of three consecutive years of league leadership.

FOOTBALL

Capt. Werner Neudorf, alternately deploring the indifferent attitude toward school athletics in general and football in particular, as shown by a response of but fifty candidates for a spring practice meeting, and praising Mr. Sheehan for his intention of attending a coaching school in order to give Latin the benefit of first-class coaching in her pigskin endeavors, revealed that the enterprising mentor told the handful of assembled fellows that if a satisfactory share of the capable material leaned toward weight and ponderance, he would emphasize power, steam-roller tacti as typified by former Yale elevens, while otherwise he would stress deceptiveness and speed, the late Rockne's Notre Dame pattern, as the keynote of the Latin attack.

G. A. A.

AT last the long awaited Spring is here once again! I'll not bore you by a complicated review of our activities, because I have many things to record since the last issue of the "Review".

At present, the officers and Miss Brown are engaged in coaching thirteen grammar schools for the annual Basketball Tournament. A cup is offered to the winning team by the G. A. A. The official referees for the games are: Corinne Donnelly, Catherine Norton, Marie Camirand, Alice Tibbetts, and Marian Leary.

Edith Coady has been elected Captain of the Varsity Basketball team. The first Varsity team consists of Edith Coady, Edwina Mullins, Mary McDonough, Marian Leary, Catherine Norton, Edna Gulgus, Minnie Pietkewicz, and Alice Tibbetts. The second Varsity is as follows: Olga Culolias, Margaret Murphy, Captain; Evelyn Bisson, Virginia Eisenhauer, Mary Rymsha, Agnes Benkoski, and Frances Ritvo.

The Varsity teams began the season well, by defeating the strong Somerville teams. The scores were: Cambridge 1st, 18; Somerville 1st, 13. Cambridge 2nd, 23; Somerville 2nd, 15.

On March 16th the Cambridge Varsity went to Everett. The Everett Varsity proved a far superior team.

To uphold our name, the Cambridge Varsity defeated the Alumni team on Monday evening, March 19th. The second Varsity which is headed by Margaret Murphy failed in its efforts to defeat the strong Class of 1933. After the game, the G. A. A. officers served refreshments to the players. The members of the Varsity were then the guests of Manager Josephine Ciampi.

Our next and final game was held in the gymnasium on Friday, March 23. The first and second Varsity met the corresponding teams from Medford High. Once again the first Varsity were victors. The scores were Cambridge 1st, 17; Medford 1st, 13; Cambridge 2nd, 9; Medford 2nd, 23.

The sophomore team deserves much praise as it completed its season without a single defeat. This is the first time in the history of the school that a sophomore team has won the Interscholastic Championship. The following are members of the team: Captain, Frances Ritvo; Evelyn Bisson, Minnie Pietkewitcz, Edith Coady, Ed-

wina Mullins, Margaret Downes, Edna Gulgus, Managers, Ociannia Collins and Alice Murray.

Agnes Benkoski is the newly elected Secretary of the G. A. A. Congratulations, Agnes!

The freshmen had a very successful basketball season. They won all their outside games which included games with Everett Junior High and Arlington Junior High.

Caroline Dalton was elected Captain of the freshmen second team, while Bessie Makras was chosen to lead the first team. A list of the first and second team is as follows:

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
B. Harney	P. Sheridan
S. Kaufman	C. Dalton
F. Brown	M. Holt
J. Kelso	M. Gavin
L. Flax	I. Hopkins
B. Makras	D. Sigelos
A. Neudorf	D. Lennox

The annual Basketball banquet which will be held in the Riverbank Court Hotel has been postponed from April 7 to April 21. We hope that all admirers of basketball will be present. The members of the Alumni will honor us with their presence. Barbara Sheridan will be toast-mistress, and Alice Tibbetts practical joker. Speeches (the pleasing kind), dancing, and the luncheon itself should be alluring enough. Any girl desiring to attend is advised to get in touch with the captain of her class. The captains are: Bessie Makras, Freshmen; Frances Ritvo, Sophomores; Catherine Norton, Juniors; and Mary McDonough, Seniors.

At the G. A. A. meeting which was held in the hall the first recess period March 22, Miss Brown announced the coming masquerade which will be held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, April 18th. Tay O'Donnell's Orchestra will furnish the music for the evening. Prizes will be awarded for the best costumes.

The first baseball practice was held for pitchers and catchers on March 28th. Since this time, the class teams have been organized, and they will soon begin to strive for the Baseball Interscholastic Championship. May the best team win.

ALICE TIBBETTS, '34.

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IT'S NOT TOO EARLY

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necsesary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesman or canvassers) to the school at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

—Advertisement

EXCHANGES

IN this, the Spring Number of "The Review", the Exchange Department is following a new plan of composition, that is, new to us. The department in the past has been made up of a group of brief, critical articles on the various magazines which we have received. However, we are now departing from that method of dealing with the publications sent to us, and presenting excerpts chosen from several of the outstanding Exchanges of the month. It is our desire to make these excerpts as comprehensive as possible in this somewhat limited space; therefore, in each issue we shall try to reprint an especially good poem, editorial, description, or bit of humor.

From "The Western Hills Maroon" of the Western Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, we beg leave to use this short lyric, the mood of which is so excellently portrayed.

Monotone

A weary winter afternoon;
A sullen sky;
Leafless limbs of tall gray trees;
Houses, gray and gloomy;
Flurrying flakes of snow;
Shivering sparrows.
Flitting past my window —
The world a pattern of dismal gray.

Also, we found on one of the pages of "The Maroon" an amusing and well written sketch of a golfer's trials entitled, "Hope Springs Eternal", a paragraph of which we take the liberty to reprint.

"Reginald Archibald Burwithers gradually moved his right arm back, saw that the left arm cocked at just the right angle, and that his grip was not too tight, not too loose—but firm, supple, and relaxed; he took one more, the tenth, side-long glance. Carefully and exactly, according to the instructions in the latest book, he brought his arms very slowly back to their original position, continuing with the same slow, exact motion and taking care that his head remained as if glued to the spot. After this careful performance he looked up just in time to see his ball at the end of a twelve inch roll strike a tiny twig and stop at the very edge of the hole of the eighteenth green."

We promised to include here the best editorial of the month and within the Melrose High School's "School Life" the required item appears. Its title is "Leaders".

"Last month the people of the country joined to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of a living President; this month they celebrate the birth of two long-dead Presidents, Washington and Lincoln. The first was attended by a rising enthusiasm; the second is inspired by beloved traditions, a recognition of the worth of the two former Presidents. It is altogether fitting for us to honor those whose vision and accomplishments have helped to build our nation. Above all, let us honor the qualities which make these certain ones the leaders. Washington, the leader of his day, helped to lay the foundation of our country; Lincoln, sixty years later, led that country back to normal. Think of the qualities of these great men, and you will realize the equipment these qualities offered for great lives. If we equip ourselves thus, we may become the leaders of our day, as Washington and Lincoln were in theirs. So, I say, honor these men who, although of a far distant generation, are outstanding examples of truly great leaders; but, honor still more the principles and qualities which they reflect."

In the same magazine, "School Life", among the jests and quips, is this clever humorous, and suspense-filled account. "His gleaming eyes were above my face, leering, leering at me in the knowledge of his power over me. Slowly, slowly his yellow hands found my throat. A moment,— and then his strong arms were about me, crushing my very bones beneath that crunching grasp. I cried out for the mercy he would not give, and he smiled. He threw me to the floor with sickening impact. At last he held me, cowering with fear, against the wall and crushed my shoulders back.

"Away from the wall, he leaned over, crushing me back over the table, his face, smiling in fiendish pleasure above me — Never again will I go to a Chiropractor!"

Let us next take up "The Aegis" of the Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts. It is our good fortune to see just the right article to suit our muse. "Superstitions of Sir Roger's Time" contributes the following extract:

"The English people of the 'Spectator' time were one of the most superstitious nations in Europe. This prevailed not only among the lower classes, but even among the nobility.

"If a saltcellar chanced to topple over towards a gentleman dining, that worthy immediately ordered a waiter to flip a few drops of wine on his, the gentleman's trouser legs. If he sneezed, he expected his companions to doff their hats. At one time superstition was so rampant that an almanac appeared marked with all the lucky and unlucky days of the year. No person of importance who could afford one was without his Erra Pater."

There is not much more space available in this issue of the Exchange Department. However, we shall not omit two excerpts from "The

(Continued on page 23)

C. H. L. S. Movies

Wonder Bar ..... *The Lunch Counter*
Convention City
The Hall During Lunch Periods
Day of Reckoning ..... *Report Card Day*
Frolics of 1934 ..... *Senior Assemblies*
Little Women ..... *Freshman Girls*
Palooka ..... *Henry Rogers*
Hips, Hips, Hooray! ..... *Gym Classes*

Song Hits

Last Roundup ..... *8:29 A. M.*
Mister Magician ..... *Frank Whitman*
You've Got to be a Football Hero
"Bud" Montgomery
Got the Jitters *Harry (Senior Drama) Johnson*
Over Somebody Else's Shoulder
During Departmentals
I Just Couldn't Take It ..... *College Boards*

Billy Pinkos: I'm going to quit school and live by my native wit.
Stanley Ginsberg: Fine! Half a living is better than none.

Richard Fox: You woke me out of a sound sleep.
Jack Gately: I had to. The sound was too loud.

Frances Collins: He has a strenuous position.
Martha McCarthy: "What does he do?
Frances: He is timekeeper for Mr. Fougère's checker matches.

McCormick: What's this? Did you buy a Saxophone?
McLaughlin: No, I just borrowed it from the man next door.
McCormick: What for? You can't play it.
McLaughlin: Neither can he while I have it.

Vinacomb: Aw shucks, I should worry if I get zero — that's nothin'.

Take a Scotch trip: Stay at home and let your mind wander.

Judge: Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?
Ernest Finstein: Oh, yes, your honor.
Judge: What suit was it?
Ernest: My blue serge.

Teacher: What is the most outstanding contribution of chemistry to the world?
Francis Whitman: Blondes.

Fram: And why, Warden, do you feed the prisoners yeast cakes?
Warden: To keep them from breaking out, of course.

Ritzo: See that man, is he drunk?
Sellers: No, he's just syncopated.
Ritzo: What do you mean, syncopated?
Sellers: Why, he moves unevenly from one bar to another.

He beat me to a jelly, jammed me against the wall, and jarred me silly.
Oh! Heaven preserve you.

FOUND—Roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north of Room 77.

Coach (to student): Well, speak up. How do you want your uniform, too large or too small?

Don Regan: Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?
Joseph Manley: Well, you get in first, and then I'll see if there's any room left.

Bill Mooney: My car was stolen last night.
Tom: Get a look at the fellow?
Bill: No, but I got his license number.

Salesman (in fruit market): We have some very nice alligator pears this morning.
Dot Cummings: How silly. Why, we haven't even got a goldfish, mister.

Father: I got a letter from Mr. Cleveland that says our Lillian is stealing.
Mother: What!
Father: It says she's taking home economics.

Alice Tibbets: Is this perfectly clear now?
Barbara: Clear as mud.
Alice: Well, then — that covers the ground.

Lynch: What have you there?
Spartichino: Some insect powder.
Lynch: What are you going to do, commit suicide?

Brutus (sinking dagger into Caesar): Ah! Do you get the point?

Alice Weems: My brother threw a cake at me. I made it myself, too!
Julia Brosnan: The brute, he might have killed you.

Guy Benadetto: I have a chance for the soccer team.
Wilson: When are they going to raffle that off?

Teacher: Your recitation reminds one of Quebec.
Conant: How's that?
Teacher: It's built on a bluff.

Judge: What brought you here?
V. Panunzio: Two policemen.
Judge: I don't mean that — drunk I presume?
V. Panunzio: Yes, both of them.

Teacher: (in English) What are pauses?
Mary Faraoni: Something that grows on cats.

Teacher: What is the meaning of the word "generous"?
Leon Zarling: A woman general.

Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?
Joe Fleming: Yes, your honor.
Judge: And what have you to say in your defense?
Joe: I didn't know it was loaded.

Could you give me work?
Yes, but I won't.
Shake hands, you're all right.

Hear about Herbert Kubli? He swallowed a camera film.
Gosh, I hope nothing serious develops.

Soph: Where do you get your hair cut?
Frosh: On the head.

When Noah sailed the waters blue
He had his troubles same as you.
For forty days he drove the Ark
Before he found a place to park.

Well, that's one thing the depression hasn't effected.
Whazzat?
The crematory's urning power!

Fred Ritzau: This plant belongs to the begonia family.
Rita Jordan: Oh, and are you taking care of it while they're away?

John Riley: Who was the greatest inventor?
Eddie Duffy: An Irishman named Pat. Pending.

Marion Leary: How much is that canary?
Pet shop keeper: Five dollars.
Marion: I'll take it. Send me the bill.
Pet shop keeper: Sorry, ma'am, but we can't send the bill without the rest of the bird.

Teacher: Give the positive, comparative, and superlative of sick.
Frank Coady: Sick, sicker, dead.

Ray Wells: What's the difference between capital and labor?
Harry Bowers: The five dollars I loaned Henry Rogers represents capital, and trying to get it back represents labor.

Leo Davy: (reading magazine in waiting room at dentist's) Just my luck! Only one more tooth in my head, and the love story will not be concluded for three weeks yet!

Frances Nixon: Why did you have a picture taken of only one of your twins?
Mrs. Smith: They look alike; so what's the difference?

John Conley: This is a very large skating rink you have.
Manager: Oh, yes, it has a seating capacity of one thousand.

A Latin School senior was visiting a friend in the country. He wrote his mother saying:
"I'm having lots of fun. I'm falling very much in love with Ping-Pong."
A few days later he received a special delivery letter from his mother. It read:
"Come home at once. We don't want to have a Chinese girl in our family."

No matter how full a street car may be, it generally can go straight.

Teacher: Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?
Dot Simmons: Why no! I thought he lived in the White House.

Minsky (boarding bus): Well, Noah, is the ark full?
Driver: Nope, only one jackass so far, come on in.

Dunlevy: Do you drink milk?
Maguire: No, I can't get those wide-mouthed bottles in my mouth.

Teacher: How much time do you spend on your Latin?
T. Papodapolous: Er-er I should judge between twenty to thirty minutes.
Teacher: Oh, I see, about ten minutes.

Era Cassine: Hasn't Julia a fresh complexion?
Rose Bonasera: Yes, fresh every day.

Joseph Fallon: Did you notice those hazel eyes?
Murphy: Yeh, they're the nuts!

Bernie Kamins: I had to pass through the cemetery the other night, so I walked backwards the whole way.
Arnold Hurvitz: And why did you do that?
Bernie: So no ghosts could creep up on me from behind.

Maid: There are five salesmen downstairs with vacuum cleaners, ma'am. They all say they have appointments to give demonstrations.
Mrs. Young: (all wound up for spring-cleaning) Yes, I sent for them. Put them in different rooms, and tell them they can start right now.

When little Johnnie was almost eight years old he pinned a note on the door of his room saying: "Don't forget my birthday. Give until it hurts".

"I don't care," said the little girl who had not been invited to the party. "I'll be even with them."
"Why, what will you do?" asked her mother.
"When I grow up I'll give a great, big party, and I won't invite anyone!"

Bill: How come you're so round-shouldered.
Bob Rankin: I've been writing with a heavy lead pencil.

Martha McCarthy: I'm in an awful predicament.
Eleanor Coen: What's the trouble?
Martha: I've lost my glasses and I can't look for them until I've found them again!

The jury had acquitted the defendant of horse stealing because of the powerful plea of his lawyer.
"Honor bright, now, Bill," said the lawyer, as the two left the court-house, "you did steal that horse, didn't you?"
"Well now, look here. I'll be honest with you. I always did think I stole that hoss until I heard you make that speech to the jury. Now I'll be doggoned if I ain't got my doubts about it."

EXCHANGES—(*Continued from page 20*)

Phoenix" of Leicester High School, Leicester, Massachusetts. The first of these is an anachronistic description "The Winter Forest".

"Ah, winter-snow, cold, and dismal. The tall oaks and maples stripped bare, every branch with snow and dropping icicles stand like pale ghosts of the forest shedding frozen tears. The icy tree-tops sway from side to side with a sharp crackling sound. The snow-laden pines send large fleecy flakes twisting dizzily round and round in waltz to the whirl of the wind like sparkling jewels. Long, filmy threads trail downward to the earth like ropes of fairy-flowers bending themselves to the wind.

"Then, like a war trumpet, the stillness ceased with a wild shriek and uproar, the strong pines rock backward and foreward crashing their frosted branches together. The massive clouds in the sky open and let fall their burden of snow, faster and faster, heavier and thicker, till there seemed no clear space in the air.

Round and round swept these various jewels, now advancing, now retreating, turning the sullen waters into a quivering mass of steel. They beat against the already snow-laden trees and mountains like heaped up pearls and diamonds."

Thus endeth our April report.

JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

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The Reviewer

TO THE MEMORY
of
MISS LILLIAN EDGERLY

AFTER sixteen years of faithful service as a teacher in the Cambridge High and Latin School, Miss Lillian E. Edgerly died in May, 1934, after a brief retirement.

She will be remembered by those who knew her for her love of fair play, her true sportsmanship, her rare, keen sense of humor, and her courage. She was a loyal, conscientious teacher, who gave unstintingly of herself in the interest of those who came under her guidance.

The teachers and pupils of our school extend their sincere sympathy to Miss Edgerly's brother.

THANKS

TO you, our fellow students, who have, in the year now past, contributed to the success of the Review, we owe our heart-felt thanks. We deeply appreciate your generous contribution of material and may we assure you, we are fully as grateful for what we were unable to print as we are for that which has appeared in our pages.

The Review is *your* paper and its success is due in no small measure to your full cooperation. So, to all of you, members of the staff, and to you, "outside" contributors, we give thanks for a successful year for the Review. J. J. W., '34.

A CORRECTION

THE name of Dorothy Welch should have been included in the Graduation Honor Roll in the April Review. She has been on the Honor Roll for four years. We regret exceedingly that her name was omitted through an error, and we hasten to make the correction.

THE LIBERTY PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience attended the sixteenth annual Liberty Prize Speaking Contest in the school hall on the night of April 27th. After the program had been opened by orchestral selections under the direction of Miss Wait, the first of the participants, Barbara Sheridan, presented "A Minuet" by Louis N. Parker. Then Charles MacFarland gave "The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes. Following this came the two winners. Harriet Varrell, presenting "A Successful Season" from "Lady Windemere's Fan" by Oscar Wilde, and Lawrence Mullin, delivering "The Celery Is Ripe to Cut" from "Disraeli" by Louis N. Parker. Here the orchestra gave another selection and then the program was continued.

Eleanor Holmgren, president of the class of '34, gave "For England" from "Friend Hannah" by Paul Kester. She was followed by Raymond Wells who presented "Robert of Sicily" by Henry W. Longfellow. Then Martha McCarthy delivered what was by far the most enthusiastically received piece of the entire evening in "Queen of Emptiness" from "Elizabeth the Queen" by Maxwell Anderson, and Harold Johnson closed the competition with "Abraham Lincoln" by Henry Watterson.

The orchestra played several selections during the long deliberation of the judges, Mr. Alexander H. Bill, Mrs. Margaret Strictland Hurley, and Mr. Frederick C. Packard. Mr. Cleveland then introduced Mr. Packard, who kept the audience in uproar by constantly evading the announcement of the winner. Mr. Packard went so far as to comment on his fine new moustachio and promised that next year's audience would see a full beard. Finally he announced the decision,—winner for the girls, Harriet Varrell, and for the boys, Lawrence Mullin. Honorable mention for the girls went to Eleanor Holmgren but, owing to the uniform excellence of their selections, no honorable mention was selected from among the boys. The contest was finished by the presentation of the two medals by His Honor, Mayor Russell, and the audience left well satisfied.

J. J. W., '34.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

ENGLISH I

Prize

Teresa Ann Regan ..... Mrs. Dunn

Honorable Mention

John Senders ..... Mrs. Dunn
Martha Merrill ..... Miss Getchell
Edward Waitkins ..... Miss Stratton
Walter Fleming ..... Miss Smith
Cynthia Nash ..... Miss Getchell
Louise Barrett ..... Miss Young
Irene Andelman ..... Miss Young
Jennie Shacter ..... Mrs. Dunn
Mildred L. Bos ..... Mrs. Dunn
Mary McKelleget ..... Miss Getchell
Ann Teuton ..... Miss Stratton
Francis Glacken ..... Mr. Foley
Robert J. Roth ..... Mrs. Dunn

ENGLISH II

Prize

Esther Shea ..... Miss Feeley

Honorable Mention

Thelma Dubuque ..... Miss Getchell
Nora Grady ..... Mrs. Dunn
Gertrude Quitt ..... Miss Feeley
Nancy Roorbach ..... Miss Feeley
Devora Goldwater ..... Miss Buckley
Coralie Metcalfe ..... Miss Whalen
Olga Kirslis ..... Miss Feeley
Helen Burns ..... Mr. Foley
Aylsa Tibbetts ..... Mr. Cunningham
Helen Stultz ..... Miss Young
Muriel Dale ..... Miss Buckley
Josephine Kontrimus ..... Miss Coyle
Roberta Crowell ..... Miss Coyle
Orieanna Collins ..... Miss Buckley

ENGLISH III

Prize

Edward Moylan ..... Miss Hogan

Honorable Mention

Mary Albro ..... Miss Sullivan
Imogen Engelehart ..... Miss A. Kelley
Louise E. Portais ..... Miss Davey
Katherine Kilfoyle ..... Miss Davey
Yvonne Poissonnier ..... Miss A. Kelley
Frank Duddy ..... Miss Hogan
Dorothea Daniels ..... Miss Sullivan

ENGLISH IV

Prize

Eleanor Goulart ..... Miss Sullivan

Honorable Mention

Marion Finkel ..... Miss Butler
Harriet Varrell ..... Miss Butler
Frances Collins ..... Miss Sullivan
Ann Bartlett ..... Miss Butler

ENGLISH I

The Rainy Day

DURING the course of a year there are, of course, a great many rainy days but of the many that we had last year one stands out very clearly. On a dull and dreary afternoon I tiptoed slowly up the stairs towards the attic. Upon reaching my destination I listlessly began looking through an old trunk when suddenly I spied an envelope, yellow with age. Thinking that it would do no harm to read the letter, I slit the wax that sealed it and found the caption, "To some little Teresa of the future."

It was addressed to me! After all these years—it was dated March 28, 1863—I had found an heirloom to be carefully guarded and passed on to future generations. The thing I enjoyed most about that letter was its old-fashioned, homelike advice. Every second I expected to hear the rustle of a long unfashionable hoop skirt and to hear her speak of the many trials she had gone through; for she wrote of her husband's and son's fighting on opposite sides in the Civil War. Still she did not complain and I wondered if any of our modern mothers would bear up as bravely under such a terrible strain.

What courage she had! Her last words were the biggest help of all however, for she advised the reader of the letter to keep smiling no matter what happened, and to use the modern term, everything would come through right. As I read these last words a great peace stole over me and just then as though the heavens too were again peaceful a glorious shaft of sunlight streamed across the floor of the room. That rainy day was over but what changes it had brought! I realized how few troubles I really had and gave up feeling sorry for myself in an attempt to bring myself up to a level with my great grandma, and mother says that is the biggest change of all.

Teresa Ann Regan.

ENGLISH II

The Woods in Autumn

THE curving, twisting, winding path guided my eager feet into the very heart of the woods. Enraptured, I stood still, absorbing the clear, sparkling, golden sunshine which streamed through the brilliant leaves of the trees. A tiny streamlet, bubbling and gurgling happily on its delightful way, babbled noisily as it wandered aimlessly along. Poking a speculative, gray head through a mound of dry, crackling leaves, an inquisitive squirrel

sniffed the air suspiciously, looked sharply about, and again resumed its frantic searching. Laughing silently, I passed. Then I halted, gazing enthralled by the scene before my eyes.

Here, no leaves of vivid reds, gleaming yellows or brilliant oranges covered the brown earth. No squirrels darted hither and thither, industriously gathering nuts. On the contrary, there was a solemn hush. Profound silence reigned. Overhead, giant arms of majestic pines interlocked, creating a perpetual, dusky twilight. The air was filled with the soft, slipping sounds of the everfalling needles. I heard the wind, at first sighing sadly among the pines, then gradually rising to a shriek and again subsiding to a pitiful moan. It seemed as if some lost soul were begging, pleading, and shrieking for its freedom. Shuddering, I turned my back on the awful scene, and hastened to go into the warm, comforting sunshine and to rid myself of the depressing thoughts formed by the awe-inspiring scene of the lonesome pines.

ESTHER SHEA.

ENGLISH III

OUR GREATEST NEED

OUR greatest need is Jesus Christ and the principles for which He stands. I shall attempt to demonstrate the relationship between our most urgent problems and His principles.

First, there is the national, or international, if you will, bugaboo called depression. Our noted economists wax vehement and dolefully shake their learned heads. Our amateur economists, the ignorant optimists, glibly tell us just what the cause is. Common sense in the person of the late Calvin Coolidge ruefully confessed that it saw no way out. I think Franklin D. Roosevelt was the wise man. Just before inauguration he went to that place where he was most likely to find the answer—to the shrine of God. From all accounts he has certainly received the answer. At any rate, he is putting, or trying to put God's principles into practice. It seems that it took a man of his type of courage to try to do this difficult task. Franklin Roosevelt recognizes the dignity of man; man is made more important than anything else. The common man must not be trodden upon; he must not be made the stepping stone to the greed sought by the more powerful. We must again stress the dignity of man as Christ did. We must stress the need for fair play in order that every man's inherent rights may be respected.

Then, there is the question of war. War is the supreme madness; it is the folly of might is right. The terrible irony of war is that when all is finished we seek the victor in vain. Again God's wisdom falls on deaf ears. The few who are attracted to wisdom amidst the tumult and the folly hear it plainly, "Those who live by the sword shall perish by it." Greedy men would again hurl us into war by means of their skillful propaganda. There is propaganda for peace in the principles of Christ but these men obsessed with greed insidiously declaim against these principles and unthinking fools gravely nod assent. There must be no compromise this time; the churches must uphold these principles of God and utilize all their strength in order that these Christ-like principles may prevail. We must not again have murder made legal and all the unreasoning power of hate fill our hearts. Christ demonstrates the folly to those who listen.

The next problem is justice. We have what we call justice. God must sadly smile at this blurred representation of His conception. We have criminals posing as heroes and foolish people encouragingly applaud. We have money causing justice to bow feebly to its power. A false tolerance derides those few who possess convictions, one of which is the desire for strict and impartial justice. Christ pointed the way in that great scene with those money-worshippers of long ago. The people should be aroused to action such as was exhibited by Christ.

Then there is morality or should I say the lack of it. The unthinking approval of the mob causes it to flourish. It is smart to be evil and to promote it. The books say so; the movies say so; many of our so-called intellectuals say so, therefore such must be the case. The sane people who still think differently and perchance say so are labelled intolerant. America especially needs more conviction and more faith in what is worthwhile. We need to rise above cheapness, to recover our sense of values. The people who want right thinking, right feeling and right acting to prevail should organize for that end beyond the point of mere talk.

Lastly, there is the need for real, vital religion. It can be made real; it has the power. All those who revel in scepticism are looked upon as the wise. No one seems to want to admit the possession of simple whole-hearted faith for fear he shall be thought naïve. We must be rational; we must be scientific is the battle-cry of those poor souls who do not really know what the scientific viewpoint is. Pseudo-scientists encourage these people with their

rash statements, and true scientists knowing that science above all things is never cocksure, chuckles at such deep-seated ignorance under a cloak of knowledge. Faith overleaps the confines of reason because faith realizes that beyond the confines of reason there is truth, just as certain to those with the eyes to see as is the truth begotten through the processes of reason. America, especially, and the rest of the world also, must realize the value of the spiritual. With all our vast development the need for spiritual development has been overlooked.

To sum up—we must apply the principles of Christ before we reluctantly admit defeat. "We have tried them," is the general cry. I answer, "We haven't tried them." God points the way to success but we fail to heed Him. Such folly amid all our so-called learning! Perhaps because we pride ourselves on our complexity, such a way out would be too simple.

EDWARD MOYLAN.

ENGLISH IV

AT THE OPERA

GOING to the opera is, in my opinion, the most thrilling experience anyone could have. How well I remember my first opera! The prospect of going thrilled me a whole week before the actuality. It was the foremost thought of all my waking moments, and the only topic of my dreams.

The great night arrived at last, and as my impatience would brook no delay, we were among the first to arrive. The opera to be sung was "Tristan und Isolde", an opera which always brings out the socialites in full force. I watched them as with self-important stride and mincing step the lords and ladies of society sailed to their box seats. Now, I took the beauty of the opera as a matter of course, but I had not been prepared for the dazzling magnificence of the crowd. The ladies in their gleaming satin gowns and sparkling gems stood out among the sombre apparelled gentlemen even as the stars shine against the velvety darkness of a summer evening sky. Some were perfect examples of what expert coutumieres and masseuses can do; others were products of Mother Nature. All were beautiful. I looked down on all this splendor from the balcony wistfully and, enviously. Suddenly, however, I thought of Puck's saying, "What fools these mortals be," and I was comforted. Even though I was in the balcony, would not the opera pour forth its music to me, would not its soul become one with mine, as the tender, thrilling story unrolled before my eyes?

With a smile of contentment, I snuggled down in my balcony seat just as the curtain opened on the first act of "Tristan und Isolde". This opera is one of the most beautiful of all Wagner operas. Running throughout it is a wistful appeal which not even the most hardened can fail to acknowledge and appreciate. This wistfulness wraps itself around your heart with gentle, compelling fingers, drawing you closer and closer to itself, binding you with its fragile threads until you succumb and proclaim yourself its prisoner. Yet, all is not wistfulness in this opera. There is power, too, in the "Love Duet", which seems to be the very essence of love itself. It is, however, the "Liebestod" which captured my heart for all time. It is that beauty which brings with it an ache in the heart, which is so often sought and so seldom found, that constitutes the might of the music. There is sorrow in it, yes, but it is that sorrow which brings tears to the eyes for the joy of having found perfection even in grief. That song is the cry of all lovers who have lost each other. It is love personified, and beauty exemplified. These impressions were engraven on my mind not through any conscious power of my own, but by something outside me which was stronger than myself.

As the lights went on, and the principals took call after call, I was in a daze. The only remembrance I had is that when I saw those glittering men and women getting into their cars, the opera already buried in a sea of light chatter about nothing, I muttered again, "O Lord! What fools these mortals be!" Now, when I remember that night and go back in my mind over the impressions and wealth of beauty I stored up, I often wonder if those in the box seats got the same unlimited amount of wealth that I did. Somehow, I doubt that they did.

ELEANOR GOULART.

LOW TIDE

The pebbles were all glistening white
  Fresh from a mermaid's home,
The beach was white with shining shells
  And splashed with frothing foam.

And tentacles of green sea weed
  Were clinging to the rocks,
As if those bald old pinnacles
  Had shiny, snarling locks.

And all the sands were smooth gray-brown
  When, standing on the shore,
I thought, "An hour—and this firm land
  Is ocean bed once more!"

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

WHY OPERA HAS NOT BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN THE UNITED STATES

FOR sixteen long years Boston, supposedly a center of culture, has suffered from the absence of a good opera company. Fortunately, two weeks ago the Metropolitan Opera Company condescended to pay Boston a short visit of one week, but only after the "four hundred" and all those who aspire to this elite group had pledged themselves to cover any loss incurred. The company enjoyed a very successful stay and when they departed, left in their wake the question, "Why are cities like Boston unable to support year-round opera?"

To support opera for any extended period of time not only society must come but also the common crowd, as society comprises but a small portion of the population. The question is then, "How may we attract to opera the ordinary run of people who nightly crowd the theatres?" One of the main reasons why the ordinary person does not come is the price. Last year in New York at the Hippodrome Theatre with popular prices in vogue, a company of not too startling ability played to packed houses for an entire season.

A second reason why opera is not successful is that all the stars with whom ordinary people are acquainted are members of one group. When Samuel Insull began his European peregrinations he left behind him not only ruined utility corporations but also the remains of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, the only world rival to the Metropolitan. From that time on the latter has had a veritable monopoly on operatic talent. As a result of this state of affairs all minor companies have been forced to do without the eminent voices whose names are assets at the box-office. Another result has been the endangering of the Metropolitan's financial independence because of the high salaries which these stars draw. For example, on the recent visit of the opera company to Boston it was necessary that the theatre be more than four-fifths sold out in order that expenses be covered. Fortunately the Boston Opera House was sold out for nearly every night, but even under those circumstances only a meagre profit was realized.

The last poignant reason for the lack of success in attracting ordinary people is the fact that all the operas are sung for the most part in foreign tongues. The few American operas that the Metropolitan has deemed worthy of a performance are by no means up to the standard of the works of foreign masters. This season in New York, Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson" was presented and was doomed by popular consent to gather well-deserved dust. Howard Hanson's "Merrymount" met with even a worse fate; Hanson was accused of using Debussy's work which he, as many say, slightly Hansonized. The third work on this year's list, Louis Gruenberg's operization of O'Neil's "Emperor Jones" merely gives sound effects to the play and offers Lawrence Tibbett, who thus far has taken the role of the swagging negro, but one chance to exercise his vocal powers.

The cure for the first two faults can only be effected by the rise of new powerful financial groups who can support a good grade of opera; as for the last, there is some faint hope from a new ultra-modern group of American composers who are slowly arising from the depths of obscurity. Of course, there is no possibility of popular American opera in the very near future, but we hope that within fifteen or twenty years opera-going will be an ordinary matter in the life of every American instead of a "once in a lifetime" pleasure.

ALBERT COHEN, '34.

ADVICE TO LOVERS

TO those who are covertly reading this solemn warning, I say this: You are not alone. At the start, however, I ask you not to expect too much here; in the end, I shall exhort you not to expect too much anywhere.

To consider the effect on actuality caused by anticipation, let us depart from the subject, though reluctantly, and suppose that you are planning to go to a play. Probably you have a half-formed opinion of the play before you see it. Perhaps you expect to watch the hidden recesses of character discover themselves in an absorbing drama. But suppose that you are mistaken. Alas, suppose that instead of a drama you should see a melodrama. What will be the result?

Why, you will probably undervalue the production, forgetting that a work should be judged by comparison with others of its class. The play may have been an excellent melodrama, but you will persist in comparing it with Ibsen. Thus has your anticipation robbed you of enjoying a stirring play.

Suppose now that you are about to read Wordsworth without any particular anticipa-

tion. How would your reaction to Wordsworth in these circumstances differ from your reaction if you expected from the poet an acceptable philosophy of life? Well, I have heard of a man who expected a great deal from Wordsworth, and who was disappointed. A famous critic, commenting on the case, said that such is a common experience, but that it is equally common for a man who expected little to be delighted with the nature poet.

Bear with me through one more example, and then we shall draw a conclusion. Here it is: if one enters school expecting to like it, one is not only unusual but one probably will like school. If, on the other hand, one enters school thinking to gain nothing, nothing will come of it. That is to say, one must enter anyway. Here then is plainly a case in which one gets what one expects.

We have considered a case in which false anticipation caused false criticism; one in which anticipation was greater than reality; and one in which anticipation affected realization, sometimes agreeably, sometimes not.

However, we cannot determine not to anticipate at all; for the mere selecting of a play to go to, or a book to read implies some degree of anticipation. We can say this: do not anticipate without good reason, and determine that you will not be disappointed happily or otherwise. Wait and see.

And to those who are covertly reading this solemn warning, I say, "You have been disappointed—take a lesson that may prove helpful in your amours."

THE REVIEWER.

DREAM TRAVEL

MOST of us are travelers either in fact or in fancy. The latter group, with the aid of healthy imaginations or minds that never sleep, is apt to visit many wonderful places never dreamed of by the actual wanderers. Its members add even greater glories to normal haunts of the unfortunate voyagers who tramp distant paths in far corners of the globe. Dreamers explore parts of their own world which rival the majesty of Fujeyama and the splendid beauty of the Taj Mahal.

The tired worker in a creative mood sinks deep into his favorite easy chair in a sympathetic nook, lights his pipe and is whisked on a smoke-ring to a land of wonders. If he is unusually favored by Lady Luck he finds himself transplanted in a garden of idle luxury. He may be a king whose most strenuous act is the clapping of his hands. He need not exert himself to that extent unless he wishes the services of his thousand subjects who are awaiting his bidding to wait on him hand and foot. At times he lies on endless stretches of creamy sand beside the foaming sapphire sea watching his pearl divers bring up wealth by the hour, or the royal fishermen busily engaged in catching and preparing one course of his royal lunch. Overhead the royal monkeys in the royal palms are picking particularly delicious cocoanuts while further inland one hundred specialists are raking the dense jungle for the most luscious of fruits to top off his repast.

Of course his palace is of unparalleled excellence, built of Italian marble imported by the builder, an emperor of an extinct and once powerful civilization, who had thought of everything in constructive artistry.

What is this! Something has fallen into his majesty's royal lap. It seems to be his pipe, and no matter how hard he claps his hands no slaves appear to replace it between his lips.

Is this a mutiny? No, it is an awakening, and once again Mr. Workingman fills his pipe, settles back, and sets out for Dreamland.

GEORGE H. SNELLING, '34.

MY ENGLISH STORY-BOOK FRIENDS

Often in my nightly dreams,
I meet old story-book friends and scenes.
I go to a palace far from home,
King Robert of Sicily sits on the throne.

I sit near King Rob and laugh and grin,
I gaze about, taking everything in.
'Tis a gay affair with song and cheer,
My English book friends are all gathered here.

The band strikes up a lively tune
While Macbeth goes spinning round the room.
Uriah Heep, all head and limbs
Looks at Macbeth and humbly grins.

Romeo kneels 'neath a balcony
And makes love to Juliet ardently.
Betsy Trotwood finds the lovers thus
And says with scorn, "Tommy-rot, mush!"

Cleopatra sighs, "Oh, what a life!"
Shylock dances with a carving knife.
Nero's fiddling with a hot cha cha,
Scrooge glares saying, "Humbug, bah!"

King Arthur plays rummy with old King Tut,
Ichabod Crane is eating a nut.
While sweet Cinderella is happy and gay,
The prince with her slipper is starting to play.

These scenes and many others I see
In my nightly dreams so frequently.
Now you know why I smile when I sleep
For into my dreams I've let you peek.

BARBARA BOND, '35.

A MODERN PEPYS AT C. H. L. S.

First Day

This morn did I betake myself to that noble institution of learning, C. H. L. S. Upon my arrival I was met by Henrietta Senders who would sell me a ticket to her sorority dance. Next did I see Harriet Varrell, who had her usual long discussion of the Review to offer. Then did I see Richard Cox, truly the man, without a home-room. Immediately, thereafter, was I met with Sol Kaufman who informed me that his glorious "Ark" is replaced by a Chrysler. At recess I entered the hall, but was rudely ejected by the P. G.'s who are privileged to do so to any under-graduate. Albeit, I felt that they were, verily, too enthusiastic.

Third Day

Today upon my arrival at school I did find Martin Ritvo grievously straining himself in thought wondering why he had not done his Latin. He did regain his good spirits when I did remind him that it was unprepared day. Next did I see Denys Peter Meyers, Jr., who recited the prologue of the "Canterbury Tales" to me from memory. Later did I meet Priscilla Johnson, inspired by Spring, who showed a truly admirable lyric on love. A short time thereafter did I see Georgia Greene who entered the Review office to use the mirror and to sharpen her pencils. Then I came upon Morris Rabinovitz who was seeking something or some one that the "American" might photograph. Verily he would find a good subject in Henry Rogers who, I am told, is "the cutest thing in C. H. L. S." Soon Ernest Finstein came through the corridors, stopping every few feet to take his bearings from his compass. Methinks he would find using a sextant more efficient than dead reckoning.

Fourth Day

This morn I did perceive Richard Ruggles snapping pictures of students unbeknownst to them. Verily is he a true camera fiend. Among his victims doth appear Arnold Hurvitz who is camera fiend in his own right. I further observed Rita Wetmore shivering when the temperature was 80 degrees, because there was an open window. From my vantage point in the Review office I saw Larry Mullin and Jack Gately arguing over an issue on which they held the same views. As I went along to class I did espy Harry *Morton* Johnson in the corridors. Truly, in a crowd he towers above all around him. Methinks that Eleanor Coen may soon write another of her great melodramas. Be it so, I would wager it would be one of the "'Taint a fit night out for man ner beast" type. Later did I perceive Martha McCarthy who, methinks should more carefully choose her moments of boisterous behavior. Soon, thereafter, I met my friend John Briggs who of late, waxeth poetic.

Fifth Day

Today did I see Harold Johnson, who, being secretary of the Dramatic Club, seeketh a sub-secretary to do the work. Thinking of members of this fine organization I wonder how many miles Eleanor Holmgren walked Prize-speaking night, pacing the floor while awaiting the judges' decision. Methinks, from notes in the Review box, someone wisheth well to Tom Dunlevy. Verily, thinking of the inmates of Room 78, the master-mind Albert Cohen should solve the mystery of the purloined pants which, not long ago, graced the Rindge flag-pole. Albeit if everyone knew as much as they say, there would be a long story.

Seventh Day

This morning did I betake myself forth in the best of spirits for the last day of the school week. Helen Thompson was absent today, there being an exam in Physics which she unfortunately missed. James Conlan doth claim he riseth at six in the morning to play tennis before school. I did today espy Marie Terzian who, to my amazement, did not appear to be hurrying. Truly hope springs eternal! James McCormick essayeth to raise yet another moustachio while Herbie Kubli, regarding such a venture as futile, keepeth his shaved. Ah, would that Bernie Kamins had not left, for he was trying to raise a beard! Today some precocious freshman did inquire if William Currie doth read the books on which he writes his reviews.

Eighth Day

Up betimes and find the day wondrous fine. To school where I find my fellow-students affected by Spring and acting silly accordingly, especially Leila Larsen and Virginia Hoagland. While walking in corridor approached by Miles Stearne, sports editor of the Review, who bids me stay to hear of a basketball team organized by and named for David Glick. Methinks it is a fine undertaking. I hear news of the formation of a dramatic club. I am, as at all new things, very much joyed.

Twelfth Day

This day, the last of my yellow writing paper

is used. Methinks John Guthrie and David Humez are ill-pleased with my borrowing from them. When they do openly show their ire, Charles West must needs become the object of my requests. Lunched in great haste, half my period having been happily consumed in watching Olga Sanson entertain in the Hall. She pleases me greatly. So to home and to baseball game where Frank Crawley and John Connors do shine for the glory of C. H. L. S.

Thirteenth Day

Harry Johnson and I after school to library, and by and by, in comes James Robertson. In our discourses I find him a very able person with his brains and tongue.

Fourteenth Day

Wake early and to school with Charles Joseph. In Latin class I am bemused with the antics of John Kelley, a merry lad. Such as he and Walter Ingalls do make the day various. While walking through the corridor, my eye did light upon Donald Regan and Jacob Kaplan. I hear much good about the forensic ability of these youths from Philip Barron, president of the Debating Club.

Seventeenth Day

A wearisome day but in the even to Junior prom where we all made merry. Evariste Shea and Dorothy Cummings are but two of the many revellers who are class officials. In mighty mirth were Harold Freeman and Paul Moriarty—at what, I know not. To the Georgian in Harvard Square where I see Julia Peers and Frank Duddy. A fair lass and a witty youth. So home and to bed.

Twenty-first Day

Forsooth, many students do believe in walking for health. Having occasion to walk through corridor before school, perceive many wandering strollers—among whom are Ada Bradbury, Frances Collins, and Joe Fleming. William Skelley doth view the itinerant strollers from a vantage point while talking to Russell McPhee and Lester Pitchford. To Assembly hall also before school where Manuel Granchelli doth daily play upon the piano to beguile the weary P. G.'s. A busy but happy day in all.

Twenty-second Day

To school early for I did have some homework undone. With the assistance of the noble Theodore Pappadopoulos I did complete it in time. At recess we were nearly hysterical because of the predicament of Albert Mokaba. The small fellow did become caught between his chair and his desk—but for the timely assistance of Adam Minkiel he might there be yet. Mary Ford and Josephine Lucas enjoyed it greatly. Robert Eisenhauer did nearly break the panes with his mighty laugh.

Twenty-fifth Day

After lunch to history class, where I note much of the knowledge of John Briggs. Like unto the Duke of Buckingham is he in stature and features. Bernice Greenspan doth also show much learning. To home and then to the tennis courts where Katherine Kilfoyle, Anna Cooper, Barbara Fox, and Russell Gaudet are. So again home and after some reading of Cicero to bed.

Twenty-seventh Day

At two o'clock to the river and there met my good friends Arthur Desrosiers and William Patterson, and walked with them a good while. After watching some dinghies racing, to home with Paul Bartel whom we did meet there with William Miller. Supped, then read, and so to bed.

Thirtieth Day

Up and with Henry Baker to school where the heat did make many uncomfortable. Fred Malloy, however, doth retain his calm air and measured tread. A cool man. To lunch with Richard Forbes, still delightful, but having lost much of his former naïveté. Home and to the library where I come upon Arthur Sugarman. In our discoursing, he did display a pretty knowledge of current affairs. An accomplished youth. The heat of this day doth bring thoughts of summer and subsequently of the summer vacation. Ere long another school year will be done.

And so endeth my humble narrative of the happenings at C. H. L. S. during one month.

THE Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports of Harvard University has made the following awards:

To Michael Hovenanian, the H for Varsity Hockey.

To George McInnes, a numeral for Freshman Fencing.

To Paul Callan, a numeral for Freshman Swimming.

To Stanley Wyman, the H for Varsity Swimming.

Review=ing Books

THE NEW DEALERS

By "Unofficial Observer"

Simon & Schuster, 1934

THIS anonymous author, the "Unofficial Observer" uses an ironic tone intermingled with the keenest sense of humor that I have ever read. His "Who's Who" of the New Deal makes the skeptics sit up and take notice while at the same time he attempts to banish their prejudices. The unknown author shows an earnest enthusiasm for the Administration which he considers from many angles and which interests the majority of us.

To him, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is "essentially the product of four very important factors: a good family, a good digestion, a good education, and a bad illness." After reading the book, even many Republicans agree with the Observer that Roosevelt has the political "it" and that he has given the U. S. hope, action, and self-respect. Of the members of the administration the author presents marvellously humorous and philosophical remarks. For example, of Postmaster Farley, he says that "as a statesman, he is an excellent chauffeur," but he gives him full credit as a politician. He chooses his mystery man, the slickest politician, and the coming man of national Democratic politics. Of other "big shots," the Observer is mockingly reverent, saying of certain things concerning these men, "It is awe-aspiring" or "a little gruesome." Such phrases as these provide an excellent touch of sarcasm which your Reviewer enjoys immensely. That this sense of humor is fairly serious may be seen by his anecdote of the White House visitor who said, "Mr. President, if your program succeeds, you will be the greatest President in American history. If it fails, you will be the worst one."

"'If it fails,' said F. D. R., 'I will be the last one.'"

THE WELL OF DAYS

By Ivan Bunin

Knopf, 1934

READERS of this grave, sensitive autobiographical novel will certainly remember it long after reading it. Author Bunin now lives an exile's life at Grasse, France, because of the fierce feeling of the Soviets against him.

The Well of Days tells the story of his quiet youth in the country he loves and which he thinks he will never see again. This non-political novelist changes the names of people and places in the book, but the same thin disguise is not intended to deceive us. Passively certain that Soviet Russia is on the down grade, he states: "I know for sure that I grew up in the epoch of the greatest Russian might, and of the full consciousness of it."

He grew up in central Russia in an atmosphere of shabby nobility and melancholy decay. His father was a spendthrift who, at the time when Bunin decided to become a writer, was running through what was left of his estate. The story ends with the beginning of his first serious love affair. As an epilogue he tells of the funeral in exile of one of Russia's Grand Dukes. Of the interval that cost him his country and removed his youth, he says nothing.

Author Bunin, like all good Russian authors, writes with a simplicity in which simple truths occasionally seem startling. He writes of illness as "in reality an unconsummated death, a crazy journey into certain realms of beyond, that never leaves us unscathed." Of doubt, he says: "Perhaps everything was really nonsense, but the nonsense was my life. . . . . ."

THE HOUR OF DECISION

By Oswald Spengler

Knopf, 1934

A THOROUGH pessimist, Spengler sounds the knell of Western civilization which, as he states, is declining with swift, senile decay. In this book, he believes that in this day and age we human beings are in history's grandest era, but he tells us there isn't any reason to be joyous over the fall. Conscious that he possesses the power of a prophet, Spengler observes in his gloomy manner that no one living in any part of the world today will be happy. While he writes such forebodings, I doubt that Mr. Spengler does not believe himself endowed with an extraordinary intelligence which he wishes to impress upon the reader. The Hour of Decision shows him very egotistical.

Nevertheless, we enjoy his vigorous writing. For example, Spengler says, "If few can stand a long war without deterioration of soul, none can stand a long peace." Many of these maxims of his must enrage more than a few great men of today whom he attacks in no uncertain terms.

W. Currie, '34.

ROSRA
Pop, I want an encyclopaedia for school! Encyclopaedia Nothing! Walk to school as I did
SCHOOL
HEH! HEH! YOU ARE IN ME POWAH!
D. PETERS
ROSRA
These Spring Suits
"I reach for you like a star Worshipping you from afar"
ROSRA
Debating Season is here!
PUTTING HIS SOLE IN HIS WORK
D. PETERS
Gosh! late again!
To School
Whoa! Gosh! Just remembered I've GRADUATED!

CE QUE J'AI VU PENDANT LA VISITE DU MINISTRE

C'ETAIT samedi-un jour très chaud en août. Le nouveau ministre faisait sa première visite aux habitants de la commune. Ceux qui savaient qu'il venait, se dépêchaient d'avoir très bonne mine et faire une impression parce que ce ministre êtait jeune et beau.

Il était arrivé chez nous. Après avoir reçu le visiteur et apprisa que so prochaine visite serait chez grand'mère, ma mère a vite envoyé un des enfants qui dirait à grand'mère que le ministre y irait la voir à la fin de sa visite chez nous.

Grand'mère et ma tante Marie, qui demeurait avec celle-là, s'occupaient d'exécuter leurs devoirs domestiques réguliers, et elles n'étaient pas, bien entendu, à ce temps-là prêtes à recevoir les visiteurs. Quand elles avaient entendu les nouvelles, elles ont vite cessé de travailler et se sont mis leurs meilleures hardes. Grand'mère s'est mis sa meilleure robe noire de soie avec un col dentelle blanche, et ma tante Marie s'est mis sa bella robe blanche qu'elle avait soigneusement lavée vendredi et 'sàttendait à porter dimanche. Ma tante Marie avait aussi une rose rouge, immense, qu'elle avait prise du jardin de grand'mère, plantée majestueusement sur le sein da sa robe blanche. Elles étaient assises dans le salon, en attendant l'arrivée due ministre.

Quelques minutes avant son arivée ma tante Marthe est entrée, qui demeurait aussi avec grand'mère, mais qui avait fait une visite aux voisines et avait babillé avec elles. Â sa grande surprise et horreur, on lui dit que le ministre venait leur rendre une visite. Par malheur, sa meilleure robe blanche était dans le cuve pour être lavée. Mais elle avait déjà entendu dire que le ministre était beau, et elle était déterminée de le voir avant qu'il fût parti.

Un cloison a séparé le salon de la chambre à coucher, et dans le partage il y avait une fente qui donnerait le moyen à quelqu'un dans la chambre à coucher à voir ce qui se passait dans le salon. Du sofa on pourrait voir par la fente.

Ma mère m'a ordonné d'escorter le ministre chez grand'mère et bientôt nous y sommes arrivés. On nous a fait entrer dans le salon, et je me suis assis sur le sofa. Le ministre s'est assis dans une chaise avec le dos au partage.

Pendant que l'on servait les gâteaux et le limonade, il a demandé des nouvelles de ma tante Marthe. Grand'mère dit:

"Elle n'est pas à la maison à ce moment."

Si le ministre s'était tourné et avait vu ce que je voyais! Ma tante Marthe s'était montée sur le lit de grand'mère, regardant par la fente du partage et ses yeux gris étaient en pleine vue.

Presque me jetant dans des convulsions en riant, j'ai griffoné quelque chose sur un morceau dè papier et je l'ai mis où le ministre ne pouvait pas le voir, encore où elles le trouveraient facilement et qu'elles liraient après que nous nous en étions allés.

Le message dit:

"Ma tante Marthe, quand tu sortiras encore une fois, veuille ne pas manquer de prendre tes yeux gris avec toi."

COLERIDGE A. BRAITHWAITE, '34.

LA MEDALLA MILAGROSA

JUAN anduvo par la calle aprisa, llenna de dudas, su madre le había dicho que el debiese estar en casa a las cinco y media en punto, no mas tarde; porque su padre llegaba a casa del trabajo a aquella hora. El teatro había durado más que íl realizaba. Si él no se apresuraba el, sin duda, no atraparia el tren de las cinco (que era la única manera de llegar a casa).

Cuando él llegó al túnel, el tren estaba allí. Juan descendió la escalera dos a dos vez, mientras la mano escudrinaba su tarifo. La mano encontraba muchas cosas pero no su tarifa. Entonces la mano encontró la cosa la que el descaba. Él la puso en la mano del conductor y traspasó a la puerta del tren que estaba para cerrar. En este instante él sintió el toque de una persona sobre el hombro.

El llegó a casa tarde y tenia a miedo. "Que razón tiene Ud. de poner esta cosa en la mano por su pasaji," dijo el conductor. El muchacho miró con sopresa su medalla milagrosa.

"Quién la dió a Ud?" dijo Juan.

"Ud me la puso en la mano.' Haga el favor de darme el dinero," dijo el conductor. El muchacho puso la mano en el bolsillo y dió el dinero al hombre.

El Uegó a casa tarde y tenía a miedo. Abrió la puerta pero la casa estaba tan silenciosa que el pensaba que nadie estaba en casa. Despues de unos minutos el oyó llorar a alguien. Fué al otro cuarto y encontró a sus padres llorando mucho. Cuando ellos le vieron, le besaron y sus caras estaban llenas de felicidad.

El muchacho estaba soprendido. Entonces ellos le dijeron que el tren de las cinco había sido richinado y que todos habían muerto.

VENEZIA

VENEZIA, popularmente chiamata la "Regina dell' Adriático é una città e porto di mare, dell' Italia Settentrionale, su numerose isolette in una laguna poco profonda nel nord-ovest dell' Adriático. Le isolette sono molto basse, e le case sono tutt'al più mantenute su pile. La città è divisa in due parti dal Gran Canale, traversata da un ponte elegante, Il Rialto. I canali sono veramente le strade di Venezia. La sera sulla laguna, i gondolieri cantano classiche serenate. I lumi lontani splendono come diademi quando si riflettono sull'acqua. Il gran centro del commercio e degli svaghi è la Piazza di San Marco. La Piazza contiene alcuni dei più rimarchevoli edifici publici ed è rigata con bei negozi, caffè, e fa fronte al mare. La chiesa di San Marco, adesso la cattedrale è in moda Romanesque Bizantina ed è sormontata da cinque cupole. Il fronte principale è adornato di cinquecento colonne di marmi preziosi, e l'interiore è prodigalmente decorato. opra gli usci sono i quattro celebrati cavalli di bronzo, portati da Constantinople dal Doge Dandolo nel mille duecento quattro. Venezia è supposta di essere stata trovata nel quinto secolo dagli abitanti dei distretti vicini.

COCETTA FOTI, '36.

FIRENZE

FIRENZE, la più importante città dell'Italia Centrale, è situata al piede degl'Appennini su tutte e due sponde dell'Arno. Ha derivata il nome "Firenze la Bella" a causa dei palazzi antichi, i tesori artistici, rappresentando il più perfetto svoluppo del Rinascimento. Più di qualche altra città, Firenze era la culla dell'arti. Essa era la prima da prendere lo studio delle lingue antiche, l'arti, e la scienza e da compiere uno svollupo artistico che era rivaleggiato solamente da quello di Atene. Il numero dei suoi grandi uomini è numeroso. Alcuni sono: Dante, Giotto, Masaccio, Donatello, Leonardo, Galileo, Michelangelo e Alfieri.

L'Arno divide la città in due parti ineguali ed il fiume è traversato da quattro antichi ponti di pietri e due moderni ponti di ferri. Degl'-antichi ponti, il più interressante è il Ponte Vecchio. Colla sua campanile e le mura di pietre scabre, il Palazzo Vecchio formava una sede tipica del vivo governo di Roma. La più importante scuola dell'arti, la Accademia delle Bell'Arti, ha una bella collezione di pittura Fiorentina e "Davido" di Michelangelo. Fra le migliori collezioni dell'arti di Firenze sono quelle del Palazzo Pitti, ed il Palazzo degli Uffizi. L'Opera del Duomo contiene fra i tesori fatto pel Battistero, la cattedrale è nella casa vecchia di Michelangelo e il Museo Buonnarroti, una collezione du suoi lavori e designi.

Alcuni famosi posti da visitare in Firenze sono: La Piazza della Signoría, la Loggia dei Lanzi, le piazze d'Annunziata, Santa Croce e la chiesa di Santa Maria Novella, e anche le chiese di San Lorenzo e Santi Apostoli.

MARY E. D'ONOFRIO, '36.

DRAMA AFTER GRADUATION OPPORTUNITIES IN MUSIC AND

FOUR high school activities have given you opportunities to participate in musical and dramatic events as a member of the school orchestra, band, glee or choral club and the dramatic club. After graduation you should continue some form of musical or dramatic study if only to enjoy one of the greatest pleasures and satisfactions which can add zest to living.

Your music and dramatic work in school with its fun, pleasant companionships and effort repaid by a sense of real accomplishment is only a foretaste of what you may achieve by following music or dramatics as a profession or cultural activity. You may only go on with it as a means of personal development and expression to give pleasure to yourself, your family and friends. Or you may recognize that nearly all people hunger to enjoy such art, but few can create it, and the many are willing to pay well for the privilege of listening to and watching others create beauty and happiness out of sound, rhythm and action. You may see a livelihood for yourself in supplying this demand. You may even aim higher and enter the competition for the ranking of a star, a place among the musical and dramatic immortals. Whatever your goal, the only way to it is through continued and advancing study.

Numerous people prominent in professional, business, engineering, political and social life have found it well worth while to gain some degree of eminence in music as performers or composers. Former Vice-President Dawes and Former Secretary of the Treasury Woodin are recently publicized examples. College academic work leading to a degree may be pursued simultaneously with your musical or dramatic study at the New England Conservatory of Music in academic courses which will be accepted for college credit.

The Conservatory would like to have you attend some of its public performances by invitation if you are interested in its activities. Simply address your request to Mr. Ralph L. Flanders, General Manager, The New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. Notices and free tickets will be mailed to you.

—Advertisement.

G. A. A.

ONCE again the whistle of the referee announces the approach of the last lap of our athletic and social activities. These activities have been numerous and we feel sure that they were also enjoyable.

When school opened in September our first athletic venture was the double tennis tournament which was excellently conducted by Barbara Sheridan and Edith Coady. We are proud to state that Ruth Brooks and Rita Doherty, both freshmen, were awarded the medals. The tennis team held its first meet with Somerville on the Jarvis Courts.

The "Initiation" was administered to the freshmen by the officers on October 11th at three o'clock. After complying with the wishes of the officers, the freshmen were entertained by several upper classmen.

The first basketball game of the season was played on November 24th, between the seniors and the juniors. The seniors won the game with the score 27-7. On December 6th the above-mentioned teams again played and the seniors were the victors.

At Thanksgiving all the members contributed food in order that the Association might assist several needy families.

At the annual Girl-Boy Dance which was held on January 5th, the gymnasium was crowded with fair young ladies and equally fine gentlemen escorts.

The class basketball teams were very successful in their games with Arlington, Belmont, Waltham, Everett, Newton and Medford. The Varsity Team had but one defeat for the entire season. Edith Coady captained the first Varsity, while Margaret Murphy led the second Varsity.

The annual Boy Dance was held this year in the Alfred Lassaman Gymnasium in Rindge. This year the attendance was unusually large, and we hope that all enjoyed the dance.

The Grammar School Basketball Tournament which is conducted by the G. A. A. was won by the Putman School. Although the Russell School players were defeated by a single point, they displayed a fine sense of sportsmanship and are to be congratulated upon their excellent playing. The cup which is offered by the G. A. A. was awarded by School Committeeman Russell A. Wood. The letters for the various other teams were also awarded to the captain of the team. The refereeing was done by Corinne Donnelly and the umpiring by Alice Tibbetts. Josephine Ciampi and Alice Murray were scorers.

The annual basketball banquet which signifies the close of the basketball season, is now but a memory. At 1:00 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 12, at least forty girls assembled in the Dutch room of the Riverbank Court Hotel. In the evening the girls went to a play in Boston.

On Wednesday evening, April 18th, the G. A. A. held its annual Masquerade. The music for the evening was furnished by Tay O'Donnell's Orchestra. Josephine Ciampi and Judith Sweet were awarded prizes by Miss Murray for having the best costumes. The Patronesses for the evening were: Miss Russell, Miss Murray, Miss Sullivan, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Mahar, Miss McCaffrey and Miss Brown. Gertrude Burns, Ruth Hibbard and Gertrude Lancaster, all past presidents of the G. A. A. were seen among the throng of dancers.

The Single Tennis Tournament is now well under way, and Lindsay Britt is busily engaged in planning the schedule for the games.

Baseball is now the main attraction. Several games with other schools have been planned and each girl is striving her best so that we may have another undefeated season.

Margaret Murphy has set the date for the most important event of the year, the picnic to Miss Brown's home in Kendall Green. This year it is to be held on Saturday, June 2. At the picnic, we shall bid adieu to the officers of '33-'34 and welcome the officers of '34-'35. Words cannot describe such plans as those that are in the making, so I shall not try to explain.

Now, I must bid you readers a pleasant good-bye. I hope I have fulfilled my desires in interesting you in this page.

A pleasant summer to you all!

ALICE M. TIBBETTS, '34.

REVIEW STAFF

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THIS, the June issue of the "Review", marks our final attempt at composing the Exchange Department. We hope that our successor may greatly improve upon the present editor's work. Nevertheless, it is with some slight regret that we realize how soon we must relinquish our position, for it has been our good fortune to enter into friendly contacts with numerous high schools, both local and distant. We wish to express our appreciation of the willing coöperation of their editorial staffs in making this department possible.

"The Botolphian" of Boston College High School offers a short poem describing the beauty of orchard trees in late spring. It is entitled "In May."

"I like the way spring pear trees grow—
Tall pyramids of drifted snow—
Lifting their heads so proudly high,
For well they know spring marches by.

And oh, the shining new delight
Of cherry trees in bridal white;
The thrill of peach trees' coral rain—
Each petal dipped in sunset stain.

The furtive blush of apple trees,
White-showered plums; but more than these
I like to see the brave array
Of all the trees that bloom in May.

Those of us who have recently faced a camera-lens will perhaps understand the humor in the following paragraph, an excerpt from "The Arrowette", the magazine of the Auburn Senior High School, Auburn, New York.

"That Photographic Complex."

"Have you had your picture taken recently? I did, just the other day, and I was deeply impressed with the asinine expression which refused to leave my face while I was before the camera. I became fascinated as I stared at my image in the near-by mirror. Vainly, I endeavored to arrange my recalcitrant features. Hopefully, I tried curving my lips in a toothful grin! Horrible! A little shaken now, I tried it again with less teeth, while a fond remembrance of handsome actors flashed through my cerebrum. Oh Lord! What a face! Despairing of a brilliant smile, with or without teeth, I turned from the mirror to put on a sober and impressive mien. No sooner did I see the smugly complacent reflection than I snickered and spoiled the whole effect."

We desire to borrow from the "Laugh for a Change" section of "The Red and Black", the publication of the Dorchester High School for Boys, this one laugh entitled "Awaiting the Knife."

"Silence pervaded the ether-filled atmosphere. Nurses were walking around on tiptoe. Doctors consulted each other. Here an interne was whispering to a blushing nurse, and there my parents were seated anxiously awaiting the outcome. A nurse came into the room wheeling a table filled wth antiseptics and anaesthetics. One doctor asked if the instruments were sterilized; another tested the gas administrator. I was in deep ecstacy. It seemed hours before the knife would come. My head was dizzy. I had never anticipated the coming of a knife with such zeal. I felt as if I needed some stimulation. At last! it came.

"The man abreast of me gave me his knife, and I proceeded to peel an orange while attending my cousin's operation."

All the charm and imaginativeness created by a campfire at the close of a long day in the open is subtly worked into this poem "Smoke Fancies", that we have chosen from "The Arrowette" for our last item.

"As I sit in front of my campfire,
While the smoke curls up to the sky,
I think of the ghosts of the warriors
That may be passing by.

"Trailing north thru' the forest
To the land of their ancient foe,
Proud as Roman centurians,
The noble Iroquois go.

"And as I look in the wood smoke,
I fancy I see them there,
Painted Mohawk warriors,
The scalp lock their only hair.

"Tall and straight as a pine tree,
They pass in the flickering light.
'Til like the smoke they vanish
When the campfire blazes bright."

Thus endeth our June report.

JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

Bill: An old school friend of yours named Harney wished to be remembered to you.

Tom: I don't remember him.

Bill: A tall man with a beard.

Tom: I never went to school with a man with a beard.

As a liner was approaching the port of Athens, an old lady on board said to one of the sailors:

"Can you tell me what that white stuff is on the mountains?"

"Snow, madam," replied the sailor.

"That is what I thought," said the old lady, "but one of the passengers has just told me that it was Greece."

A freshman was sent with a note to the school doctor. It read: "Please, will you do something to John's face? He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

Richard Cox: That girl in the hall has a singular voice.

Bernard Barber: Thank heavens, it isn't plural.

Eleanor Coen: Can you dance on one foot?

Bill: Of course.

Eleanor: Then keep off my other one.

Rita Conway: So you have a baby brother. What's his name?

Rose: We don't know. We can't understand a word he says.

Frances Nixon: Are you growing taller all the time?

Old gentleman: No. Why do you ask?

Frances: Because the top of your head is poking through your hair.

Maid: I'm sorry, but Miss Smith said to tell you that she is not at home.

Charles Hayes: Oh, that's all right. Just tell her I'm glad I didn't call.

Doctor: Any scars on you?

Joseph Johnson: No, sir, but I've got a small pack of cigarettes, if you'd like one.

Vincent Panunzio: I've been trying to think of the right word for two weeks.

Paul Donovan: How about "fortnight?"

Grade one was having a lesson on birds.

After some discussion the fact was established that birds eat fruit.

One little girl, however, was unconvinced.

"But," she asked, raising her hand, "how can birds open the cans?"

"What's the good of having a time-table when your buses are always late?" exclaimed Ray Wells.

"Well," said the conductor, "how would you know they were late if you didn't have a time-table?"

C. H. L. S. Movies

C. H. L. S. Through a Keyhole ..... *Moe Rabinovitz*
Men In White ..... *Boys' Gym*
Laughing Boy ..... *Henry Rogers*
Stand Up and Cheer ..... *1:45 P. M.*
No Greater Glory ..... *Honor Roll*

Popular Songs

I Knew You When ..... *P. G.'s*
Love Thy Neighbor ..... *Examination Day*
Butterfingers ..... *Mary Delaney*
Once In a Blue Moon ..... *Teachers forget to give homework*
Too Late ..... *Martha McCarthy*
Boulevard of Broken Dreams ..... *Filing to seventh periods*

Every Freshman's Ambition

To be as brilliant as Harriet Varrell.
To be as well dressed as Dorothy Leonard.
To be as witty as Mary Delaney.
To be as good natured as Helen Dugan.
To be as popular as Eleanor Holmgren.
To be as peppy as Ann Roach.
To be as good-looking as Marie McGloin.
To be as charming as Mary Terjian.
To be as good a sport as Eleanor Coen.
To be as interesting as Virginia Gately.
To be as sincere as Eleanor Goulart.
To be as agreeable as Frances Collins.
To be as unselfish as Katherine Walsh.

Heard in the classroom:
The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth and through Africa.

Both criminals were put to death by elocution.

The inhabitants of ancient Egypt are called mummies.

Nero was a cruel tyrant who would torture his subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

The plural of ox is oxygen.

Edward Gautreau was going on an excursion to New York. He asked the agent for a round trip ticket and handed him a ten dollar bill.
"Change at New Jersey," said the agent.
"No jokes now," retorted Edward. "I want my change now."

Cuneo: Hey, who are you shoving?
Cushing: Dunno, what's your name?

Math. Teacher: Did your father help you with this problem?
Lena Ettenberg: No; I got it wrong myself.

Edwin Gibson: Do you think Mars is inhabited?
Joe Johnson: Why worry? Haven't we enough queer people right here on this planet.

John Nestor: I can't see you today. Come back Friday.
Salesman: I won't be in town Friday.
Nestor: Neither will I.

Never go into the water after a hearty meal, for you'll never find it there.

Larry Mullin: I can't play all these three parts you've assigned me.
Miss Hartigan: Why not?
Larry: Because in the first act two are fighting, and the third rushes in and separates them.

McCormack: How's business?
McLaughlin: Same as usual. Nothin' doin' in the mornin', and slacks right up in the afternoon!

Saulnier: Hamlet was a queer person who tried to revenge his father's death.
LaScala: Yeah, just an odd fellow trying to get even.

Popular Songs

How Can You Stay Away!....*George Snelling*

Nothing But the Best.....*The K. B.'s*

Dancing With the One You Love
John Canney at Junior Prom

In Other Words—We're Through!
Graduation

Tired Hands.....*After writing a 3-hr. exam.*

Vive, Vive, La France
Anyone who doesn't take French

Something's Got to Happen
When we see our last report

Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More
She graduated

Let's Begin .....*Studying*

Tired of It All.....*But vacation's coming soon*

One Minute to One
And we're still studying to pass

The Wrong Side of the Fence
59.5 with 60 passing

Sitting Pretty.....*The Honor Students*

Throw Another Log on the Fire
We're through with algebra

A Little Bit of Heaven....*Unprepared Nights*

I'll Be Faithful.....*Jack Crowley*

Many Moons Ago.....*Seniors were Freshmen*

Heaven Only Knows
If we'll pass College Boards

There's Nothing Else....*Unless we go to college*

HARVARD J. V. 8 **C. H. L. S. 7**

The Cantab nine opened their regular schedule by dropping an eleven inning encounter to the Harvard Junior Varsity, 8-7.

"Tony" Gallucio, Borges, and Crawley, rapping out eight hits between them, led the offensive fusilade on the second-string Crimson.

"Joe" Connors and Riley shared the twirling burden with both displaying more "stuff" and ability than the heavy Crimson total of eight counters would seem to indicate.

Capt. Gallucio caught, as John Spartachino, hefty slugging receiver, was temporarily ineligible.

WOBURN 8 **LATIN 16**

Splattering base hits of all denominations all over Rindge Field, Latin administered a thorough hiding to the "Tanners" 16-8. Whistling doubles, screeching triples, and rocketing "homers" disturbed the complacent Woburnites, already boasting major victories over us in basketball and football.

"Bill" McMahon, previously a reliable and capable second-sacker, but a none too robust batter, astonished the half dozen or so spectators with two Ruthian smashes. "Capt." Gallucio and "Cowboy" Crawley also propelled the pellet to sufficiently distant regions in order to allow them to complete the circuit.

The hurling was entrusted to "Joe" Connors, "Pee-Wee" Riley, "Red" Desrosiers, and "Bill" Anderson. Borges, "Tony" Gallucio, "Bill" Anderson, "Cowboy" Crawley, "Joe" Connors, "Ed" Rooney, "Bill" McMahon, and Generre all pummelled the ball with pleasing and telling consistency. "Johnnie" Spartachino signalized his debut into the regular lineup by poking out a pair of hits.

SOMERVILLE 4 **LATIN 2**

Two old rivals met on the diamond with the Dilboy Field representatives capturing a 4-2 decision over their time-honored Cantab opponents.

"Lefty" McGaskell, slender, lean southpaw, completely dazzled the Latinese in the first five innings, weakened perceptibly enough in the sixth to allow a run, faltered for another tally in the eighth, and finally had to be relieved in an exciting ninth.

"Joe" Connors right-handed a pretty fair game, except for the opening innings. Somerville counted twice in the initial frame with "Bill" McMahon's sparkling stab off a wind-tossed liner with the bases clogged probably averting a rout. After being held to a solitary single by Borges for five innings, Latin in the sixth fashioned a run from Cowboy's tremendous deep-right field double and "Tony" Gallucio's single. "Spartsie", dynamic catcher, almost tore the third baseman's leg off with a fiery, savage smash, but Anderson and Borges failed to deliver. In the seventh each base was occupied by an upstanding example of Latin youth with but one fine fellow morosely upbraiding himself for his backward contribution of an out, but the following pair of splendid chaps were unable to push the lanky left-handed assortment of bewildering and smoking deliveries with sufficient vigor and enterprise to enable even a single Red and White athlete to spike the plate.

However, in the ninth, the dour form on the mound who had been so terribly and consistently haunting Latin batsmen, finally developed an ailment common with the species, southpaw's "wilditus" and, after having once more made it possible for exuberant, gleeful, sprightly and ambitious Latin workmen to gesticulate wildly and grimace balefully at him from the baselines, he was "yanked." "Tony" Gallucio strode to the plate, two outs and the bases loaded,—aflame with the spirit of determination and resourcefulness that marks the Merriwillian type, great generals, pool players, and Clark Gables, but twenty-five seconds later, dejectedly dragging his bat after him, he departed for the refuge of the showers as a result of the arbiter judging a side-arm curve a good third "steerike."

Still, as her infield performed adeptly and errorlessly, her batters exhibited latent power right through the lineup, and her hurling appeared in capable hands, no undue concern should be felt at this defeat.

NEWTON 2 **LATIN 1**

Although "Bill" Anderson displayed fine form on the mound, Cambridge Latin, almost completely baffled by Green's slants, was edged 2 to 1 in its initial Suburban League start.

With John Spartachino's lengthy circuit clout representing the only score in the first eight innings, prospects for victory were promising, but Bryne's one-base smash through the box with two men retired, scoring two runs, spelled doom for the unfortunate "Andy" and Latin in the ninth.

That "Bill" "had plenty on the ball", is attested by his feat of holding the Newtonites to a half-dozen puny singles. This is the second consecutive tilt that Latin's undisputed latent power, lying dormant, has failed to assert itself.

Captain Gallucio, Rooney, Generre, and "Cowboy", were the others besides Spartachino to secure safeties from Green.

Our infield, exhibiting the polish and precision that marks the championship outfit, looked good.

REVERE 7 LATIN 11

Cambridge Latin socked a better than average Revere nine into submission 11-7 at Russell Field.

Riley and "Bill" Anderson were Coach MacDonald's hurling choices and both were affected with one bad inning. However, the four runs gleamed from Riley were chiefly due to Latin misplays.

"Cowboy's" triple and Generre's single allowed us to tally once in the first. In the fifth a vicious batting assault resulted in four runs with our scintillating short field guardian's second home-run of the season chasing across three markers.

Riley, yielding but one single in the initial five, granted four in the sixth when the Latin defense collapsed, Revere forged ahead in the eighth with another four-run uprising, plastering large "Bill" Anderson with disappointing (to us) facility. However, Grover, Revere's mound marksman failed to locate the plate for "Bill" Anderson, Connors, and Crawley, in our half, and the fleet Grove, reliable Capt. Gallucio, and slugging Spartachino crashed five runs across the plate with their trio of hits.

"Cowboy" Crawley, Latin's stellar "All-Suburban" shortstop led the Latin batsman with his homer, triple, and pass. Generre and Spartachino also plunked a couple of safeties apiece off of the Russell Field terrain while "Tony" Gallucio, and Borge inserted timely hits into the fray.

LATIN 2 SOMERVILLE 1

With Big "Bill" Anderson in rare form, Latin avenged her former black mark by humbling the top-notch Somerville nine, 2-1.

In a shower-interspersed first inning, a pass to "Cowboy" and base-hit by Spartachino followed by Borge's timely single materialized into Latin's meek but sufficient two-run total.

Anderson, displaying more control than is customary with him, curve-balled his way through six scoreless innings, although Latin's inner cordon sagged with three errors. In the seventh a wind-swept two-bagger, an infield out and a right field single enabled Somerville to tally its lone score. In the eighth, "Ed" Rooney redeemed his one lapse by spectacularly converting a left-field destined line wallop into a double killing.

"Les" Pitchford, popular redhead, fielded flawlessly, almost sensationally, and gathered a base hit, while John Spartachino, in leading the Latin batsmiths, fashioned a pair of base hits.

Anderson, in establishing himself as Latin's ace, acquired a half-dozen strikeouts, and limited the hard hitting Somervillians to four hits.

IT'S NOT TOO EARLY

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

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In 1924 because of the death of many of the original incorporators the school was re-incorporated and Franklin I. Flagg, M.D. was appointed as President to succeed Dr. Williams who retired to give more time to his many religious duties, but who continues as a member of the Board of Governors, of the School. The School now located in the midst of the Academic section of Boston, surrounded by Churches, Theatres, Schools, Museums, Gymnasiums, Hotels, Restaurants, etc. The beautiful Fens is but a block away, in fact the School is most accessable, being located nearly opposite the Massachusetts Avenue Station. The class sessions now require 26 weeks for completion. There are four opening dates annually, Dec., March, June and Sept.

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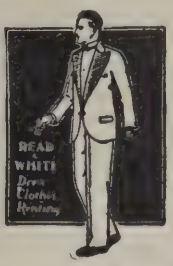

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